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NEWSPAPERS.

It may be considered strange, but it is a fact, that there has always been great difficulty in defining a newspaper in such a manner as to include a newspaper and nothing else. Such was this difficulty when the newspaper stamp existed, that the whole of the legal wisdom of the Government Departments, aided by numerous decisions of the Courts of Law, was long unequal to the task of deciding with any certainty what kind of publication did, and what did not, come within the meaning of the paternal statutes by which newspapers were long kept in awe, if not in order. This uncertainty still exists. The latest definition of a newspaper in its latest form is laid down by the Act of Parliament of 1870, and the subsequent Act passed by Mr. Labouchere, in 1881. It is as follows:—

"Any publication consisting wholly or in great part of 'Political or other news or of Articles, relating thereto, or to other Current topics with or without advertisements,' subject to these conditions. That it be 'printed and published in the United Kingdom;' that it be published 'in numbers at intervals of not more than seven days;' that it have the full title and date of publication printed at the top of the first page and the whole, or part of the title, and the date of publication printed at the top of every subsequent page."

If we examine this definition we find that any publication published in the United Kingdom at intervals of not more than seven days, and with its title and date affixed, is a newspaper, provided it consists "in great part" of articles relating to "current topics, even if there be no news in it. It need not contain a word of new news, nor may it have news or not—that is indifferent, but if the title or title is omitted on any page—that is fatal. Then its news or its articles must form "a great part" of it. What that "great part" the Act does not tell us. The Postmaster-General, indeed, has decided to decide that the "great part" means the "greater part," a fancy that if the Postmaster-General were deprived of a quarter of his very insufficient salary, he would consider "a great part" of it, and would not wait to make comparisons. He had been deprived of more than one half, or of the "greater part" of his stipend.

One point only mention this to show the difficulty there is in settling the original form, word "news," what is a newspaper; but for my present purpose I will take the popular notion of a newspaper, and to be called advertisements means any paper containing news published in the General, improve means any paper containing news published in the papers. We are not, indeed, yet quite out of our course. They gave the permission to turn away from the exact definition. I ask the reader to be content to assume with own comments and ask the reader to be content to assume with own much more any statement that is new, unexpected, and was to admit.

NEWSPAPERS.

satisfy curiosity. News need not be true, in order to be news. In fact, for Newspaper purposes, it would seem to be better that it should not be true. For instance, a newspaper states to-day that the Russian Government have occupied Sarakhs. That is to-day's news. To-morrow the same newspaper corrects its previous news, and states that the Russian Government have not occupied Sarakhs; and perhaps on the third day the same newspaper will state that the place called Sarakhs does not now exist. Thus we see that one single fact, or absence of fact, may furnish endless news paragraphs, only one of which, or no one of which, is true, but each of which is news at the time it is given. Let us not immediately despise all News, for "Rumour, with her hundred tongues," often tells truth with one, though she may lie with the ninety-nine others; and we must, perforce, listen to all the hundred, lest we miss that one which does tell the truth.

Newspapers are of very high antiquity. At least 600 years B.C. the Romans possessed them in the shape of the "Acta diurna," or reports of military operations, which were periodically sent to the remotest confines of the empire. But I propose to deal now with modern newspapers. The Italians, who were the pioneers of modern commerce, were also the inventors of modern newspapers, and from them comes that word "*Gazette*," which is still the official designation of the official sheet of news. Germany and France followed in the wake of Italy; and if we except Russia, which could then be scarcely said to exist, England was the last of what are called the Great Powers of Europe which possessed a regular newspaper. News was indeed occasionally published. In 1619, a broad sheet was published, entitled: *News out of Holland*, which contained an order from the French Ambassador to the States General of Holland in regard to certain prisoners, and which also contained certain theological positions, as for instance: "That original sin is no sin in itself, but a occasion of sin." But it was not till 1622 that the first newspaper was published in England by one Nathaniel Butts, called *The weekly newes from Italy, Germany, Hungary, the Palatinate, France, and the Low Countries*. The size of the sheet was 10 inches by 5 inches. It contained nothing but foreign news, and hardly be called a newspaper at all in the modern

the political activity produced by the Parliament led to several new attempts at periodical newspapers. In 1641 a small sheet 8 inches by 5 inches called *The weekly newes* was found one of the earliest of the kind, which are now called advertisements. It

newly printed, intituled Expository Notes, with praecox the opening of the five first chapters of the first Book

Moses, called Genesis, at the Bear in Paul's Churchyard near the little North Gate."

In 1663, *The Intelligencer* appeared under the direction of Roger L'Estrange, who announced that His Majesty Charles II. had granted to him, alone, the privilege of publishing all intelligence. A little later, the *London Gazette*, then called the *Oxford Gazette*, began to make a fitful appearance; but it was not until the Revolution, called "Glorious," had passed over the country, had left behind it a distinct array of political Parties struggling for power, and had thereby called into existence a number of interests hanging on to the parties, that the first Daily Newspaper was established. Three days after William III., riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, had fallen from his horse, broken his collar bone and died—three days therefore after the Accession of Queen Anne—there appeared, on the 11th of March, 1702, the *Daily Courant*. It was a small sheet of not more than 12 inches by 6 inches, printed in two columns on one side of the paper, and it continued in existence for many years.

It was followed by *The Post Boy*, and within thirty years after its first appearance, we find it flourishing in advertisements which now first began to be printed in a more open form, or as it is termed, to be "displayed." Meantime, a stamp duty had been imposed in order to check the spread of seditious publications, an indication of the fact that publications of all kinds had become more common.

All these sheets are long since extinct, but on the 12th February, 1773, there was published the first number of the still existing *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*. This was a newspaper measuring 24 inches by 18, and consisting of four pages. Twelve years later, in 1785, there appeared the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*, which three years after took the name of the *Times*, and which was then of the same size as the *Morning Post*. Since these two were started, many other Daily papers have appeared, so that we now have in the British Isles well nigh two thousand of such publications.

One point is worthy of remark as regards the newspaper in its original form, which is that it consisted wholly of news. In the word "news," I include, on Dr. Johnson's authority, what are called advertisements; although I understand that the Postmaster General, improving upon Dr. Johnson, has declared that advertisements are not news. But at any rate, these newspapers had nothing in them which answers to the modern "leading article." They gave their news, and allowed their readers to make their own comments upon it. This news, although much less in quantity, was much more miscellaneous in character than that which would be admitted into the columns of a serious daily journal. In the *Morning Post* of 1776, we find the following narrative

"The elopement of Miss B., of Camberwell, with Mr. F., has so much displeased her father that it is now thought impossible for a reconciliation to take place. The friends of that young lady are every day impressed with the mercenary idea of disposing of her fortune to the best advantage (and, like the unnatural example of the haughty sisters of Peckham, who, rather than condescend to an interview between their sister and her lover, mutually consented that she could pine away in an inexpressible melancholy), thus concealing her death in order to enlarge the fortunes of the remaining favorites."

Again :

"The elopement which has occasioned so much conversation lately, was carried on with uncommon address. The surprise which some have expressed at the lady playing this *faux pas*, so soon after the marriage celebrated with such unusual festivities, can be expressed only by those who did not know that before she became Lady———her attention to several gentlemen astonished the prudent of her sex. She was known to be the person who went into Lord C.'s bedchamber in the morning, in order to call him to go to the Hunt, and has played off many of these airs, which after a long siege have proved so successful against the Duke of D——"

Here is another :

"A certain Cambridgeshire Peer has at last wound up his bottoms, all his Estates being advertised to be sold by public auction. He seems perfectly easy in his present circumstances, desiring only enough for a decent support of himself and three dozen favorite lap dogs, and wishing the B—— family at the devil."

Here, again, is an anecdote with reference to an old Earl of Derby who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I., who——

"Always wearing very plain apparel, and coming one day to Court, was denied entrance into the Privy Chamber by a fine dressed Scot who told him that was no place for ploughmen, and that none came through but such as dressed like gentlemen. The Earl replied, he wore the clothes he used to wear, and if the Scots did so, they would make a mean figure at the English Court. The King, hearing the dispute at the Chamber Door, came to know the occasion of it, and to whom the Earl said, 'Nothing my Liege; but your countrymen having lost their manners and their rags behind them, neither know themselves nor their betters.' The King, being angry at the affront offered to so great a man said, "My good Lord Derby, I am sorry for the abase given by my servant, and to make your Lordship satisfied, I will order him to be hanged if your Lordship desires it.' The Earl replied, that is too small an atonement for the affront put upon my honour, and I expect his punishment to be more exemplary.' 'Name it my Lord;' said the King, 'and it shall be done.' 'Why, then, I desire Your Majesty would send him home again.'"

Here, again, is an allusion to the Duke of Devonshire :

"Gaping amongst the families at Chatsworth has been carried to such a pitch that the phlegmatic Duke has been provoked to gaze at it, and has spoken to the Duchess in the severest terms against a conduct which has driven many from the house who could not afford to partake of amusement carried on at the expense of five hundred or one thousand pounds a night."

Here comes a paragraph in these words :

"The great talk which has lately been made about the Earl of Bristol's effeminacy puts us in mind of the Lady Dowager Townshend's idea of that noble family, in which she said there were three different kinds of mortals then existing, viz., men, women, and Herveys."

Other paragraphs continually occurred at this time in the *Morning Post*, and ten years later in the *Times*, of so grossly indecent a nature that it is impossible to transcribe them. Yet in those days the Press was still under many notable restrictions, which were long maintained and defended on the very ground that their removal would open the floodgates of blasphemy, vice, and indecency. Nevertheless in these our own days, when all those restrictions have actually been removed, and when the Press in such matters bows to public taste alone, no journal would dare, on peril of its life, to publish anything approaching the paragraphs which a hundred years ago were so frequent in their appearance.

It will, however, be sufficiently seen from the extracts above given that the publication of social gossip and personal paragraphs, which are often declared to belong to a kind of journalism of entirely modern invention, and which has been named "Society Journalism," is really as old as the oldest of existing newspapers; and from a letter which appears in the *Morning Post* of the 15th November, 1776, the same kind of comments appear then to have been made upon it as are sometimes heard at the present date :

" 'Mr. Editor,' says a correspondent, 'What a lucky devil you are! and what an awful wag you must have been to turn the whole tide of fashionable chit-chat, gallantries, amours, and curtain lectures into your delightful and bewitching reservoir and draw lively tittle-tattle! It would do your heart good to see the lately galled jades of quality wince, as I have, at the *Morning Post* Blister that they every now and then draw upon their own backs—infamous treason! betrayal of private conversation! and family anecdotes! Cruel savages! thus far, the invectives of my own sex are blended with their pretty soft tears and dishevelled locks, afford me ever and anon the prettiest scene of tragedy run mad I ever beheld. In comes the Duke of ——— and my Lord——— 'If the villain is to be met with above ground we'll find him out. Fie! Fo! Fum! Damme! I will cut his throat, or, he shall mine! base, selfish and dissembling unknown (that is rather too gallant if you know all, Mr. Editor) and on my account!—John run this instant and fetch my Toledo! Why don't you fly, you rascal! and two cases of pistols! Twenty thousand more! Kill them!' This, Mr. Editor, is the dear entertaining scene I pursue in my chair every morning from Pall Mall, through St. James's, Grosvenor, and Portman Squares, and return in raptures with my morning's diversion—Your admirer, 'A younger sister of Quality.'"

It will be seen that the daily newspaper of a hundred years ago was full of elopements from Camberwell, private conversation, and chit-chat. It was a very different thing from the imposing sheet of to-day, which barely deigns to notice anything but high politics, and which busies itself with ordering the destinies of Empires and pre-ordaining the fate of Ministries in the most mealy-mouthed and emptiest of phrases, which avoids all mention of individual men and women (except the "respectable tradesman"), until they chance to come into the police-court or the divorce-court, and which deals with all things and acts as though they were the outcome of a series of lifeless impersonal abstractions:

For long after their first appearance, newspapers were looked upon with a jealous eye by the Government. They were restrained by specific statutes; held in check by stamp duties; muzzled by advertisement duties; and starved by paper duties. But some five-and-thirty years ago, an agitation was commenced with the object of freeing them from all these fetters. In 1853 the advertisement duty was repealed; in 1855 the obligatory newspaper stamp was abolished, and in 1861, with the Repeal of the Paper Duty, the last check upon the unrestrained journalism was taken away. As a matter of course, the resulting increase in the number of newspapers has been very great as well as the resulting diminution in their price. It was believed so recently as 1851 that it was not possible to produce a newspaper of any value at so low a price as one penny. The late Mr. Mowbray Morris, the able manager of *The Times*, in his evidence before the Committee of 1851, said, "I do not think it would be possible to provide newspapers to meet the taste of the public, unless it fell very greatly, for a penny. Attempts would be made, but unless the tone of the Press were lowered very extensively those attempts would fail. I do not think it would be possible for a Newspaper published at a penny or twopence to publish at a profit without pandering to a very immoral taste."

Elsewhere, he laid it down that fourpence was the lowest sum for which a newspaper "as good as the *Times*" could possibly be published. Yet the *Times* itself is now published at threepence, and many other journals of very considerable pretensions at a penny.

When it was seen that the trammels of journalism were about to be loosed the penny paper came into existence. The *Daily Telegraph*, the first newspaper published at that price, was established in June, 1855, and is now one of the most successful of English journals, and the probability is that in course of time all the Daily Newspapers will be forced to follow the recent example of the *Morning Post*, and to reduce their price to that of the *Daily Telegraph*.

There still remains, however, one last remnant of Government censorship of the newspapers in the shape of Postal Regulations. By these regulations, a newspaper, whatever be its size and weight, is entitled to be sent by post throughout the United Kingdom for one halfpenny per copy, while any publication not a newspaper is subject to the book-post rates, which are considerably higher. Now the decision as to what is and what is not a newspaper is committed by the Act of Parliament entirely to the Postmaster-General, without any appeal to any Court of Law, or any appeal at all, except to the Treasury. The practical result of this is that the Postmaster-General has the power, by deciding that a publication is not a newspaper, of imposing upon it a fine of increased postage. It may be, and probably is true, that this power will usually be generously exercised; but the power is there, and on an emergency, might be put to very

obnoxious uses. The truth is, that the system of carrying a newspaper of any size or weight whatever at a fixed rate is a bad one. The true principle of charge for carrying by post is that of charging by weight, and whether the thing carried be a newspaper or a book, it should be charged for on the same scale. It may be a matter of good policy to carry newspapers cheaply; but if so, it is equally a matter of policy to carry books cheaply. It can hardly be pretended that the Bible is less entitled to cheap carriage than the *Times*; yet the *Times* is carried at one rate and the Bible at another and a much higher rate. The *Times* usually weighs about five ounces, and is carried for a halfpenny, while five ounces of Bible are charged three-halfpence, or exactly three times as much. The *Field*, again, usually weighs some twelve ounces and is carried for a halfpenny, while Mr. Fawcett is compelled to charge us threepence, or six times as much, for carrying the same weight of his own political economy.

The number of the *Times* published on Saturday, 14th June, 1884, was of unusual size, consisting of three full sheets, or of 24 pages each containing 6 columns, or 144 columns in all—a marvellous production altogether. But the editor of the *Times* will probably be surprised to learn that upon this occasion the *Times* was not a newspaper as defined by the Postmaster-General, for it consisted of 84½ columns of advertisements (which, according to the Postmaster-General, are not news), and of 59½ columns of “news or of articles relating thereto, or to other current topics.” Now the postal authorities hold that when the news and articles form, as in this instance, less than one-half of the publication, that publication is not a newspaper; and it follows, therefore, if the Post-Office construction of the Act is correct, that the *Times* was upon this occasion not a newspaper, was not therefore entitled to registration as a newspaper, and was not entitled to be carried at the newspaper rate of postage, and should have been charged at the book-rate. And, inasmuch as the number weighed a fraction over 7½ ozs., the postage on it at the book-rate would have been twopence, or four times as much as that which was actually charged upon it.

It is right to acknowledge, and proper to be thankful for the great diminution in the rates of postage for printed matter which has been recently effected. Thirty years ago, it was not thought possible that the post office could carry a newspaper for a penny, much less for a halfpenny, and I find Mr. W. H. Smith, the late First Lord of the Admiralty, and a man of much experience in the newspaper trade, giving evidence to that effect before a Committee of the House of Commons on the 3rd June, 1851, in the following words:

“The general rivalry of persons engaged in the Newspaper business would be such as to prevent the Post Office from carrying any Newspapers for the postage charge of one penny to any Town in England.”

Nevertheless, since the diminution has been made, the prosperity

of the post office has been much increased, as have also the numbers of newspapers carried; so that whereas in 1857, 71 millions of newspapers were delivered annually by post in the United Kingdom, in 1882-1883 no fewer than 429 millions of newspapers and Book-Packets were so delivered—an increase sufficient, if Mr. Smith had been right, to have entirely ruined the Post office.

It is the fashion in England to declare that, of all the Newspapers in the world, the English are the best. I have some knowledge of foreign newspapers, and I am bound to say that in certain particulars, many of them are superior to ours. German and Russian Newspapers need hardly be regarded, being, as they are, under a strict censorship, and in daily fear of their own lives and the liberty of their writers. The Spanish press is entirely without enterprise, and very trivial, excepting when it is being made use of for the furtherance of State Conspiracies. The Italian press is either trivial or venal, or both; but the French press, while inferior in the quantity and quality of its news, is far superior even to the English in respect of its comments and handling of many subjects, and especially in respect of its political leaders, some of which rise to a high level of statesmanship very rarely reached in the columns of a London Newspaper. The American Newspapers, again, shew far greater enterprise, far greater readiness to understand and to hit the taste of the moment than the English Journals. But, on the whole, and taking into account the trustworthiness of its news, the dignity (often exaggerated) of its attitude, and its entire freedom from suspicion of corruptibility by money, the English press may compare creditably with any in the world. In the search for, and the collection of news, the conductors of English newspapers have displayed very great enterprise and ability. To find out and to bring together news is not by any means so simple a matter as might be supposed. Most men do not know news when they see it; that is to say that they learn a fact or see an event pass before their own eyes without it ever occurring to them that for the rest of mankind that fact or that event is new and unexpected, and its publication calculated to satisfy their curiosity—that, in fact, it is news.

It must not be forgotten that a newspaper is a commercial venture, and regarded in this light, our modern newspapers present some very strange anomalies. The expense of producing a daily newspaper may be divided into two heads—first, there is the cost of writing the newspaper (in which I include the payments to editor and writers and the cost of telegrams and other matters), added to which, there is the cost of composition or setting-up the writing in type. The charge under this head is a constant sum whether there be one copy printed or a million. Then comes the second head of charges, which vary with the number of the paper printed. It is

composed of the cost of the paper itself on which the journal is printed, and the cost of the actual printing or "machining" of the type already set-up. Now it is a fact, that with the utmost economy, the charge under this second head amounts for the penny newspaper of the common size to about as much as the paper itself is sold for to the trade. It follows, therefore, that while the varying charge under the second head is more or less provided for by the sale of the papers, the constant and much larger charge under the first head is not so provided for. How then is it met? Solely and exclusively by the revenue derived from advertisements. The result is this: that a newspaper lives not upon its circulation but upon its advertisements. In fact, it buys publicity for its news by selling publicity for its advertisements; it gives away for nothing the news which it professes to sell, on condition of being paid for the advertisements which accompany it. Its real customers are not its readers but its advertisers; the commodity it deals in is not news but attention. It buys the attention of its readers by its news and sells that attention to its advertisers for their money. If now the cost of the paper and the machining, instead of merely equalling, should, as is sometimes the case, exceed the sum for which the paper is sold, then the best financial position for that newspaper to be in is one in which not a single copy of the newspaper should be sold at all. Of course, however, the result in this case would be that it would get no advertisements, inasmuch as the advertiser wishes to have his advertisement circulated as largely as possible; and, as a matter of fact, the object of a newspaper proprietor in the position I have described must be to obtain the largest number of advertisements with the smallest amount of circulation. Mr. Mowbray Morris, for instance, giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1851, as to the *Times*, was asked this question: "The greater the circulation the greater the loss?" and answered, "the greater the loss beyond a certain limit." He was then asked. "Do you not mean this, that when you have a supplement, so far as your supplement is concerned, if you only printed one copy of it, your gain would be the greatest." To which he answered, "Yes." After this he was asked, "For every copy you sell, you diminish your gain, and when you pass a certain line it becomes an absolute loss?" to which he replied, "Just so; that is to say when the expenditure exceeds the value of the advertisements."

Thus, it will be seen that Newspapers are in reality somewhat in a false position. They profess to sell news and to give advertisements to boot. What they really do is to sell publicity for advertisements and to give news to boot.

There is besides another and a very important matter, in which the modern newspaper would seem to be in a strange situation.

The proper business of a newspaper would appear to be the publication of news; and the proper function of a newspaper editor would therefore appear to be to collect the largest possible amount of news and to print it without reserve and regard to its effect or partiality towards one effect rather than another. There is, however, in modern journalism, a prevailing feature, which far more than is generally suspected, affects, and to a large extent defeats its original and proper purpose. The newspaper originally, as I have already remarked, published news alone; but in the beginning of the present century, the editor, no longer content that his paper should fulfil its purpose of publishing news, began to assume the right of professing opinions. He began not merely to tell his readers what was happening, but also to tell them what he thought and what they ought to think of what was happening. It is now over sixty years since this became general in English Newspapers, and the result has been that the "leader" has overshadowed the news in importance, and that the horn of the leader writer has been exalted while that of the news-monger has been abased. Newspapers indeed, are now less *news* papers than *opinion* papers. The publisher has become lost in the advocate, and at this time a public journal is regarded less an instrument for providing general information for its readers than as an organ for promoting among them the special opinions of a Political Party, or a Social Class. This being the case, the efforts of the Editor have become diverted into an entirely new channel. The business of the collection of news becomes a matter of secondary importance in his eyes. It seems to him desirable rather to instruct than to inform, rather to proselytise than to instruct. He seeks to repeat forcibly the opinions of a *coterie* rather than to discover and to disclose thoroughly the events and occurrences of the world. His object is to say something rather than to tell everything. He averts his attention, therefore, from his proper business, and leaves that business to be carried on in a secondary manner, by secondary men who often neither know what news is nor where to look for it; and thus it happens that the reader is ill served where he should be served the best. The profession of opinions not only causes the Editor to neglect the collection of news, but it prevents the honest and unreserved publication of such news as is collected. Opinions being regarded as of more importance than intelligence, the Editor will occasionally suppress altogether intelligence which makes against the opinions of his newspaper, or publishing such intelligence, will so present it and with such a gloss as to diminish as much as possible its influential force. Correspondents, Reporters, and all who collect information, know well what they are intended to put, and accordingly they do put a special kind of colour upon their facts. Every writer in a daily journal is understood and expected to view all acts and events from the special position occu-

pied by that journal; and it is not too much to say that the whole staff of a newspaper is engaged in presenting things, not as they are, but as it is held by the Editor on behalf of a certain class that they should be.

As with news so is it with opinions for the purpose of a daily newspaper. The opinion expressed need not be true, it is enough if it be new and plausible. Nay, for it to be true is a fatal defect, for in that case it can only be asserted once as a new thing and must henceforth be merely repeated as an old and stale thing, whereas if it be false any number of new changes may be rung upon it. Truth is one, but falsehoods are many. When an editor declares that two and two make four there is an end of his leaders on that subject; but if he points out that many thoughtful persons have held that under certain circumstances they make seventeen, and that in certain places the sound good sense of the majority has accepted them as making fifty-two, then an interminable vista of leaders is opened up, on practical as opposed to theoretical arithmetic, on circumstances, places, conditions, fitnesses, experiences, and what not. Thus indeed it is alone that the possibility has been realised of many daily newspapers publishing three or four leaders each every morning and no two of them saying the same thing about the same facts.

The model newspaper, in my humble opinion, should be—the newspaper of the future in my expectation will be—one that concerns itself solely with news, and the whole brain power of which is directed to the discovery and collection of news, while it will be left to others in other journals to express separately the opinions which may be formed upon the events chronicled by the newspaper proper. This function of expressing opinions is one which can hardly be fulfilled in an adequate manner by the writers in a newspaper published at so short an interval as every twenty-four hours. In trivial matters of slight importance it is easy enough to throw off at once an opinion which may be sufficient for the purpose, but in affairs of grave import, the judgment of which often requires much previous labour, the daily journalist is at great disadvantage.

I may say, as Lord Beaconsfield once said in the House of Commons, “I know what leaders are, for I have written them;” and I am convinced that serious harm may be and is done by gentlemen who, able and conscientious though they are, sit down with a telegram of serious importance which has just arrived, or with a “Blue Book” which has just been published, and rattle off in a couple of hours what professes to be a statesmanlike judgment of the facts, and a prudent counsel as to the conduct that should be observed in dealing with them. I know, of course, the answer that will be made: that the readers of a newspaper are anxious to have

provided for them every morning with their tea and toast a ready-made opinion which they may present to their friends as their own. But if it be, as I believe it is, that these opinions, given thus hurriedly, must necessarily, in the majority of cases, be imperfect, insufficiently unfounded and untrustworthy, a newspaper reader would be far better off were he left himself to digest his news, to form, if any conclusion must be hastily formed, his own hasty conclusion, and to wait for a more valuable judgment at some longer interval of time.

These criticisms are those which have been suggested by a certain experience of the press; and they are presented merely as suggestions for those who make of the press a more serious business than I have done. I offer them, because I believe that to the Press belongs, in a large measure, the future of the world, if it will but prove itself equal to its mission. There was a time when it was believed that the writing of the Press was produced by venal starvelings writing shamefully for existence in remote garrets, and when it was held disgraceful to be convicted of any connection with journalism. That time is now past, and the fact is recognized that there are men speaking to their fellow-countrymen in the press who have things to the full as true and important to say, and as good a right to be heard in saying them, as any of those who command the applause of listening senates. That also is recognised which long was sought to be disputed: that the Press is now a great power in the nation. Formerly, public matters were treated exclusively by experts; now everybody assumes to deal with them, to criticize them, and to express an opinion upon them. The number of people, indeed, whose duty is to come to a conclusion on these matters has greatly increased, since by the extension of the suffrage the number of those is increased who have a direct voice in moulding the destinies of the nation; of these, it cannot be denied that a large proportion are ignorant and without judgment; and this it is which makes the power of the press the greater, because the readers of the press, feeling, as they do, bound to act while they also feel that they are unable to judge, have no alternative but to adopt with avidity any superficial judgment or conclusion presented to them by their daily teacher. Very great indeed is the power of the press; yet in its exercise it is limited. No journal nor any number of journals can withstand a popular cry when once it has been raised; but any journal, before it has been raised, may help to create it, or, after it has been raised, may assist to swell it. Not only leader writers but foreign Correspondents, reporters, and penny-a-liners, have an enormous power of previous instruction in any matter, and an almost unlimited power of subsequent exaggeration of that matter, and this has sufficed to make of the modern newspaper one of the most potent of all possible agencies for good or for evil.

This power of the Press is, in our own country, the youngest of all the powers. It is far younger than parliament, younger than parties and party-government, younger than cabinets; yet parliament, parties, and cabinets have to count with it. Were the Press not strangely divided against itself, not only by natural commercial rivalry but also by unnatural and incomprehensible petty jealousies, parliament, parties, and cabinets together might well tremble before it; but such as it is, and such as it is granted to be, it is one of the most potent and pregnant forces now found in the kingdom. Yet, according to our English custom, we are still disposed to deny not only its importance but also its very existence. Just as we know that thirteen gentlemen, who form the cabinet, decide upon our destinies, trace out our future, make peace and declare war, while we ascribe their acts to the Sovereign acting by and with the advice of that Privy Council, which is never assembled; just as we know that party organization, finding its expression in party votes, decides whether these thirteen gentlemen shall retain their posts or another thirteen be put in their place, while we yet ascribe the decision to the collective wisdom of the fittest and properest persons in the country; just so there are policies adopted, acts done and forborne and appointments made, in pure and simple obedience to the behests of that Press, which, nevertheless, has up to this moment no recognised place in the British Empire. In every other department of human activity due, and occasionally undue, recognition has been given to those who by their talents have raised themselves above their fellows; but the Press has never yet been officially recognised. Beer and banking, riches, romance, and poetry, have been ennobled; baronetcies have been showered upon lord mayors, sheriffs, and doctors, and music-masters have been knighted, but never yet has the fountain of honour flowed even for the ablest, most enterprising, and most successful of those who have organised with so much success the daily brains of the nation. There are men among them who can challenge comparison, either for personal qualities and attainments, or for personal position in the country, with any brewer or banker ever raised to the House of Lords; but they only represent brains, and brains, though unofficially courted, secretly coaxed, and sometimes abjectly entreated in private, are not yet officially recognised in public as an existing force in the daily life of Great Britain. It may be that the time will come when this also will be changed. If so, it will be well. Meantime, the newspaper Press has no great cause to be ashamed of the part it has played in the past, while it has the greatest cause to look forward with confidence, yet with a deeper sense of responsibility, to the part it may, if it will, play in the future.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH ON THE CONTINENT.

THE establishment of English chaplaincies on the Continent dates from the Reformation. No sooner was the tie, which hitherto had bound England and Rome together in one communion, broken, than our rulers in Church and State found it necessary to make special provision for the religious wants of our countrymen abroad. Calais, then a possession of the English Crown, was the first place whither chaplains were sent. In 1535, the very year after the Act of Supremacy was passed, Cranmer writes from Knoll to Thomas Cromwell, "praying for the King's Grace's letters to be obtained and directed to the Lord Deputy of Calise, and, other his Grace's counsellors there, in favour of two such chaplains of mine as I intend to send thither with all speed to preach the Word of God." It appears from a petition, preserved in the life of Bishop Kennett, which certain "British merchants in and about London, trading to Leghorn," addressed to "the Queen's (Anne) Most Excellent Majesty in Council," that after the Reformation our ambassadors at foreign courts were generally accompanied by representatives of our Church, but that this privilege was sometimes refused by the authorities of the countries to which they were commissioned.

Nor was it only the rupture with Rome which led to the formation of English congregations abroad. The same spirit of freedom and enterprise that gave birth to the Reformation produced also a vast extension of our commerce, and wherever our merchants found their way, they were attended by the ordinances of their Church. In the reigns of Elizabeth and of her immediate successors, factories of English merchants were formed in Holland, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in Russia. The Hamburg Company, which traded with Calais, the Low Countries, and the ports of the Baltic and German Ocean, and was the most ancient of English mercantile companies, having received charters from Edward I., Henry IV., and Henry VII., was incorporated anew with greatly augmented privileges by Elizabeth, under the title of "The Company of Merchant Adventurers of England." English trade with the Levant began in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1513 an English consul was appointed at Scio to guard our commercial interests in the Archipelago. The Levant Company was formed by Royal Charter under Elizabeth. James I. confirmed and extended its privileges. Some innovations having been made in the government of the company during the civil wars, Charles II. restored it to its original basis under

the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of England trading to the seas of the Levant." In the reign of Edward VI. our adventurous traders found their way into the White Sea and the port of Archangel, and brought back to the King a message from John the Terrible, then Czar, that the English "ships and vessels might come as often as they pleased, and that they should have a free market with all free liberty through his whole dominions." A company with the exclusive privilege of trading with Russia was formed in London by special charter of Philip and Mary. Queen Elizabeth granted a new charter to the company, under the title of the British Factory.

It is a noticeable fact that in all the countries with which these companies trafficked efforts were invariably made to secure for the English merchants and their families the free enjoyment of religious worship. The Levant and the Russia Companies set bright examples in the fulfilment of this duty. Many a learned and zealous clergyman was appointed by the Levant Company to the chaplaincies which it established at places within the limits assigned to the company by its charter, such as Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople. In like manner one of the chief objects that engaged the attention of the English factory established at Moscow and Archangel was the maintenance of the churches at both these places, the custom of the merchants being to spend the winter at Moscow and the summer at Archangel. In 1723 the English factory was transferred to St. Petersburg, where, by help of the dues which it had the right of levying on English ships and goods, the present chapel on the English quay was built. Though the company and factory have lost their ancient privileges,—the treaty of commerce which constituted English factories in Russia having lapsed,—they still contribute from their invested capital towards the support of the chaplains at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Archangel, and towards the maintenance of the different chapels and parsonages. An Order in Council, dated October 1st, 1633, places English factories and congregations across the seas under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London as diocesan. This arrangement was brought about by a discovery that a form of discipline different from that of the mother Church was used by some chaplains ministering to our factories and regiments in Holland. Laud, then Bishop of London, considered that dishonour was done to the Church of England by the growing disuse of her Liturgy, and resolved to interfere. Reluctant to bring the subject before the Council himself, he framed certain "considerations," which he entrusted to the care of Mr. Secretary Windebank. "He had long teemed with this design," writes Heylyn, in his life of Laud, "but was not willing to be his own midwife when it came to the birth; and therefore it was so contrived that Windebank should

make the proposition at the council-table, and put the business on so far that the Bishop might be moved by the whole Board to consider of the several points in that weighty business." The considerations framed by Laud were to the effect that colonels of English regiments and factories of English merchants in the Low Countries should appoint no minister or preacher to their regiments or factories but such as conformed in all things to the Church of England, to be commended to them by the Lords of the Council after advice taken of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; and that every such minister or preacher should read the Common Prayers, administer the sacraments, and perform all other public ministerial duties according to the rules and rubrics of the English Liturgy. A memorial to this effect was presented to the Council by Windebank on March 22, 1633. "But long it will not be," so comments Laud's biographer, "before we shall behold him sitting in the chair of Canterbury, acting his own counsels, bringing these conceptions to the birth, and putting this design in the execution." Abbot died on Sunday, August 4; and on August 6, 1633, Laud was nominated to the archbishopric. "He had not sate long in the chair of Canterbury when he procured an Order from the Lords of the Council, bearing date October 1, 1633, by which the English churches and regiments in Holland (and afterwards by degrees in all other foreign parts and plantations) were required strictly to observe the English Liturgy, with all the rites and ceremonies prescribed in it; which Order contained the sum and substance of those considerations which Laud had offered to the Board. With which the Merchant Adventurers being made acquainted, with joynt consent they made choice of one Beaumont (reported for a learned, sober, and conformable man) to be preacher to their factory residing at Delf. And that this man might be received with the better welcome, a letter is sent with him to the Deputy-Governor, subscribed by the Archbishop himself, in which he signified both to him and the rest, in His Majestie's name, that they were to receive him with all decent and courteous usage fitting his person and calling, allowing him the ancient pension which formerly had been paid to his predecessors. Which said in reference to the man, he lets them know that it was His Majestie's express command that both he, the Deputy, and all and every other merchant that is or shall be residing in those parts beyond the seas, do conform themselves to the Doctrine and Discipline settled in the Church of England; and that they frequent the Common Prayer with all religious duty and reverence at all times required, as well as they do sermons; and that out of their company they should yearly, about Easter, as the Canons prescribe, name two Church-wardens and two Sides-men, which may look to the orders of the Church, and give an account according to their office."

With this dispatch, which bore date June 17, 1634, Beaumont went into Holland, determined to enforce its provisions. From this year till 1842 all English chaplaincies abroad remained under the superintendence of the Bishop of London as diocesan. In 1842, however, the number had so largely multiplied that our rulers in Church and State deemed it advisable to withdraw a portion of them from the charge of the Bishop of London, and to establish a new episcopal see. The Bishopric of Gibraltar was accordingly created by Queen's letters patent. The spiritual superintendence originally assigned to the Bishop of Gibraltar was limited to English churches within Gibraltar and Malta, and within the islands and countries in and around the Mediterranean. But in 1869, at the request of the Bishop, the superintendence was extended to the English churches in Spain and Portugal, on the coast of Morocco, in the Canary Islands, in the kingdom of Italy, on the shores of the Black Sea, and on the Lower Danube to the Iron Gates. The special end for which foreign chaplaincies were established was to secure for our countrymen on the Continent the same religious privileges and consolations as they enjoyed in England. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities were anxious that British subjects on quitting this country should still retain the right of worshipping in their own tongue and in accordance with the rites and usages of the Church at home. They were desirous of guarding them against all risk of falling away either to Rome or to Geneva.

It was, no doubt, also intended that these chaplains should forward the general cause of the Reformation abroad. In the letter already quoted, which Cranmer wrote to Thomas Cromwell respecting the chaplains sent to Calais, the Archbishop speaks of them as commissioned to "extirpate all manner of hypocrisy, false faith, and blindness of God and His word, wherein the inhabitants there be altogether wrapt, to the no little slander (I fear me) of the realm." Noticing the Order of Council to which reference has just been made, Heylyn writes, "It was hoped that there would be a Church of England in all Courts of Christendom, in the chief cities of the Turk and other great Mahometan Princes, in all our Factories and Plantations, in every known part of the world, by which it might be rendered as diffused and Catholick as the Church of Rome." The Levant Company wished that the chaplaincies which it maintained, besides providing for the religious wants of the English merchants and their families, should also be channels for extending the knowledge of Christianity among the native populations. But such aspirations, if indeed they were ever really entertained, have long ago been abandoned. While anxious that reform should spread wherever it be really needed, English Churchmen in these days have no wish to see all Churches modelled after the exact pattern of their

own. They consider that the quietest and the most effective way of kindling the spirit of reform is to show by a living example that a Church may meet the needs of the present time, growing with the world's growth, and yet maintain unbroken its links with the past; may shake itself free from those errors and superstitions which the course of ages has gathered, and yet rest on the old foundation of Apostolic order and primitive usage. Those were wise words which the Scottish bishops addressed to Bishop Luscombe when in 1825 they consecrated him to perform episcopal ministrations for British subjects on the Continent. "We do solemnly enjoin our Right Reverend brother, Bishop Luscombe, not to disturb the peace of any Christian society established as the national Church in whatever nation he may chance to sojourn." In harmony with the spirit of these words, English chaplains on the Continent restrict their ministrations to their own people. They are careful not to interfere with other national Churches. If here and there individuals are drawn by their sympathies beyond this field of pastoral duty authoritatively assigned to them, they act on their own private responsibility.

But for the maintenance by the Church of chaplains in Europe, our countrymen would forfeit all the religious advantages they enjoy at home whenever they might quit our shores for countries where the Church is not in communion with our own. In fulfilling this purpose we are acting on a principle recognised throughout Christendom from very early days, and now universally followed by all national Churches. Travellers who have visited Constantinople or Jerusalem are aware that each of the great Churches of the East is represented in these cities by a bishop or patriarch; and that none is regarded as schismatical so long as he limits his ministrations to members of his flock. But it was not till many a battle had been fought that our Church was allowed to make this provision for the spiritual wants of her people, as may be seen from the stories of Michael Geddes, chaplain from 1678 to 1688 to the English factory at Lisbon, and of Basil Kennett, chaplain from 1706 to 1714 to the English factory at Leghorn.

Geddes, in the year 1686, was cited, with the consul to the British merchants, to appear before the Inquisition at Lisbon. An account of the interview is given in the preface to his *Treats against Popery*. The chaplain and consul were taken through several large rooms, which were locked behind them as they advanced. The consul was first admitted and examined, but he was not allowed to address the chaplain on returning from the interview. The chaplain was then summoned before the judges, "who received him at first with great affectation of civility and courtesy, and desired him to sit down and be covered before they proceeded to examine him. After this piece of ceremony was over, they sternly demanded of him how he dared

to preach or exercise his function in that city. He answered that he enjoyed that liberty by virtue of an article between the two Crowns of England and Portugal; that it was a thing that had never been called in question; that he had been there eight years, and during that time had served the English factory in the capacity of chaplain, as many others had done before him. They replied that it was a thing altogether unknown to them, and if they had known it, they would never have suffered it. After being threatened and strictly prohibited to minister any more to his congregation, he was dismissed. Whereupon letters of complaint were written to the Bishop of London (Compton), one by the consul himself, and a second by the consul and merchants of the factory. But before these letters reached England, the Bishop of London had been suspended by James the Second's Commissioners for Causes Ecclesiastical for disobeying the King in refusing to suspend Dr. Spratt. During existing troubles at home, all hope of redress was taken away. The British merchants consequently were debarred from public worship till the arrival of Mr. Scarborough, the English envoy, "under whose shelter as a public minister they had to screen themselves, although they had a right to the exercise of their profession by the treaty between the two nations, and by an express clause inserted in the patent of every consul residing at Lisbon, and confirmed and ratified by the King of Portugal himself."

When Geddes officiated as English chaplain at Lisbon, two treaties, one of which was signed in 1642, the other in 1645, had been concluded between England and Portugal, securing liberty of worship to Englishmen residing in the latter country provided they gave no scandal to, nor in any way interfered with, members of other Churches. It was apparently to these treaties that the British consul, chaplain, and merchants referred in the interview with the Inquisition and in their letters to the Bishop of London.

The story of Basil Kennett is told in the life of his brother, Dr. White Kennett, the Bishop of Peterborough, published in 1730. In 1706 the English merchants at Leghorn requested Dr. White Kennett, then Dean, afterwards Bishop, of Peterborough, to lay before Archbishop Tenison the desire which they had long entertained that a chaplain of the Church of England should reside in that city. This privilege they had hitherto been refused by the Church of Rome. The English consul at Leghorn, and the envoy at the Court of Florence, Dr. Newton, a learned civilian, had endeavoured to obtain a removal of the prohibition, but with only partial success. No definite promise of protection could be obtained from the Grand Duke, but only a general intimation that if a chaplain were appointed he would not be molested by the civil powers, and that connivance might be expected. They were distinctly given to

understand that no exemption from the supreme authority of the Inquisition could be allowed. The chaplaincy was offered to Basil Kennett, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was accepted. A commission or title authorising him to perform divine service at Leghorn, "after the usage and manner of the Church of England," was granted by the Queen in Council, September 8th, 1706. Royal letters of passport, safeguard, and protection were also issued. The business was forwarded by Addison, at that time Under-Secretary of State, lately a traveller in Italy, and well acquainted with Leghorn. Kennett was received by the English consul and merchants at Leghorn with great civility and kindness. But though the utmost privacy and caution were used, great offence was taken by the Italians, especially by the priests and regulars, who were very jealous of the northern heresy, and complaints were at once sent to Rome. The English envoy pleaded the right of the English merchants to have among them a minister of their own religion; he promised that the chaplain should not publicly reflect on the religion of the country, or interfere with the faith of the Duke's subjects. But all to no purpose. "The Pope and the Court of Inquisition at Rome were resolved to expel heresy, and the publick teachers of it, from the confines of the Holy See; and, therefore, secret orders were given to apprehend Mr. Kennett at Leghorn, and to bring him away to Pisa, and thence to some other religious prison, to bury him alive, or otherwise dispose of him in the severest manner." Upon the English envoy interposing at the Court of the Grand Duke, he was told that he might keep the English preacher in his own family as his domestic chaplain, but that Kennett could not safely continue at Leghorn, "for in matters of religion, the Court of the Inquisition was superior to all civil powers." In this critical state of affairs the envoy wrote home for instructions. Till these should arrive he invited Kennett to his house, and gave him "a concurrent title" as his domestic chaplain. Kennett, however, remained in great danger at Leghorn. "He was forced," so runs the narrative, "to confine himself in his chamber, and to have an armed guard at the stair's foot; and when in some evenings he walked out for air, he walked between two English merchants, who, with their drawn swords, resolved and declared that no body should dare seize him at their peril." The following letter at last arrives from the Earl of Sunderland, one of the Queen's principal Secretaries of State:—

"SIR,—Yours of the 16th and 24th I received, in answer to which; I have laid the whole matter before her Majesty, who has commanded me to order you to tell the Grand Duke and his ministers, in her Majesty's name, that if there be any molestation given to her chaplain residing at Leghorn, she shall look upon it as an affront

done to herself and the nation, a breach of peace, and a violation of the law of nations, and shall by her fleets and armies, which will be all the year in the Mediterranean seas, not only demand but take satisfaction for every such injury offered. And that the Priest of the Great Duke's minister here, and all frequenters of his chapel, must expect the same treatment. And if they talk any more of the Pope or Court of Rome, you must cut that matter short by telling them her Majesty has nothing to do with that court, but shall treat with the Great Duke, as with other independent Princes and States. And this you must do in the most forcible manner possible."

Upon this letter being communicated to the Grand Duke and his ministers, they imparted the contents to the Pope and his cardinals, who "so well understood the argument of fleets and armies, that the chaplain escaped the intended fury," and continued for five years to officiate publicly as a minister of the Church of England in a room set apart for a chapel in the consul's house. Kennett returned to England in consequence of feeble health in 1714, and was made President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but he lived for one year only to enjoy that enviable position of quiet, learning, and dignity. On his resignation obstacles for a long time were offered to the appointment of a successor. But eventually the principle of religious liberty for which Geddes and Kennett had fought prevailed. In the present day Englishmen enjoy liberty of worship everywhere on the Continent. In Belgium, where there is no State Church, the Government of the country recognises the English chaplains, together with the representatives of other communities, Roman Catholic, French and German Protestant, and Jewish, and pays them an annual stipend. The liberty which is now conceded throughout Europe is not limited, as formerly, to persons worshipping in chapels attached to British embassies, legations, and consulates, or to certain important British factories.

In Portugal, the Constitutional Charter of 1826, the basis of its present liberty, has the following articles:—

Article VI.—The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion shall continue to be the religion of the State. All other religions, with their domestic and private worship, shall be permitted to foreigners in houses set apart for the purpose, and not having any outward appearance of a temple.

Article L. and LV. 4.—No man shall be prosecuted on account of his religion, as long as he respects that of the State and does not offend public morality.

The law regards all worship other than that of the Roman communion as a sort of family worship in a private citizen's house where the State has no right to interfere. The phrase "outward appearance of a temple" has been interpreted to mean "directly facing a street" or "forming part of a street frontage." It

is permissible to build an ecclesiastical edifice in any shape thought desirable, provided that its front be a little retired from the public road. For years past every successive ministry in Portugal has promised a law definitely granting freedom of public worship to Portuguese who are not members of the Roman communion, but as yet those promises have not been fulfilled. Practically, however, liberty is allowed to both foreigners and natives. Even in Spain, which has been the most backward of European countries to learn the lesson of toleration, liberty of worship under certain conditions is conceded. The provisions of the Spanish Constitution of 1876 on the subject are as follows:—"The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is the religion of the State. The nation is bound to maintain its worship and its ministers. No one will be molested within Spanish territory for his religious opinions, or for the exercise of his particular worship, saving the respect due to Christian morality. Nevertheless, ceremonies and public manifestations other than those of the religion of the State shall not be allowed." In accordance with these provisions, Englishmen enjoy full liberty of meeting together for congregational worship. They are not allowed, indeed, to give public notice of the services. In a great commercial city of the South, when English merchants and their families assemble for Divine worship, they abstain from having any music in the service, for fear of provoking an ignorant and fanatical population. But we may hope that here too, as railways multiply, the country is more visited by travellers, and education spreads, all these annoyances and molestations, which Christian people not members of the Roman communion at times experience in exercising that right of religious worship which the laws of the land allow, will pass away.

Within the very walls of Rome itself liberty of public worship is now permitted. The minute-book of the English chapel, outside the *Porte del Popolo*, shows how step by step this right has been secured. At the beginning of this century a service appears to have been held in private apartments "occupied by the clergyman or by some English family." Then in 1818 a room was hired for the special purpose of conducting worship according to the forms of our Church. The room was in *Vicolo degli Avignonesi*. In the life of Dr. Low, Bishop of Ross, Moray, and Argyle, there is a letter written from Rome, March 5, 1818, by the Rev. James Walker, afterwards successor to Bishop Sandford, at Edinburgh, in which he speaks of his surprise at finding the service of the Church of England "publicly performed in Rome, at the foot of the Capitol, and within a few minutes' walk of the Pope's palace. The service," he writes, "has been regular, and always well attended. . . . All the clergymen, to the amount of eight or nine, have attended and

offered their services. . . . I steer clear, of course, both in my sermons and in my catechising, of all matters of controversy. It would not be very decorous to come into a man's house, and under his protection try to pull it down."

In 1823, owing to a change of government caused by the death of Pius VII., it was a matter of doubt "whether the performance of the English service in Rome would be tolerated as heretofore." Apartments, however, were hired in the Corea Palace in Via dei Pontefici. The minutes, which then for the first time were regularly kept, inform us that there was no interference whatever on the part of the Government. "The tacit sanction of the Roman Government has been given to set apart a suite of rooms for our worship; there is a wish to act with toleration and accommodation towards our countrymen." Money collected at the offertory was distributed among distressed English, French, Germans, and Italians living in Rome; and "these gifts," so runs the minute book, "tended, perhaps, more than any other circumstance to create a favourable impression towards the English Protestants in the sentiments of the Roman Catholics." In 1823-4 different apartments were taken at 152, Via Rosella, and no opposition was offered to the celebration of the English service. But in 1825, owing to the objections supposed to be entertained by the Roman Government to the continuance of our worship, no one could be found willing to let a room for the purpose. "To obviate this difficulty," writes the Rev. Hugh James Rose, the chaplain, under date of March 22, 1825, "an English lady, Mrs. Starke, whose kindness to her compatriots on all occasions deserves their warmest thanks, most liberally offered the loan of some excellent rooms which she had taken and furnished in the Palazzo Fiano, and the service was in consequence celebrated there for nearly two months. An opportunity, however, at last offered of obtaining a lease (for three years) of a room situated a few doors beyond the Porta del Popolo, eligible in all respects for our purpose."

Thus, though the public celebration of our worship within the walls was not actually prohibited by the papal authorities during the first quarter of the present century, yet such pressure was exerted upon the owners of apartments, and so general a conviction prevailed of the disapproval entertained by the authorities, that great difficulty was experienced in securing suitable accommodation, and not until the English congregation had hired a room outside the walls were they able to remain permanently in the same quarters. Not even then were they released from all fears and annoyances. On December 16, 1826, "the Secretary of State of the Roman Government," such is the statement of the minute-book, "informed the committee of the English Church that as the English consul did not reside in Rome, the Protestant chapel

did not come within the 'Act of Parliament.' In the minutes of 1828 there is a notice of a hundred and fifty crowns paid to get rid of a wild-beast show opened in the same building as that used by the English for Divine worship. In 1831 the Committee, alarmed by the uncertain state of political affairs, elected Chevalier Bunsen trustee for the chapel and for the cemetery, and desired him to take charge of the church-plate and the register of burials. In 1841 the offer of a font was refused on the ground that "it was thought better not to add any insignia to the chapel which might give cause for objection on the part of the Papal Government." In the following year, however, the offer of a font was accepted. On March 8, 1847, it was resolved by the committee that a statement be made to Lord John Russell respecting the advisability of attaching the chaplaincy to her Majesty's Legation in case of the diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome now under consideration of Parliament being definitely arranged." During the siege of Rome in the spring of 1849, the English chapel was occupied by the Roman and French troops, and much damaged. At the close of 1863 it was found necessary, owing to the crowded state of the chapel, to take measures for providing an additional service on Sundays. The Dean of Canterbury, Henry Alford, undertook to perform the services. Application was made to the consul, Mr. Severn, for the use of a room at his residence. Though at first he expressed a hope that he should be able to provide the room required, he afterwards stated that the application which he had made to the authorities for permission had been refused. All obstacles, however, were at once removed when, September 20, 1870, Rome became capital of the kingdom of Italy. The Anglican communion is now represented at Rome by three churches, all situated within the walls—by Trinity Church, in the Piazza di San Silvestro, opened for Divine worship in 1874, and consecrated by the Bishop of Gibraltar on April 15 of last year; by the church of St. Paul, in Via Nazionale, erected by our American brethren, and consecrated by the Bishop of Long Island on March 25, 1876; and by the Church of All Saints, in Via Babuino, now in course of construction.

Except in countries under the spiritual rule of Rome, Englishmen have encountered few or no obstacles in exercising the right of worshipping God in such way as their Church or their consciences might direct. The London merchants who in the reign of Queen Anne traded to Leghorn, state in a petition addressed to the Queen in Council for support in maintaining their right, that "the settlement of chaplains in our British factories at Smyrna and Aleppo is allowed by the Turk as a right due by the law of nations." Colonel Playfair, her Majesty's Consul-General at Algiers, has called my attention to a clause in the first treaty concluded by England with Algiers in 1682, which stipulates that "the consul shall be allowed a place to pray in." In accordance with this considerate provision,

in 1689 the Rev. George Home, afterwards rector of Headley, near Farnham, was appointed chaplain. The earliest report issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (1704), contains under the head of Amsterdam this notice, "For the interest of the English nation, the honour of its established Church, and comfort of its members in peace and war, as gentlemen, merchants, soldiers, seamen, &c., the Burgomasters have given a piece of ground for building an English church; till that can be compassed, a private chapel is made use of, where there is a pretty good Church of England congregation."

When, during the reign of Edward VI., factories of English merchants were established in Russia, they were allowed the free enjoyment of their religion. The same report contains the following words in reference to Moscow: "Here is a factory of English merchants, as at Archangel, where they reside alternately; to whom the Czar has been graciously pleased to give lately as much ground as they shall desire to build a church upon, with other convenience for the minister, who uses the Liturgy of the Church of England, and who is desired to insert the Czar's name and his son's in the Litany and prayers for the royal family." There is notice also under the same head of a benefaction made by the Society of Greek Liturgies and Testaments for the courtiers; of vulgar Greek Testaments for the common Moscovites; and of English practical books for the youths and servants of the factory." The English churches at Moscow, Archangel, and St. Petersburg enjoy to the present day the privilege of being considered chapels of the British ambassador, and are under his especial protection. We hear of no attempt having been made by the authorities of the Eastern Churches to prevent the Levant Company from providing English merchants and their families at Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople with the ministrations of religion. The correspondence of Isaac Basire represents him as receiving great attention and kindness from the patriarchs and bishops of the East, and as preaching twice at a meeting of bishops and clergy at the request of the Metropolitan of Achaia. This friendly attitude and interchange of courtesies, which two hundred years ago marked the relations between Churches of the Eastern communion and our own, have been maintained to the present hour.

Various circumstances during late years have increased the number of English chaplaincies abroad. No sooner had our last war with France been brought to a close than English merchants, bankers, traders, teachers, governesses, artisans, and mechanics settled in different parts of the Continent. Groups of Englishmen are now to be found wherever enterprise calls for skilled labour and industry. There are in Central and Northern Europe nearly a hundred congregations under the superintendence of the Bishop of London. The

Bishop of Gibraltar has under his charge, in Southern Europe, in the islands and along the shores of the Mediterranean and neighbouring seas, independently of the summer chaplaincies in Northern Italy, more than seventy congregations. Since railways have been multiplied and sailing-vessels have been superseded by steamers, the number of Englishmen who for pleasure, change, rest, or health visit foreign lands has increased a hundredfold. Thousands every summer now spread over Switzerland, France, Germany, and the Italian lakes. Thousands every winter flee to the sunny south for shelter from the fogs, rain, and biting winds of our own country. Englishmen have this characteristic, that wherever they wander they like to take their church with them, as is known to all hotel-keepers, who find that if they would attract English visitors to their houses, they must provide them with places of public worship. Some of these chaplaincies are maintained for the summer, some for winter and spring, some for the whole year, according as the circumstances of the place or the wants of the visitors require. The Continental Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Colonial and Continental Church Society render most valuable services by raising funds for the support of these chaplaincies, and by selecting fitting persons to serve such of them as are in their nomination. In all parts of the Continent English churches are now either built or in building. New English churches were consecrated this spring at Hyères, San Remo, and Therapia. Appeals were made last summer to the bounty of Englishmen in London on behalf of churches now in construction at Rome and Berlin. Ten new English churches within the area assigned to the Bishop of Gibraltar at this moment are in building or are contemplated at Rome, Milan, Cannes, Grasse, Carabacel, Marsala, Malaga, Tangier, Bucharest, and Nicosia in Cyprus. A noble church is nearly completed at Moscow. Dean Alford, who visited the Riviera while some of the English churches which grace those lovely shores were in building, on finding himself not unfrequently laid under contribution, is reported to have remarked that the Riviera was a pleasant country to visit, but it would be still pleasanter when all the English churches were finished. Though some of the buildings in which we meet for public worship abroad do little credit to English taste, others are not unworthy of our Church and country, showing both by their architectural features and by the character of the services held in them what is the true nature of our worship when it is displayed in its best and brightest colours. A marked change for the better has taken place since Lady Bloomfield wrote, in 1854, in her *Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life*, "When first we went to Berlin, the Church of England service was held in a small room in the Hôtel du Nord. It was a very unsuitable place; and often, when we were going to church, as we had to pass through the pas-

sages of the hotel, we found them encumbered with slops and dirty linen. This was so very unpleasant that I one day represented the state of things to the King, who immediately most kindly placed a large room at Mon Bijou Palace at our disposal, which was fitted up as a chapel by subscription, and opened for divine worship on Whitsunday, 1854."

If here and there the ministrations of our clergy are still defective, the services recalling to our minds the state of torpor from which elsewhere we have been awakened, it should be remembered that the Church of England on the Continent has to contend against special difficulties. There are no fixed endowments. The income of the chaplains in most places is extremely small. Their position is often one of great isolation. The pastoral charge at Rome, at Paris, at Cannes, is doubtless as important as the most important parish in England, yet such a pastoral charge opens no career beyond itself. Men feel, when they embark on the work of a foreign chaplaincy, that they are surrendering all prospect of advance or distinction at home.

Such, however, was not always the case. Michael Geddes, on leaving Lisbon in 1688, became Chancellor of Sarum. Basil Kennett, on leaving Leghorn in 1714, became President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The chaplaincy which the Levant Company maintained at Aleppo was served by a succession of men who rose to eminence at home. Edward Pocock, who held this chaplaincy from 1630 to 1636, was appointed by Laud first Professor of Latin at Oxford, and became subsequently Regius Professor of Hebrew and a Canon of Christ Church. Robert Frampton, of Christ Church, who served this chaplaincy from 1656 to 1671, became a Prebendary of Salisbury and of Gloucester in 1672, Dean of Gloucester in 1673, and Bishop of Gloucester in 1680. Pepys, in his Diary, twice notices Frampton, first under date of October 10, 1666. This was the fast day for the Great Fire. Frampton had come home for awhile by leave of his friends at Aleppo. "And then to church again; and there was Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, whom they cry up so much; a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon." The next notice is a few months later, January 21, 1667: "I to church, and there beyond expectation find our seat, and all the church crammed by twice as many people as used to be; and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, and I think the best sermon for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that I ever heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like the apostles that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church." Bishop Frampton was succeeded at Aleppo by Robert Huntingdon, fellow of Merton College, who subsequently became Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland. The chaplaincy at

Algiers was held from 1719 to 1731 by the Rev. Thomas Shaw, D.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, a man of great learning, who subsequently became Regius Professor of Greek, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, editor of some classical books, and author of a valuable work, entitled *Travels in Barbary and the Levant*.

From 1825 to 1875, at all the important centres of commerce where British consuls were stationed, the affairs of our Church were regulated according to the provisions of an Act of Parliament, generally called "The Consular Act," 6 George IV., cap. 87. The Levant Company, which had liberally supported the chaplaincies at Smyrna and elsewhere, after an existence of nearly two hundred and fifty years, was dissolved in 1825, making over its charter, with all its rights, privileges, and property, to the English Government; and the chaplaincy to the British factory at Smyrna became a "consular chaplaincy." In 1875 the number of chaplaincies maintained in accordance with the provisions of the Act was greatly reduced, and at the present time four only remain of the forty or fifty which, twenty years ago, were aided by an annual parliamentary grant, doubling the subscriptions of the congregation. These are at Marseilles, Malaga, Trieste, and Smyrna; the first being retained on the list to provide for the numerous British sailors who frequent that seaport; the last from respect to rights bequeathed by the Levant Company.

The Church of England cannot be said to have been forgetful of her duty towards those members of the upper and middle classes who leave our country for foreign shores. But there is a class whose moral and religious wants she has not been equally careful to bear in mind. Very scanty provision has as yet been made for the multitudes of British sailors who throng every foreign seaport. The chaplains who were appointed under "The Consular Act" were instructed to regard British seamen as part of their charge. In some of the more important harbours, to replace that national aid which was withdrawn in 1875, a fresh machinery is being supplied by such institutions as the societies called "Missions to Seamen," "St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission," and "The Gibraltar Diocesan Spiritual Aid Fund." By the help which these institutions provide, chaplaincies, lay-readerships, "homes," and "institutes" for British seamen are gradually being established. But in many ports, especially of Northern Europe, our national Church has done little as yet for her sailor sons. Efforts are now being made to found a bishopric for the supervision of English congregations in Central and Northern Europe. If such efforts should meet with success, one of the first enterprises which will claim the attention of the new bishop will be to overtake the arrears which this vast field of pastoral labour presents.

C. W. GIBRALTAR.

ON THE CROSS BENCHES.

NOTHING is more mysterious than the origin of those forces in nature which lead men to accept diametrically opposite views on all methods of social and political progress. From the earliest periods of civilisation there may be noticed a disposition to affirm or deny the fundamental postulates of sociology, for no other reason than that the solutions they suggest are, or are not, in conformity with certain traditional opinions embodying a code of faith or coinciding with the interests of a party. The existence of two contending sources of energy has been asserted metaphysically from the earliest times; the positive and negative symbol of the Chinese embodied this conception, and the early mythologies of all nations possess the idea. The feature which has generally characterized these early seekings of humanity after ultimate truths has been the ascription to one set of principles of a complete series of good conclusions, and to the other of evil ones. I prefer to put aside this older order of belief, and to consider human energies from the stand-point of the existence of two opposing forces, neither of them carrying with them the notion of prearranged purpose or design, but representing as it were the simplest manifestations of human will and individual judgment. These two forces represent what philosophers call, for want of a clearer term, the "spontaneity" of the race or the individual.

Like a village tribe buried in the depths of a deep valley called "the present," we are surrounded on every side by the cloud-capped mountains of the past, and by the still more misty peaks of an impenetrable future. But from the permanent attributes of our being, developed in former stages of our human history, we may hope to discover the leading principles which guide mankind, or mould his institutions. Is it not in this way that the science of geology has at length found a true basis? Cataclysms have been discarded, while small and almost imperceptible changes and contending forces have been sought for. Thus with human affairs the normal divergence of thought, not its great coincidences, and the conflict of two distinct tendencies have determined a resultant which we call civilisation. This civilisation is the child of neither of these forms of energy, but has its relation to each of them. What that relation is I will endeavour to set forth in the following pages, and I hope that in so doing I may be able to arrive at a definition of human progress which shall represent a balance of those contending motives that we designate politically by the term "party."

Putting aside the great incidents of wars and battles, and the

characters and acts of rulers, which with former students of history were the main if not the sole end of their study, we notice that in every age a great contest has been in progress without any interruption. The actors themselves were unaware of the scope and character of their parts; they each represented two mutually hostile principles struggling, amongst a mass of minor and less important motives, for domination. In the days of Greece and Rome this contest signified the struggle of empire and of civilisation as opposed to barbarism; later the strife was one of intellect, first between the Eastern and Western Churches, and afterwards between the Western Church and the dawning intelligence of Europe. During all this period class ascendancy prevailed. The next movement of this sort witnessed in Europe was the contest which is still going on, the struggle of class with class; of culture, intelligence, and refinement of ideas with the discontent of the masses, who under the necessary conditions of advancing civilisation have relapsed into an inequality of happiness, forming a more marked contrast even than that which existed in earlier times. The lives of the fortunate have become more fortunate; riches have a greater purchasing value; in the way of luxury, life offers more to live for than in the days of Imperial Rome. On the other hand, the life of the worker is harder, his occupation more laborious, his surroundings less attractive, and with all his apparent liberty, he is endowed with less freedom of action than in former ages of absolute bondage. Competition has crushed him; capital has ostracised him; his physical energies have suffered by the laborious and unhealthy character of the modern necessities of production. The diseases of modern life affect him both physically and morally. Luxury he knows only as he sees it reflected in the lives of those above him in the social scale, and he turns his ear with readiness, if with uncertain comprehension, to those who offer to point out to him a pathway, however extravagant, in which to better his lot. This is the struggle of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. When we come to the expression of these facts in their concrete and political form we do not find the symptoms which characterized the strife of earlier times. There are no crusades, no thirty years' war of Protestant accessions, no burnings by the Inquisition; but there are great upheavals called popular movements, creations of secret societies, unreasoning crimes, and a ceaseless and endless din of battle on the platforms, in the lecture rooms, and at the polls. Thus we are brought to the so-called politics of our age. Yet these two contending forces of humanity are in fact striving for a goal of which neither knows the form or limit.

Were this the only aspect from which we had to consider the questions of our age, the process of arriving at a reason for motives of action would be easy and manifest. Self-interest alone would be

the standard which we should apply to human judgment, and the problem of human action would be as simple as the conduct of hungry cannibals who had possessed themselves of a well-fed victim. Fortunately for human nature there is within us an element of race preservation, which forces even the wildest revolutionist in his soberer moments to cast aside his destructive method for correcting the inequalities of life, and we turn ever and again from one method of social organization to another, seeking for a way which shall render the happiness in this world more equally divided and its miseries less acute." Every political sect, in turn, professes to offer a more complete and hopeful scheme of society than the one that preceded it. In England our feudal system early gave way to those political conditions which lead to the birth of a limited monarchy and the ascendancy of a political aristocracy.

The first period was one which in some form or another has been very prevalent in all early methods of civilisation; the second, has been perhaps uniquely manifested in this country. How largely our institutions are affected by it, no one will ever know till its destruction is attempted. The evolution and development of this system have been so gradual and so intimately connected with the growth of our social institutions, that it defies the boldest thinker to conceive an England in which there would no longer be a limited monarch as its head, and a political aristocracy as one of its chief social characteristics. Yet neither this aristocracy that in the past has played such an important part in building up this empire, nor the classes of to-day who are jealous of their remaining power, are aware of the future they are providing for. Equally little is either party actuated exclusively by class interests. The believer in Tory methods of government is as sincere in his convictions that a privileged class supplies the best exponents of popular needs, as the Radical is in his belief that the man of the people, the popular elect of the Liberal five hundred, is the most suitable representative of a true democracy. It was the pride of the old aristocracy to make themselves a law to their followers, and to lead them in every engagement in the field, in the council, and at the hustings. Neither would England be the England she is to-day if this had not been so. She would not have her markets abroad, her colonies, or her trade, unless she had possessed in early times a body of sterling and upright chiefs, who coerced the selfishness of monarchs, and loved their country as they loved their hereditary honours and territorial traditions. The Radical party knows this, and is anxious to minimise the fact. It disparages colonial empire, it discourages foreign engagements, in its anxiety to deny to its rivals the tribute which the country owes to them.

We have for so long a period been governed in England under a

system of party, that we are too apt to forget the existence of a number of persons who accept the dogmas of no political sect, who stand on the fringe of political parties,—not from selfishness or vacillating convictions, but from an innate openness of judgment, and who form a species of jury which holds the balance between the unreasonableness of factions. So violent is the influence of “party,” that whole classes of people, at periods of political excitement, are impotent to form anything approaching to a sound political judgment. It is often said of us abroad that the policy of England can never be counted on so long as she is governed by party. Certain it is that under our peculiar system, by which a Government is always on its trial when Parliament is sitting, no Minister, however powerful, is able to follow out consistently the views he professes. Special pleading and compromise, form the groundwork of the defence of his policy; and he is often more dragged or driven along a road, than allowed to follow it as his judgment directs. It is in combinations like these that the opposing influences of two distinct intellectual forces become most complicated and intermixed. The players are so absorbed in the game that its objects are completely forgotten. In such times as these the attitude of those who, as I say, stand on the fringe of political parties is a most important factor in our national life. Although the attitudes of these persons themselves may bring them the approval of neither party, they are the salt of the earth, and must be content with this inward assurance. The day may be at hand when this large unattached section of the electorate will be called on to play a great, if unrecognised part in the history of our parliamentary institutions, and in the maintenance of the social forms of our civilisation. On the one hand, the desperate resistance of the unreasonable Tory to all change, on the other the ingrained intolerance of the Radical, must combine to render our independent politicians of paramount importance to the State.

The supreme social conflict of the epoch in which we live dates from the middle of the last century, and came into birth together with modern Republicanism. The conditions of the struggle have varied; and while one of the opposing forces has been slowly weakened, the strength and confidence of the other have increased. The enfranchisement of the masses, the deification of the sense of the people, and the ultimate arbitrations of universal suffrage are in the foreground of the modern conflict of society. Many obstacles defer the ultimate solution of this question. The forces of the people are not wholly united. Their strength is often diverted to side issues. Their opponents, though less numerous, are more compact, and have a clearer view of the issues involved. They also possess the advantage of political prestige and of hereditary training in matters

of State. Nor are their objects ignoble. For centuries, whether under the name of Tories or Whigs, the great aristocratic party of England has represented virtually one system of government—the guidance of the people by a class of hereditarily trained statesmen connected with the land, in opposition to the selection of the representatives of the people from out their own class. It is conceivable that none of us in this generation will live long enough to see the ultimate results of this struggle; and yet there are causes at work which might considerably hasten the solution. Thus there is a perpetually increasing disparity of happiness between the lives of the rich and the poor—the rich are becoming more rich, and the poor more unable to support the strain imposed on them in the fight for existence. Education does little more than help them to realise the misery of their lot. It provides them with an ever-present standard of comparison between the joylessness of their own lives and the advantages of others. In conditions such as these, selfishness is apt to be engendered on all sides. The rich man claims the protection of the State for his capital; the pauper, on the other hand, sets a price upon the rich man's head. The often-repeated expressions of party rancour and personal abuse which characterise the public utterances of certain politicians of to-day, is but a sign of what is working within; the forces opposed to one another are unreasoning and extravagant, and the battle is fought upon issues which should never have been raised. Here, then, are what may be called the unreasoning forces of humanity, and their function is, to work out the destinies of civilisation in a totally different sense to that which either force might of itself have elaborated.

It will not, I think, be denied that the educated and prosperous working man not enslaved by a union or a caucus; the careful and thrifty trader, uncontaminated by vulgar aspirations; the educated owner of real property not converted to the prophesies of impending revolutions; and the capitalist who refuses to no man his due claim on his riches, constitute the classes from whom, in a period of accentuated political confusion, we may expect the saving hand of providence for the State. If it came to pass that a Radical party should preach rapine and that a Tory party should endeavour to buy off its persecutors with State Socialism, or resolve to fight and die in the breach, this body of the electorate would exercise a powerful influence in the salvation of the commonwealth. It is therefore to be desired in every way that, in times such as the present, there should exist an organized body of opinion in this country, which should stand aside from all ties of party, and be prepared to treat critically all opinions on their general merit, unfettered by allegiance to any party programme, and not led away by the dogmas of a political Mandi. We have enough leagues, caucuses, and societies of every political shade

and hue in this country, so that in the matter of party organization and creed we are as fastidious and unintelligible as are the religious divisions of the Scottish Church. It is not good for all men to be bound by the elders of a sect, and a healthy body of free agnosticism is as hopeful a stimulant in the field of politics as it has often proved in a different order of questions.

It has been often said in the present day that the Whigs have ceased to be of any value for practical purposes. Now the Whigs have inherited a certain prestige of greatness, like the great city companies and ancient city corporations. Their social circle is restricted; they live upon past traditions; they cannot satisfactorily define their present object or political attitude. Yet the fundamental character of their early organization depended on the fact that they belonged to no party, and comprised a group of essentially independent politicians who stood between the royal party and the people. The Whig party opposed the Crown, and it opposed the democracy. It leagued itself with the middle class for tactical purposes, but its spirit was as distinctly constitutional as the Tory party itself. It has ceased to exist to-day because there is no royal party to stand on its other side. It has no one to oppose, except the democracy with whose aspirations it is *sensé* to be in harmony. How impossible is such a position!

There is no greater or more wide-spread fallacy than is involved in the belief that if only a certain change may be either brought about or arrested, the evils under which humanity labours would be immediately dispelled. Such, however, is the perpetual shibboleth of party. If only the foreign and financial policy of the empire be intrusted to the hands of the natural guardians of the State, and the democracy be controlled, the Tory party promise the country a millennium of peace and prosperity. The existence of evil in our legislation is attributed by them to the spirit of class legislation which, they affirm, is dear to the Radical heart, together with all the bitterness and heart-burnings which it brings in its train. On the other hand, the Radicals hold that once make the people absolute arbiters of the destinies of the State, we shall have no more wars of aggression abroad, no more crying abuses and unjust anomalies in our legislation at home. Unfortunately, neither party is able to justify its pretensions, and remains unable to slay bodily their rivals in Parliament, and carry on the Government implicitly according to the spirit of its creed. Were the contrary result possible, the final issue would be pretty much the same probably, and we should see that under whatever laws or institutions England was governed, the sum total of happiness would be practically the same. In an able article on the depression of trade in Paris, which appeared some little time since in the *Standard*, it was said:—

"By some process, which we submit has never been fully explained, many English Radicals have persuaded themselves, that if we could only abolish the monarchy, treat the episcopacy as obsolete, destroy peerages, divide and subdivide estates, and furnish ourselves with several million peasant proprietors, it would be a much better world than it is, except of course, to kings, bishops, peers, and large landowners. Well, France has tried the experiment under precisely the conditions that are recommended to us; and with what result? The throne has been got rid of, bishops there are, but with so meagre salaries and so destitute of power, that their existence can scarcely be said to confuse the problem. Peers are a thing of the past, large landowners are comparatively few in number, and peasant proprietors abound. How is it then, that under a Democratic Republic, in which there is not only Household Suffrage but Universal Suffrage, the pinch of poverty is felt, and felt more harshly than with us?"

It is not possible that the voices of moderate or non-party men should be often heard in our House of Commons. That arena is taken up by political gladiators and their followers, whose main, if not their only object is to obtain a tactical victory over their opponents. In the Upper Chamber of the legislature we enter a different atmosphere. It is true, no doubt, that for general purposes the House of Lords divides itself into a Liberal and Tory party, and that debates are carried on under the respective banners of a Government and an Opposition. The circumstance, however, that there are no constituents for each member of that Chamber to address through the columns of the daily press, and the equally important fact that the peers are life senators, greatly modify the conditions of party in the House of Lords. Moreover, there is a necessary *esprit de corps* in a Chamber which is constituted on the basis of social distinction and landed wealth. The debates in the House of Lords consequently lack the vividness of party rivalry that renders the proceedings in the House of Commons so interesting to the general public. The House of Lords, however, performs a much larger part than is generally admitted in indirectly forming public opinion, and in determining the permanent ideas of the nation when the unreasoning forces of party warfare have cancelled one another in public estimation. In this respect the hereditary Chamber should assume the position of the hereditary jury of the nation. The jurymen need not necessarily be more able or more gifted than ordinary men, though it is certainly necessary that they should be conspicuously honest. Their judgment, as legislators, moreover, is the judgment of a jury who have had the case fully argued before them by the popular Chamber, and who are directed by the judge in the shape of responsible ministers in the House of Lords. Their ultimate decision on all questions should, and probably does, reflect the average of popular opinion among the great class of the electorate, who are not hand in glove with any one party in the State.

In a country like England, where we have no written constitution, precedent in matters not only of the law, but also of legislation, is

elevated into a species of religion. It is the business of an hereditary jury to deliver its verdict in accordance with this spirit of an unwritten and ancient constitution. Unfortunately in practice the result has often been the long delay of necessary reforms, and as a consequence the Radical and strictly popular party has been encouraged to believe that there is such an absolute incompatibility of interest between the aspirations of the people and the pretensions and privileges of an hereditary Upper Chamber, that the abolition of this hereditary jury, or at least a radical reform in its constitution, is the only remedy.

Not only does the interest of the State not depend on any reform of the House of Lords or on its abolition, but on the contrary the House of Lords is still fulfilling a normal mission. Just as its former power was derived from the possession of superior forces in the struggle of society, so now that this struggle is hourly determining itself by multiplying victories of the popular party in favour of democratic institutions, the functions of an Upper Chamber are becoming more and more important to the safety of our parliamentary system, and it is in an increasing degree the exponent of the "average judgment" of those unallicd groups of public opinion I have alluded to.

The social struggle which has been going on during this century has presented a variety of different phases of party faction in the House of Commons. Some of the elements of this contest have menaced property, society, and even the existence of the Empire. It is not impossible to conceive a condition of things in which the struggle might degenerate into open war between the interests of labour and the privileges of capital. The conflict would, if it arose, originate in the opposing "spontaneity of energy" of different classes aggravated by distress and poverty on one side, as opposed to frivolity and luxury on the other. Once let the struggle for existence become too severe on the side of the many, and the sense of power will eventually upraise itself, and overthrow those restraining influences on barbaric appetite which it is the province of organized opinion and civilisation to hold in check. This then gives us the exact measure of the reactionary danger of the party called Tory, and the destructive possibilities of the party called Radical. The spirit, however, of the large political connection which once existed as the Whig party, still survives as an active force in the minds of many. It would be difficult to select marked individual instances of this old form of faith. It is to be found in some of the best and most essentially national expositions in the articles of the daily press, sometimes on one side of politics, and sometimes on the other. It crops up like an auriferous stratum in the speeches of our public men. It is discovered in the blunt opinions of many an honest trader and sturdy

British artisan. It combines as a system "the love of empire, the love of freedom, and the love of class." I am not going to justify any one of these attributes, since there is no ideal standard to my knowledge which we can measure them by. I content myself with saying that they are intensely national characteristics, which have remained permanent among the English people for so many generations

This ancient spirit of the Whig faith might become the guiding spirit of our modern constitution, and preserve for the Upper Chamber not only its pristine position as the Hereditary Chamber of a political aristocracy, but enable it to render itself in many ways the exponent of that unremunerated and unglorified form of popular opinion which finds its chief supporters among the independent portions of our growing electorate. The old Whig party lived and died and did its work of admitting the middle-class into their full share of representative government; its survivors have yet to perform the work of harmonizing the quickened aspirations of the people at large, and their growing legislative requirements and needs, with the older forms of social condition.

The political aspect of parties is largely influenced by the character of the social questions that are inextricably involved in popular movements. The rights of property, the rights of franchise, foreign questions, each have in an old country like England its social aspect. Were the Upper Chamber to be reformed or rendered more popular in its character it would become more powerful, and hence would develop a rivalry with the popular branch of the Legislature. This could be in no way a suitable function for an Upper Chamber in this country. On the other hand, its abolition would destroy the one factor in our political life which might be preserved from the corroding influence of party, and the lowering sense of responsibility to the State that an exaggerated system of party invariably produces in the minds of partisans. Hereafter, too, in proportion as the people obtain the larger share in government that must eventually be conceded to them, the House of Lords will continue to preserve and keep alive in our political life the ancient traditions of an unwritten constitution, and will, if needs be, fight to the death if an attempt be made by a Radical Government to abolish those safeguards which in France are "redigé" in a "code," which in America are intrusted to the judges, but which in England are, save for the Hereditary Chamber, in the care and keeping of a free and independent electorate, who in one wild moment might pull down the edifice of the constitution which it has taken five hundred years to build.

I think that critics are not sufficiently alive to the great functions that must some day, sooner or later, devolve upon this Hereditary

Upper Chamber, when this struggle of party will have emphasized itself in the manner there is only too much reason to anticipate in the not distant future. In matters of law the House of Lords is the ultimate Court of Appeal, and in this function it meets with the respect of the nation, if for no other reason than that the members of that Court of Appeal are the ablest legal authorities in the realm.

In political matters its functions should also be those of a Court of Appeal, and in most instances its decisions are only those of a suspensory veto. Crises may and probably will arrive, when the House of Lords will have to stand boldly between the popular Chamber and the people until the unallied groups of political parties have declared themselves; these crises may require much judgment on the part of the hereditary legislators, and it is for this reason that one might well hail with satisfaction the growth of an impartial attitude among them. The danger with which the State is menaced is not that, if the House of Lords rejects the measures of the popular Chamber, the nation would vote for the abolition of an Upper Chamber altogether, but that the Upper Chamber should throw out those measures on the clear and distinct issue that one of the political parties in the State is hopelessly preponderant in the Upper Chamber, and is therefore determined to relegate to itself the same system of party organization and right of judgment that naturally belongs to an elected body. What should we say of a magistracy, of a bench of judges, who were actuated solely by party motives in giving their verdict? What should we say to a board of arbitration, solely inspired by the views of one of the parties to be arbitrated for? and what shall we say of an Upper Chamber which, is conducted solely in the spirit of an exclusive Tory oligarchy in a generation of advancing Liberalism? We must leave it to Tory and Radical advocates in the popular Chamber to sound the trumpet of their party in shrill and discordant clamour, and to speak with the authority of representatives of the several sections of the electorate. The rights of the members of an Upper Chamber are of another order, and it is this alone which invests their privileges with any value. They are, as I have said, the impanelled jury of the nation, hereditarily constituted, and if this be not so, I for one see no use in preserving the names and titles of an aristocracy if its office is to be an empty function. The German general covered with the harmless and unmeaning *crachas*, the gifts of European princes, and bedecked with pride of parti-coloured ribbons, is a nobler creature than the members of an aristocracy which has lost the political right that alone accounts for its origin, or justifies the continuance of its institution.

We cannot in political any more than in other matters look beyond the span of our short human lives, and I care not what the

ultimate development of our civilisation may portend. It is our business to legislate for the needs and requirements of our own age, and endeavour by timely repair to preserve the outward structure and inward spirit of our historical past. The conditions of party government tend in every way towards embitterment in Parliament. The Radical party is becoming more Radical, the Secessionist more implacable, and the Tory party more violent and more inclined to the tactics of State Socialism. These are the inevitable accompaniment of the problem of our age, and it is no use shedding tears over departed eras of snug cabal and back-stair intrigues of Whig and Tory ministries. Like London society, parliamentary life has become popularised, and the press has filched the rights of criticism from the clubs and Mayfair drawing-rooms. To this new order we as a nation must adapt ourselves. None of the political forces around us are actuated by any very clear and decided ideas of policy or statecraft. It is a game which is played in essentially the same way as that of society, *du jour au lendemain*; it mostly depends on the chance of events, on the complications of a season. Yet, amidst all this toil and jostle, all these individual struggles for ephemeral notoriety, all these *frappe d'œil* efforts, all these respectable professions, the "average tendency" of our civilisation is forming itself out of a mass of daily wrangles and continuous spontaneity of political effort. In some countries large classes abandon politics as an unclean trade; in others they abandon themselves to indolent despair. We need never come to this state of things in England, so long as public opinion is kept alive by an enlightened body of the electorate, bold enough to declare themselves free from the ties of party and holding themselves on the fringe of party movement. I will not enter into particulars. Each man will treat these for himself. He may recognise the unreasonableness of party, and wish to preserve his power of even judgment. If so, he will listen to party speeches and read party diatribes in the patient spirit of a British juryman listening to the tedious over-spun argument of a Queen's Counsel or Old Bailey barrister. He will vote at elections as his common sense rather than as party spirit guides him. This is a valuable man to his country, and I think he meets with but scant encouragement. The doubtful voter of former præ-Bribery Bill days was quite another class of individual. I like to think of this new man as the man that "heckles" a Scottish candidate, and makes intelligent and sometimes disagreeable remarks at an unanimously agreed public meeting.

It may be difficult no doubt to suppose that the Hereditary Chamber, or any Upper Chamber for that matter, should be solely constituted of such purely legal and even-balanced minds as to show no reflection in its debates of the spirit of the popular

Chamber. This would indeed be asking too much of any legislative body. Still it may be asserted that the nearer the system of action of our Upper Chamber approaches to this habit of unimpassioned judicial reasoning the more certain is it to survive the attacks of a Radical party on the one hand and the evil influences of its Tory friends in the popular Chamber on the other.

I doubt much if any system of reform of the Hereditary Chamber could improve its effectiveness in the only line of public usefulness which is possible from a second Chamber in the present age. If its members, or those who take part in its proceedings, are incapable of appreciating the increasingly difficult character of its controlling office over legislation, I question if any considerable reform of its constitution would increase its efficiency. It has inherited great traditions; it possesses still great influence; it contains much debating power, and many illustrious statesmen. Upon these devolves the duty of constituting its modern spirit of calm impartiality. It looks for no exalted genius in its members, but it requires sound judgment, and there is nothing that is more readily recognised and more firmly upheld in a sensible country like England and among a law-abiding people than an unbiased opinion and a firm decision, even when that decision is not altogether a popular one.

It is not the business of the House of Lords to join battle, as it has too often been advised to do by enthusiastic Tories, with the English electorate. Neither need it, so soon as a gun is unlimbered against it from the Radical camp, retire, as it has also often done, in disorder. Forces, the unallied battalions of the electorate, will in every grave crisis come to its rescue. I have written about these as the reserve forces of the Empire, the old soldiers of the political army who can control the extravagancies of youthful caucuses and adolescent leagues. Such optimism as this may be derided by party politicians. We might despair of the future of our country did we believe that an inexorable fate compelled every man to become the henchman of one of two party leaders, and were there no latitude of judgment to individuals either within or without the walls of the Palace of Westminster. A great change must shortly come over the aspect of parties, and there will be much shuffling of the political cards. The future is uncertain, and it is not my province to offer any indications as to the road we are likely to travel in a future administration, or to prognosticate the spirit by which it may be led. The unexpected often happens, and probably nothing could be more unexpected than the advent to power of an "Independent" Ministry.

MARLBOROUGH.

GENERAL GORDON'S MESSAGE.

It is a fact not generally known, but it is true, nevertheless, that General Gordon, when he left England for the Soudan, did so with the conviction firmly fixed in his mind, that he will never return alive. This conviction, by itself, gave him no trouble whatever; but it incidentally has caused him an intense solicitude about one thing. That he is a deeply religious man, that he is interested in religious questions, and that he views great questions in a somewhat peculiar way, is known to the public not only through common report, but also through various fragmentary reflections of his that have been published. The publication of these has taken place by his especial wish and with his sanction, and was superintended by a friend to whose discretion he confided it. Neither General Gordon, however, nor his literary executor considers that these fragments fulfil otherwise than very imperfectly the real end which their author has at heart. They show something of his mind, and something of his opinion; but the ordinary reader, even if interested by them, will fail to see in them the parts of any coherent system; that is to say, he will fail to see in them the only thing for which General Gordon values them.

General Gordon considers that to this generation God, and the things of God, and God's dealings with man, have ceased to be realities, and have become mere conceits, which for old associations' sake are treated with a kind of reverence. The conviction that burns in his heart is, that all these things are realities; that in our recognition of them lies our sole hope of salvation; and that if we will only look for knowledge in the right direction they will stare us in the face, a coherent body of facts, like the facts of the solar system when astronomic science has explained them to us. Such he conceives to have been his own experience with regard to them; and there is a constant longing in his mind to show others this most excellent way.

His life, however, has been so ordered—ordered, he believes, by the God who directs all things—that he cannot himself impart to the world at large the truths which that God has allowed him to see so vividly. He believes, as I have said, that at no distant date death is probably awaiting him, far away from England; and he sees no possibility of being ever his own interpreter. His solicitude, therefore, has resolved itself into this: that there should, from certain unpublished manuscripts, elucidated by the comments of a certain intimate friend, be given to the public some coherent, if brief, account of that religious belief which is to him such a solemn reality, and the zeal of which has eaten him up.

For various reasons, on which I need not enlarge, the intimate friend in question applied in this matter to me, and explaining to me General Gordon's wishes, placed in my hands a quantity of his letters and manuscripts, authorising me to use them according to my discretion, and asking me if I would endeavour to compile from them some such account as that I have just indicated. On looking over the materials given me, I found food for many unexpected reflections, I was surprised into much unexpected interest; and I replied to the request in this way. I could not, I said, assist in bringing General Gordon's views before the public under any pretence of myself agreeing with them, or of thinking them, in themselves, of value as contributions to theologic science. But in many ways, I said, they excited not only interest in me but sympathy; and if I might treat them from my own point of view, I professed myself willing to do what I could with regard to them. General Gordon's friend having heard my opinion and my proposal, has begged me, on General Gordon's behalf, to do just what I offered to do; and has authorised me, in General Gordon's name, to make public the following passages, which I have carefully selected from his most private letters and memoranda.

Something of the religious temper of the man whose views we are about to examine—of the intensity and the exaltation of spiritual feeling that is habitual with him, may be gathered from the following passage with regard to the Church and her children, and it will form a fit introduction to what is to follow:—

"Oh thou afflicted and torn by the tempest, great shall be thy peace. Thy holy ones will not see corruption. They leave a land in which they are strangers and sojourners and have no abiding cities, but live in frail tents (in the day the drought pursues them, and by night the frost), for a city in which there are many mansions, eternal in the heavens. In these frail tents they had groaned for those powers from heaven, desiring to be free from the bondage of corruption.

"And who are these, who have come out of so great tribulation? The precious of the Lord, His hidden ones, of whom the world was not worthy. Dimly at first, and by degrees, they have seen the light, often obscured by voils. They have been led on little by little to see another kingdom, and that kingdom's King is the Man of Sorrows. Though feeble in age, in stature, and understanding, in spite of the carnal reason of their bodies, they are insensibly drawn to Him closer and closer, till they know their oneness with him. . . . A crown of glory are they, and a royal diadem in the hand of their King—His jewels refined in the furnace of affliction. Their joy, and the joy of their King, is mutual. Before ever a star was made, He loved them with an everlasting love, a love knowing no ending and having no beginning.

"They have left their inheritance (the flesh) defiled, corruptible, that fadeth away. They have escaped from that city of Jerusalem in bondage, to Jerusalem the free.

"While in the frail habitation of this earth, they had known of those

mansions above. They felt that they had no resting-place here. They knew that above their dwelling-place was existing, even while they wandered in that desert land, in the tents of the flesh. They had no hopes of taking those corruptible tabernacles into the realms of peace. The perishable stones of this temple of their body they see must be thrown down, that God may build His temple of living stones, not wrought by hand."

And then presently the writer breaks out thus:—

"Fall down, oh ye mighty of the earth, go, kings and warriors and priests, and hide yourselves from the face of Him, Who comes with all His people. He was hungry and thirsty and ye passed Him by. Little did you in the days of your pride think you turned that royal race from you, and by treading down them, trod down the King of Kings!

"Though the clouds in which they are enveloped may be clouds of thick darkness, in a little while these will be rent, and they will be manifested as God's children. In that day ye high men, and ye kings of the earth, and ye haughty men shall be laid low. The moon shall be confounded and the sun ashamed when the Lord cometh with his ancients.

"How long, oh Lord, how long shall we wait for thee? Day by day, we thank thee, we near our home. Our tents grow threadbare, and can be seen through. Our flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flower of grass. The grass will soon wither, its flower soon fall away; but thy words will endure for ever."

Language which in sound is very similar to this may, no doubt, be heard in many modern pulpits, but the similarity is in sound only, not in temper and intention. When an ordinary preacher of to-day uses the traditional phrases of religion—when he speaks of hell, of Jerusalem, of union with the Body of Christ, of the warfare between flesh and spirit, and the contrast between earth and heaven—he is at once understood to be dealing merely in metaphors. But to the writer from whence the above passages are taken such phrases as these have a meaning as literal as they had to Dante. Hell for him is a veritable abyss of fire; the New Jerusalem is a veritable city in the heavens; and the Jerusalem on the earth is a spot so sacred, that the configuration of the ground it stands upon is a hieroglyphic designed by God. Over that spot, in a special way, the glory of God is still hovering in the firmament; Christ, with human eye, still looks down on the place of his crucifixion; and whenever the sacrament of the altar is celebrated, an angel descends from above with a drop of the blessed blood, and mixes it with the bread and wine. One might well exclaim with Carlyle, when we are confronted with thoughts like these, that they are the thoughts of another age, and not the thoughts of ours; that so far as we are concerned, "they are gone confusedly dumb and quiet;" and "that the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbour to them." And yet these are the thoughts, and the language just quoted is the language, not of a man of the time of Cromwell or of

Dante, but of a man who is essentially a man of the present epoch. Nor is he a recluse who has spent his life in dreaming, and who has found his widest public in the readers of penny tracts or the frequenters of an obscure chapel. He is a man whose name is familiar in the mouth of every man and woman in Europe, and whose slightest words and the least change in whose fortunes have, for the past three or four months, kept the telegraph wires of the world busy, and filled the newspapers with speculations. That man is General Gordon; and in the above quotations the reader sees a specimen of the kind of thoughts, of enthusiasm, and of hopes with which his life is really occupied, and compared with which that public career of his which has so startled us by its vigour and its singularity, is in his own estimation nothing more than a piece of by-play.

We will now proceed to an account of his theological system, which bears chiefly, in so far as it is peculiar, on the creation of the physical world, on the moral history of man, on his relation to God, his separation from God, and his final reunion with God. To understand these questions, which in his mind are intimately associated, we must take his general conception of the physical universe first.

He believes then, as fully as does any modern geologist, that the earth, as a mass of matter, may have existed for an incalculable period. The creation means for him the preparation of it as a dwelling-place for man. With the other stars and planets he does not concern himself; on their histories, he thinks, we have no call to speculate. But he believes that the God who made every one of them, and who holds them all in the hollow of his hand, has seen fit to select the earth as the scene of a drama of deeper and of wider importance than the courses of all the suns and all the systems in the universe. He believes further that just as God is omnipresent, so also, in dealing with material things, He can and He does localise Himself, and assume an abode in space, where His glory is specially manifested.

And now, having said thus much, we shall have to proceed, in what will no doubt seem a somewhat singular way, with a description given by General Gordon of the physical geography of a certain part of Jerusalem:—

"The eastern and more sacred of the two hills on which Jerusalem is built, rises," he writes, "to an average height throughout its whole range. The north end is, however, marked by an apex of uncovered rock—a rocky knoll resembling in form the human skull; and from this 'Skull Hill' the crown or ridge of this eastern hill follows a line which is aslant or askew to the valley of the Kedron, until it reaches, at about two-thirds of its entire length, another bare rock, now covered by the Mosque of Omar. The place of crucifixion seems to have been on the Skull Hill, and the great altar of burnt sacrifice to have been this second remarkable rock

within the temple enclosure." The fountain of El Kas (or the Cup) is, he proceeds to remark, not far distant, and "appears to have been intended by the Caliph who erected it to occupy the same place as the Laver, in the old Temple in the Haram, and to hold about the same quantity. To my mind," he adds, "the Rock and the Cup are the only true remnants of the old Temple in the Haram." He observes further, that "the whole outline of this sacred eastern hill, lying opposite the Mount of Olives, bears a rough and large resemblance to the human form; from the Skull Hill on the north-north-west, the body lies,—as did that of the victim—aslant or askew to the altar of burnt sacrifice."

This last sentence is peculiarly characteristic of General Gordon's way of looking at things, and will serve to introduce the reader into that world of religious thought where topographical notes like the above have so much spiritual significance. To General Gordon Jerusalem is a place so sacred, so marked out by God as the local centre of His operations, that a mystical meaning is to be found even in the shape of its rocks and in its situation; and I find, in the papers before me, that he proceeds with his interpretation thus. Not only does he see in the sacred hill the image of the human form laid on the altar as a victim, not only does he so see in it a hieroglyphic of Christ and of the Church, but in the valley of Tophet, which adjoins this hill, and which was "the pleasure park of Jerusalem," he sees "a type of the world, close to Gehenna, the Valley of Fire, leading to the Abyss, the Dead Sea." These similitudes, however, though they commend themselves to his own mind, will doubtless, he says, to most people seem merely like "pretty conceits;" and the solemn importance of these minute topographical studies rest, for him, mainly on far more indubitable grounds. What these are the reader shall now see.

The rocky knoll just spoken of, which he calls the "Skull Hill," and which in the papers before me he usually speaks of as "the Rock," is for him the historical pivot of the world. It is so regarded, he says, by the whole body of oriental tradition; and he believes that this tradition embodies a substantial truth. According to the Arabs the Rock came down from heaven, the whole earth was fashioned out of its multiplied substance, on it God made Adam out of clay, as a potter makes a vessel, and under it is Adam's grave. Many more traditions cluster round it; and the actual facts underlying them General Gordon conceives to be as follows. The rock, whose summit rises on the eastern hill of Jerusalem, was the first land that made its appearance, when the waters which originally covered the whole earth were first gathered together into seas; and, "I have a strong impression," he adds, "that it had a history even before it emerged, and that it was connected with Lucifer or Eblis, which appears to have been the name of the devil after the fall."

This last remarks at once carries our mind back to a period prior to

the existing order of things; and starting with that period as General Gordon conceives of it, we will follow him in his views as to the course of events thenceforward. The earth then, in its prehistoric and submerged state, is conceived of by General Gordon as a ball with a core of fire encased in a vast cocoon, or, as he calls it, a hollow globe of waters; and he thinks it probable that the devil with his hosts, after their fall, sought these waters as a place of exile, and endeavoured to found on the subaqueous Rock the capital of an abiding kingdom—an attempt indeed in which he so far succeeded that the whole material of the earth has received a taint from his dominion, and our Lord describes him as “the prince of this world.” Thus, “the history of *this* age,” or the *creation* of the world as we know it, “seems,” he says, “to be an invasion of Satan’s kingdom, the calling up of a dead world out of the grave of waters,” man being called into existence to replace Satan, and to drive him from the territory that had been usurped by him.

This, however, General Gordon regards as matter of speculation. The creation once begun, its process becomes more certain. I have observed that he conceives of the Deity as localising on occasion His infinite power and presence; and he believes that at the beginning of His dealings with the earth, as we know them, “God shut Himself up with His hosts, and with Satan and his hosts, in the hollow globe of waters,” which has just been mentioned; and that the brightness of His glory hovered there over the world lying far under Him. The result of this was the sudden birth of light. The whole of the hollowed globe or cocoon of waters had been originally in darkness. Now, the whole of the upper half became illuminated, the lower half being left in darkness still. The account shall be continued in General Gordon’s own words:—

“God then,” he says, “divides the waters into two divisions, one set of waters *above* that firmament, the other set of waters *below* that firmament. He calls the firmament *Heaven*. He synagogues the set of waters under the firmament into one place, and calls them *seas*. The firmament, or heaven, denotes something beaten out like a thin plate; and it is evident that this firmament or heaven is the paved work of a sapphire, the body of heaven in its clearness, on which rest the feet of God. Therefore the division between the waters above, and the waters below the firmament, is the place on which God’s throne now rests. It is *above* the waters or seas of the earth, it is below the waters that are *above* the throne of God (which last, he says in another place are the rainbow about the throne, mentioned in Revelation), and hence evidently on this beaten surface is the throne of God, the true ark of the Covenant. God, when He made the firmament on which His throne rests, did so on the second day. On the third day he gathered the waters (below the firmament) together in one place, and called them seas; and by such gathering together made the earth appear.”

General Gordon then goes on to argue that the temple in the earthly

Jerusalem having been a shadow of God's dwelling above the firmament, it follows that "the shadow temple" will be directly under the true temple; and, "that the true ark of the covenant, or throne of God, would be above the altar of burnt offering of the shadow temple, that is to say, the Rock; and it does not require much strain on the imagination to conclude that, when the waters below were synagogued together into seas, which made the dry land appear, that the first dry land was the Rock, which thus became the Navel of the World. This coincides with tradition on the subject. God's voice," he continues, "would first fall on the earth on the Rock, if His throne was above the Rock; and from the Rock the water would retire first, and leave it bare."

Of the earth then, by the time it was ready to sustain living creatures on its surface, we have the following figure. It is itself a hollow globe (filled probably, as we shall see, with fire in its interior), enclosed in two other hollow globes, the first the firmament, on which rests the throne of God; and the second the concentric sheet of the waters that are above the firmament. Now, argues General Gordon, is there anything in this conception that conflicts with our knowledge of astronomy?

"As for the sun, moon, and stars," he writes, "they could be seen through the firmament; as it is shown by our Lord's appearances after the resurrection, that He would vanish from sight: or, our eyes may be holden. So it is quite possible that, as far as our eyes are concerned, the firmament does not exist, and we can see through it. But that does not imply that it does not exist, even in a tangible form. We are, therefore, shut up in the firmament . . . which is concentric with the earth."

We are now almost ready to proceed to the creation of man; but there is, first, one other point to be noticed. Man, as has been said already, was created by God to replace the fallen angels, and more especially to drive the devil from his throne in this planet. Now just, says General Gordon, as men are spirits, and yet are incarnated in physical bodies, so there is nothing irrational in the supposition that the devil has been imprisoned by God in a physical body likewise, that he occupies a position in space, that he moves from place to place, is capable of being thrust down, as he will be some day, a prisoner in the abyss of fire. Such being the case, General Gordon believes this: that when the voice and the light of God first fell on the earth, the devil, whose seat was at that time the Rock, at once fled towards the hemisphere of darkness, and betook himself to that point within the circle of the firmament which is farthest away from the light and the throne of God.

"We must conceive therefore," writes General Gordon, "that as the throne of light is over the Rock, the devil's seat would be on the other side of the globe, over lat. $31^{\circ} 47'$ S., long. $144^{\circ} 45'$ W., close to Bass Isle, south of Otaheite, not far from Pitcairn's Isle, where the muffincoers of

H.M.S. *Bounty* settled. Now it is remarkable that if a line be passed through Jerusalem and the centre of the globe, this axis would present the northern hemisphere as nearly all land, while the southern hemisphere would be nearly all water. You will see it at once on a globe. In Revelations and Daniel, the beasts (evil powers) came out of the sea. In the new world there will be no more sea."

Roughly speaking, then, God's throne dominates the lands of the earth, the centre of which is Jerusalem; the devil's throne dominates the barren world of waters, the centre of which is near Bass Isle; and until the creation of man, General Gordon seems to conceive of him as a passive and sullen exile in his own proper hemisphere.

But the creation of man opens a new chapter. Man was to supply the place of the fallen angels, and to glorify God by serving Him on this planet. Our souls, General Gordon thinks, were already existent, known of God, and loved of God, and in some mysterious way emanations of His essence. To make them men, to qualify them for their required service, they had to be incarnated and localised here; and that was accomplished thus. Close to the Rock, lying under the throne, was a plot of land known in after ages as the Potter's Field. Of the clay of this field God took, and moulded on the adjacent Rock the body of the first man, Adam; and then breathed into him one of these pre-existent souls. Having made him, God placed him in a garden eastward of the Rock—an actual place which General Gordon attempts to localise, and in the middle of which stood the two forbidden trees. Now man was a composite creature. His soul was divine, but his body was made out of the devil's clay; but could Adam have remained in his first obedience, General Gordon seems to think that this tainted clay would have been purified, and the conquest of the devil consummated. No sooner, however, had Adam and Eve appeared, than the devil saw his opportunity. Emerging from his own hemisphere, he persuaded them in opposition to God, and in alliance with himself, to eat of the forbidden fruit, in a kind of diabolic Eucharist; and at that moment, according to General Gordon, not only did there take place in them a moral alienation from God, but a physical taint, till then dormant, was developed in their material bodies.¹ The devil thus regained for himself a foothold in his lost dominion; and therefore, whenever a man was born, that man's body would have his mark and taint in it. The devil's

(1) I had gathered that such was General Gordon's opinion from various hints scattered through his manuscripts; but on re-perusing these I came on the following explicit statement, to the same effect: "I conclude that *man's flesh*, taken from the ground, has in it a *spiritual satanic influence or spirit* which it derived from the fall. It is not in subjection now, but it will be brought into subjection, and I consider that the type of this is the hippopotamus or elephant, which came from the ground, and lives in the river. There is an old tradition that man was formed of the elementary parts of all animals, and thence the carnal man has the tendencies of all animals, which sprang into activity at the fall. Man when first made had the spirit of the animals; but not till the fall did the spirit of the flesh enter into man, by the eating of the fruit."

scheme succeeded so completely that in course of time man's wickedness made the flood a necessity; the earth became once more a world of the devil's waters, and the devil's seat was once more on the again submerged Rock. But by-and-by, in a manner that will be noticed presently, these waters subsided; the devil's special kingdom was reduced to its former dimensions; the inhabitants of the ark emerged to people the earth afresh; from that time to this, under the old and under the new dispensation, there has been a constant battle between man and the devil; and this battle will end with the devil being routed, and imprisoned ignominiously in the hollow centre of the globe whose surface he sought to rule. At the same time the sea, his peculiar dominion, will disappear into the ground also. In its place, the earth will be encircled with the River of Life, and a new Jerusalem, built by celestial hands, will descend from above the firmament, and occupy the site of the old—a home for the Church, where it will dwell in the vision of God.

The reader will now be prepared to look a little more closely at a few of the incidents which General Gordon thinks most striking in the history of man.

After the fall,¹ General Gordon believes that Adam and Eve found their way, as tradition says they did, back to that very spot of ground out of whose clay Adam was made; that Adam thus literally fulfilled the command to till the earth out of which he was taken; and that, on his death, he was buried under the Rock. The waters of the flood, General Gordon thinks is probable, subsided into the earth, by way of the Dead Sea. "My idea," he writes, "is that the Dead Sea was originally a bed of rock-salt and gypsum, and that when the flood came, the extra weight broke through the crust, and the superfluous waters made their way into the bowels of the earth." Meanwhile the ark (as would be not improbable, were a current so formed) was floating towards the same locality; the branch the dove picked was from the Mount of Olives; and when the ark rested on solid ground, it rested not on Mount Ararat in Armenia (for the meaning of Ararat is holy land), but on one of the sacred eminences close to the all-sacred Rock; and it was on this Rock, under which the first man lay buried, that Noah sacrificed to God, when he first emerged from the ark. It was on this rock that Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac; and it was on this rock that the Son of God, the new Adam, was crucified, when the sacred blood falling on the ground literally touched the skull of the old Adam, buried below. Further, as we have already seen General Gordon observing, the Rock and the fountain of El Kas, the altar, and the laver, remain

(1) General Gordon conceives that everything in the garden of Eden that was exceptional in beauty, and that distinguished it from the rest of the world, was raised up bodily after the fall, and still exists near the throne of God, above the firmament, ready to descend again at the coming of the New Jerusalem. ~~Among the things~~ thus lifted up was the river which originally fed the four streams mentioned in the book of Genesis.

as the only relics of the old temple in the Haram, and are thus abiding types of baptism and the Eucharist, the two principal rites of that Christian Church which has succeeded to the Jewish.

The reader will by this time be sufficiently accustomed to General Gordon's mode of thought to be able to understand the views he takes on matters that come nearer to the lives of contemporary Christians. The main idea that, with him, underlies all such speculation, is the oneness of each of us, so far as our body is concerned, with our natural father, Adam, with the man who was literally the common ancestor of us all, and whose bones, if we dug for them, we should find under the Rock near Jerusalem; and in this view he claims to be at one with the more advanced men of science. "Physiologists state," he says, "that actual life from father to children is a connected current, with no gap. They consider that the ancestry of every torpuscle of the body is one unbroken chain from parents to children." He in fact regards our bodies as being as much like Adam's body, as each Enfield rifle is like its original pattern; and having as truly Adam's fault in it, as each Enfield rifle, were the original pattern faulty, would have in it the fault of that pattern. The only difference is that in the case of our bodies and Adam's, there is a greater community of substance than there is in the case of rifles made out of the same metal. Thus, "we," writes General Gordon, "the population of the existing world, are, in reality, Adam; and Adam lives now, though split up into fragments, in individuals." In Adam we all die; that is to say, our souls shut up in their tainted bodies, become infected naturally with that body's taint; are naturally for ever alienated from God, and become the property of the devil in whose dust they are incarnated. Such is the result of the fall. That result is obviated by the death and passion of Christ; and these obviate it in this way. "God the Son," writes General Gordon, "took flesh, but not in the same way as mankind took flesh. He was conceived immaculately; and the body which He had prepared for Him immaculately, He offered for the sin of Adam; which, as a mother, was the sins of the world; for from that sin of Adam's, all sins flowed or were begotten." Now the human body became tainted through the physical eating of the forbidden fruit. This fruit was, without metaphor, poison. The antidote to that poison is a second eating; and what is eaten in this case is the immaculate body of Christ, crucified and rearsen—a body which at this very moment is existing above the firmament. It is a body like ours in all respects except the devil's taint; and we by feeding on it, undo little by little the effects of Adam's eating.

"The great question," writes General Gordon, "that has torn Christendom is how the bread is His body, and how the wine is His blood."

The following singular reflections contain his own attempt to answer it.

"The Lord said that the manna was typical of Himself, who was the true bread from heaven. The Jews evidently understood His words that His body was the true bread. They say, 'How can this man give us his flesh and blood to eat?' Now I do not think it can be doubted that the manna was in heaven [*i.e.* above the firmament.] Manna—what is this? was the name given [to it]; the bread of heaven. . . . Bread from heaven, angels' food, spiritual meat, it was white like coriander seed, like hoar frost, it appeared when the dew had gone up. Colour of bdellium it fell after the dew. None fell on the Sabbath. It ceased when Israel entered Canaan. . . . I do not think that it is a fanciful idea that in that bread and wine there is an actual particle of that body and that blood placed in the bread and wine, by the same power that rained the manna. . . . It is not possible to believe that the blood of our Lord God, which He shed for us, and which is so much spoken of, can have been, so to say, lost, or have disappeared. . . . To me, the blood must be in heaven, for it is still His. . . . A miracle then having to be performed, and it not being in our power to see how it is performed, it is open to us in some degree to consider what miracle is performed—whether the bringing down of the actual blood into the bread of the angels, or a transubstantiation of the bread into His body by an act of omnipotence."

It is to the former alternative that General Gordon inclines; and to remove a speculative difficulty that might be raised against it, he observes that "blood contains one hundred and twenty million million corpuscles in a cubic inch, and one corpuscle is sufficient to establish a communion of blood and body." Thus the blood of the Lord's human body is more than sufficient in quantity for the divine nutriment of all those who are to be saved and joined together as members of the Church, His bride—more than sufficient to make each one of those members united to Him, and identified with Him in the divine marriage.

And how does General Gordon conceive of the Church? I am unable to discover in his papers any mention of any test of membership other than baptism, and the habitual partaking, with faith, of the Lord's Supper; nor is it clearly stated how far a right faith as to the last is necessary. Speaking, however, in a general way, the Church consists of those baptized persons who, by the act of feeding on the body of Christ, establish an identity between their flesh and His. This identity, however, is not perfect here. It will not be perfect till after the resurrection, when the bodies of the saved will be in all points like the body of Christ. They will be immaculate, as His body was from the beginning. They will be purged of the taint which was originally inherent in them, through their being fabricated out of the devil's clay. Meanwhile the souls of the saved are being congregated in Paradise, which is above the firmament, around the throne of God. There they are being marshalled in their proper places, so as to build up the Church triumphant; and when their number is made perfect, their souls will be clothed again with

their bodies purified. Then the fabric of the Church will be completed. She will show herself visibly as the Bride; she will be married to the Lamb. "The Church," writes General Gordon, "must be a spiritual body—a spiritual body in an earthly body raised from the grave. She is being built up in heaven."

General Gordon adds, "I have explained my belief further that she is a rib from the side of our Lord, built up into the Bride or Church;" and this leads me to speak, in a parenthesis, of his views on the subject of baptism. I say, in a parenthesis, because they seem to me to form a parenthesis, as it were, in his own scheme of theology.¹ He has been unable to fit them in and make them quite coincide with his other views. In his belief as to the Eucharist he is literal to the last degree. In dealing with baptism he cannot avoid letting his meaning grow metaphorical. What he endeavours to do is to connect baptism, or birth with the Church the Bride, with the birth of Eve the bride, out of the side of Adam, in a manner as absolutely literal as that in which he connects the two eatings. To do this, he attempts an identification of birth with marriage, and speaks of the Church as though it were twice married to Christ, and by two processes. How he vacillates here between a literal and metaphorical meaning will be seen in the following passage, which is worth quoting for the sake of the concluding image, which, if taken as an image, is of great beauty:—

"Marriage unites *two* in *one flesh*; bone of each other's bone, flesh of each other's flesh. Woman was man's bride, and taken from his side—was bone of his bone. Her children are bone of man's bone, because of their being *her* members.

"Two may be made one flesh in four different ways: (1) by marriage; (2) by being taken from the side; (3) by being born of that which is taken from the side; (4) by the communicating of the body of the one to the body of the other, which may be said to be done by marriage. The marriage of a man with a woman implies the marriage of a man with every child in her; for he becomes *one* flesh with her, bone of bone. God or Christ is married to the children of the Church, (1st) by baptism (= birth); (2nd) by communication of His flesh in the Eucharist (= marriage.)

"The Church is the Lamb's bride, the mother of us all; and she came from the Lord's side as He slept."

To quit, however, this subject, and to return to the Church, when the number of the elect is made perfect, General Gordon believes that a spiritual city—that is, a city which is material, but whose material substance is purified—will descend to earth, from its present position above the firmament, and occupy the spot on which Jerusalem now stands; that the sea will disappear into the centre of

(1) General Gordon, I am told, attaches the highest importance to baptism. In what is said in the text, I mean only that he fails to fit his baptismal theories into his scheme of *literal* and *material* interpretation.

the earth, and with the sea the devil, incarnate in a material form. Meanwhile the river which once flowed in Eden, but which is now above the firmament, will rain its waters downward to the earth perennially, and that from it will flow a terrestrial stream, which will encircle the earth with a girdle of living waters.

Such, in so far as it is peculiar, is General Gordon's theologic system; and it is impossible to use language too strong in describing the intensity with which he believes it true, and the vividness with which he pictures to himself each conception contained in it. With regard to it as a theologic system, I have only two remarks to make.

One is sufficiently obvious. Incredible as it may at first sight seem, those views we have been just glancing at actually constitute the creed of a man who is at this moment one of the most celebrated men living, and on whose life have hung, and perhaps may still be hanging, the future of nations, and certainly that of political parties in England.

My other remark relates to a subject which I have before alluded to, the likeness and the unlikeness of General Gordon's beliefs to those fostered or formulated by the Catholic Church. Some years ago an eminent anti-Catholic writer lit on a passage in the writings of Bellarmine, in which the reality of hell is proved by the evidence of certain travellers, who alleged that the souls in torment might be sometimes seen on Mount Hecla, crying amongst the flames at the summit of the mountain, and endeavouring to catch a passing breath of air. The eminent writer in question conceived that in this passage he had an excellent specimen of the attitude of the Catholic Church towards such questions as that of the soul and the future state, and presumably towards all other questions associated with faith or with religion. But it was pointed out at the time in many quarters that such views as those implied in the passage in question were not the views of the Catholic Church itself, but the views of the age in which that passage was written. They represented nothing that was of faith; they represented simply the way in which, owing to their state of knowledge, men naturally expressed certain things that were of faith to themselves. One of the most singular things in the history of the Catholic Church is not the doctrines she has formulated, but the doctrines she has forborne from formulating. So far is she from placing hell in the centre of the earth, that it is not of faith that there is even any fire in hell; still less is it of faith that hell is in any special locality; and of any views as to these matters that have prevailed in former ages, no matter how wide their prevalence, of such views and of numberless others, a modern Catholic addressing the Church might say with literal truth, "They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

When I say, then, that General Gordon's beliefs resemble in some way those of the Catholic Church, I am not referring to any resemblance they may bear to the various mediævalisms with regard to the physical universe which naturally existed in the minds of mediæval Catholics. I am referring to the general resolution he exhibits (and of which, in his case, the outcome is so singular) to connect the visible and the invisible in man's spiritual history by a normal and constant link; to recognise the fact that, if there be a Church at all, it must have left traces of its passage through the centuries in definite outward events—events which are not mere myths or symbols, but the counterparts or obverse sides of definite inward events, just as some movement in the brain is the obverse side of a thought. It is the recognitions and the insistence on this fact that specially distinguish Catholicism, not only from modern rationalising Protestantism, but from Protestantism even in its older forms. One illustration of this is the different views taken by the two of the relation of the soul to the body. The traditional Protestant conception is, that the soul is in the body as a sailor is in a boat. Catholic theology, on the other hand, defines the soul as "*forma corporis*." An illustration still more striking is the Catholic doctrine as to the Eucharist.

So much, then, for the points in which General Gordon approaches Catholicism. The way in which he differs from it is far more instructive; and the extent of this difference becomes most apparent in the very point where is most superficial resemblance. I refer to the problem that has been just alluded to—the nature of the Eucharistic sacrifice. General Gordon thinks that the Lord's body may be present in the consecrated elements, either by transubstantiation, or through a particle of the blessed blood being introduced into them by an angel; and though he inclines to think the latter explanation the true one, he regards both as explanations that belong to the same region of thought. He utterly fails to see that in the view to which he inclines there is no philosophy at all—nothing but a naïve fancy; whereas in the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation there is embodied a philosophy which, whether true or false, has been elaborately thought out, and which applies to the whole domain of knowledge. The Catechism of the Council of Trent puts the Catholic doctrine thus:—

"However remote from and alien to the reason it may seem, no *substance* of the elements of bread and wine after the consecration remains in them; but the *accidents*, which are beheld by the eyes or perceived by the other senses, exist in a wonderful and ineffable manner without a subject. All the *accidents* of bread and wine we indeed may see: they have, however, no substance in which to inhere, but exist by themselves; whereas the *substance* of the bread and wine is so changed into the body and blood of our Lord, that the *substance* of bread and wine altogether ceases to exist."

This is not the place for a philosophical or theological argument.

I merely note the above contrast between the mind of the Catholic Church and the mind of one who, though coming curiously near her, has got no conception of her philosophical standpoint, because I think it will be striking and suggestive to those who are familiar with such questions, and because the view of the Catholic Church with regard to the Eucharistic sacrifice seems to me to express her typical and unique attitude with regard to all questions dealing with the relation of material facts to spiritual.

To return, however, to General Gordon. I have now explained, as fully as my materials enable me, his system of theology—his theory of religion. It remains to see how his theology is applied by him to moral conduct—how his theory bears upon practice. We have seen that in that theory, sin is the result, not of any taint in the soul, but simply of a taint in the body; and that the grand means by which the body is to be purified is the receiving into that body the untainted body of our Lord. We might naturally anticipate, therefore, that in General Gordon's estimation works done in the flesh could profit little; and that, the act of communion excepted, salvation is to be sought solely by faith. And he does, indeed, use arguments to precisely this purport. In one place, for instance, he expresses himself as follows:—

"Our Lord stated that the flesh profiteth nothing. The works of this flesh consist in adultery, fornication, wrath, strifes, envyings, seditions, lasciviousness, drunkenness, &c, &c. Every one of these emanates from the unredeemed flesh, which must die and be sown before it can be quickened. Now if the flesh profiteth nothing, the works of the flesh profit nothing: and to profit nothing signifies to make no difference one way or the other. Therefore, whether a man is guilty of the above works or not is immaterial to his ultimate welfare or salvation. And now we see the breadth of God's law; *for there is not a bring in the earth who is not guilty of every one of these works: for with God the thought is the deed.* Men are seen in the world guilty of some of these works which militate against the comfort of society, and they are therefore outcasts from that society, which seeks to make the world a better home, and which therefore is against those works which would incommode it. And society takes little heed of those works which do not interfere with its comfort so materially. We are all lepers. Some have their leprosy covered with silk, some with tattered rags. Take off the silk and take off the rags. There are the lepers. Cover the face and say, Unclean, unclean, Moses, David, Solomon, Daniel, John Baptist, Peter and Paul, Herod, Ahab, eminent divines, bishops, kings, all are lepers in the flesh. After the flesh you will not inherit."

Here is another passage to the same effect:—

"What dost thou here, Elijah? Why art thou away from the battlefield before the battle is over? Thou hast expected a change in what is unchangeable, a clean thing from an unclean—a lasting effect to be produced on the flesh by witnessing a supernatural event. The flesh is bad and corrupt, and nothing that can be shown it will change it into goodness or incorruption. The flesh hates and fears supernatural sights.

Adam and Eve hid away from God; the time when Jacob saw God was dreadful to him; Israel heard His voice and desired to hear it no more. The mighty of the earth only for a moment are silenced by the most stupendous sights. The manifestation of God on Sinai was followed by the making of the golden calf. If a man rose from the dead it would produce only a momentary silence, not any change in the flesh."

The tendency of these views is familiar and plain enough. If, however, we follow General Gordon farther we shall find that his reasoning, whether strictly logical or no, brings him to a set of moral rules and conclusions, very different from what the above passages would suggest.

"A query," he says, "arises if these works [of the flesh] are immaterial so far as salvation is concerned; and whether, being guilty of them in thought, I am no more guilty of them if I put them into action. True! And this would be the result of these truths if we followed human reasoning. But here we have to deal with One who is all-powerful and all-loving, and Who works in us to hate the garment spotted with the flesh, and in our souls to hate these sins or works. Quickened by union with Him, the flesh, and consequently its works, have to contend with an almighty foe. It must little by little decrease in strength, as Christ in it waxes older and older. The victory is assured to the soul. Flesh is mortal, it has its term, its severity fears rule of tyranny and sorrow."

The actual logic of this is perhaps not very easy to follow. The conclusion reached, however, plainly is, that "so far as salvation is concerned the works of the flesh are but immaterial;" and that everything, or nearly everything, depends, somehow, on whether they are abstained from or committed, or whether, if committed, they are repented of. That such is for General Gordon himself the practical outcome of his religious beliefs, his life, which is well known to be one of exceptional austerity, is in itself enough to testify; but it is naturally not any place to enlarge on that evidence here. The MSS., however, before me supply evidence in themselves, which show the extreme and constant importance which he attaches to conduct or to works; the intensity with which he feels the obligation to act holily as well as to believe truly. They show also that in spite of the curious materialism in which his theologic beliefs clothe themselves, his sense of the spiritual nature of God, His presence throughout the universe, and in the soul of each one of us, as well as on the throne resting on the firmament, is as vivid as could be the faith of those who would be most scandalised at the idea of connecting God with a locality, and regarding His throne as nearer to one spot than another. "God," says General Gordon, "is a spirit; and though sometimes He dwells in thick darkness, yet darkness and light to Him are both alike." Many more ejaculations of a similar kind might be quoted; they are of constant occurrence in the MSS. before me. But I think I shall be better discharging the task committed to me if, instead of quoting isolated sentences, or summing up my own impressions, I leave the reader to realise

for himself the moral and spiritual temper of the soldier-theologian from the following passages out of his own prayers and reflections.

Here, then, is an expression of his practical view of the duty of right conduct in the flesh.

"Increase of light is clear perception of imperfection. That is why those who are given light care not for things that other people prize. It is not merit on their part. When we reach this Apocalypse (I am quoting now), 'we sit in the heavens above, and see the events of earth originating in events from heaven. We look down through rolling mists, while seals are broken, trumpets sounding. We sit by the throne of God and hear voices proceeding thence, the voices of spirits, the hallelujahs sounding through the heritage.' . . . We now realise that the great battle of light and darkness, life and death, is being fought out for us on earth, the Lamb on one side, the Great Dragon on the other. How differently does one look on the Bradlaugh matter, if we sit in these courts! How important is each little event! Each is part of one great scheme, now approaching its development. If we would aid in this mighty battle-field, then the first object is to maintain our fortresses intact, our bodies, ourselves."

The meaning of the last sentence becomes more unequivocal when taken in connection with the following penitential prayer.

"I," General Gordon writes, "like this sort of prayer. 'Thou hast moulded me out of dust, every fibre; therefore thou knowest every fibre. Thou gavest me thy own life. Thou didst mould me in thine exact image and likeness (for none but thou couldst make me) by thyself. Thou gavest me free-will to be altogether like thyself.

'I have abased and defiled thy sacred image. Though I was thy chief work, yet so low have I debased thy image, that all creatures turn with horror from me, and I am a horror to myself. Though I had thy life in me, though by thy life I exist, though thou couldst have made myriads with no trouble, yet thou didst so love me that thou camest in my form, and did so suffer every conceivable injury that I could commit against thee. Yet I hindered thee by every possible cruelty and contempt.

"Thou didst set thy face as a flint, and bore the imputation and the punishment of every sin I ever committed—sins which, even in my fellow-creatures, I abhor and hate. Thou wast so pure as to cause angels to veil their faces before thee. Yet thou bore the guilt as entirely thine—as if thou hadst done those sins.

"Surely now thou hast routed thine enemies, thou wilt not permit them to trample and scoff at thee. Remember thy sufferings, for they were beyond conception. Are those sufferings to go for naught, as they do, if thou permit these unconquered enemies to prevail against me, thy own flesh and bone, thy member?"

Here, again, is a reflection upon moral conduct:—

"Jesus wept; Jesus felt compassion on this earth. He is still man with man's sympathies. He sits in heaven with flaming myriads around Him, ruling the universe. Some atrocious act of injustice is done. Those ministering spirits the angels are moved with passions (for they rejoice over the repentant). They see the injustice and long to right it.

. . . They are ready to fly. But though moved as man, He raises His hand—that hand scarred in the house of His friends, and delays them. . . . How blessed must it be for Him if, when this injustice takes place, some poor sufferer in this trial sends up, as a cloud of incense, ‘Forgive them, Lord; they know not what they do.’ For that would be His mind.”’

I will make one more quotation, which for many reasons will form a fit conclusion to these notes. There are probably few who in reading it will not find their thoughts wandering to the present situation of the writer, though the passage itself was written years ago.

“The world is a vast prison-house under hard keepers. We are in cells, solitary and lonely, looking for a release. By the waters of earthly joy and plenty to this world’s inhabitants, to our flesh, but by the waters of lively affliction to our souls we sit down and weep when we remember our home, from which death like a narrow stream divides us.

“We hang our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; for they that oppress require of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of home. How shall we sing the song of the Lamb in a strange land—in the to us waste, howling wilderness—in the land of strangers?

“Oh for that home where the wicked will cease from troubling, and the weary have rest, when the good fight will have been fought, the dusty labour finished, and the crown of life given—when our eyes will behold the only One that ever knew our sorrows and trials, and has borne with us in them all, soothing and comforting our weary souls—no new friend to be made then, but an old friend!

“Are you weary? So was He. Are you sad? So was He. Are you despised and laughed at? So was He. Is your love repelled, and does the world not care for you? Neither did it for Him.

“He has graciously taken a lower place than any of His people. Unutterably weary, sad, and lonely was He on this earth, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, strong crying and tears. And shall we repine at our trials, which are but for a moment? We are nearing home day by day. No dark river but divided waters are before us, and they let the world take its portion. Dust it is, and dust we will leave it.

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, happy are the dead that die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours—rest from their troubles, rest from works of weariness, from sorrow, from tears, from hunger and thirst, and sad sights of poor despairing bodies, and sighing hearts, who find no peace in their prisons from wars and strifes and words and judgments.

“It is a long weary journey, but we are well on the way of it. The yearly milestones quickly slip by; and as our days so will our strength be. Perhaps before another milestone is reached the wayfarer may be in that glorious home, by the side of the river of life where there is no more cares, or sorrow, or crying, and rest for ever with that kind and well-known friend.

“The sand is flowing out of the glass, day and night, night and day. Shake it not. You have a work here, to suffer even as He suffered.”

W. H. MALLOCK.

(1) General Gordon here exclaims to his correspondent, “I do like writing these things, and hope they will not bore you.”

GAMES AND GAMESTERS.

THE judgment of Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Justice Smith in the notorious Park Club case, and the fresh impetus given to the agitation against the gambling tables at Monte Carlo by the attention with which M. Jules Ferry has favoured it, invest with exceptional interest and importance a subject that, so long as a love of speculation remains inherent in human nature, must always be attractive. Games of cards in which any player may hold a bank are yet extremely popular, despite the numerous instances of cheating that have occurred of late years. The theory held at buccarat that the bank shall be bid for, is distinctly in favour of the professional gambler, or of persons who, without having lost the status of gentlemen, have taken to play or the turf as an aid to their income. Men who play only for amusement rarely care for the trouble and responsibility of taking a bank. Hence, unless some exceptionally big gambler concerning whose honour no question can arise takes the bank, it must fall into the hands of professionals, or of those who resemble a professional as a gentleman-rider does a jockey, a solicitor an attorney, or an alligator a crocodile, and who know every point of the game; for instance, why it is better to lay the odds of five to two after the first game of a rubber of whist is won than to take them, for the simple reason that if it be even betting on every game it is three to one, and not five to two, against either side winning two *coups* in succession, which the side having lost the first game in a rubber must do in order to win. That it is always three to one against two events on each of which the betting is even is easily demonstrated thus: put one piece of money down on a table; suppose the event won and add another piece; put both pieces on the second winning event and cover with two others. The result is four pieces, including the original stake of the backer, who has thus won three pieces by staking one. Odds at hazard, and in many games, may be calculated in this simple way. Nothing can be more exact, and yet in nothing are amateur backers of horses more easily fobbed off by professionals with less than the legitimate odds than in backing double and treble events and "lots" of horses against the field. Those grand old gamblers of the last century, John Luw of Lauriston, and Casanova, were shrewd arithmeticians, and when they held a bank at Aix, Paris, or Venice knew what they were about perfectly well. Public tables at watering-places appear to have grown out of the custom of dining at an ordinary, after which the person who was prepared to make the biggest bank dealt at *faro*, then as popular in Europe as it afterwards became in America. In Europe it

died out before the period of Crockford's, where only hazard, roulette, and trente-et-quarante were played. It is said that the famous Lord Chesterfield of that period broke all three banks in one night, just as the too-notorious Lord de Ros cleaned out the German tables in a successful tour. There is, however, always a little doubt about these stories; for the tables go on, like the bookmakers on the turf, while noblemen and gentlemen die beggared and in exile.

Popular games of cards separate themselves distinctly into classes. There are the games in which a certain number is sought to be attained; by the colours, red and black, as at trente-et-quarante; by the dealer and the punters, as at ving-et-un, at quinze, and at baccarat, now more in vogue than all of the others put together. Another class of game is that in which the order of cards coming up decides the battle. To this belongs faro, Horace Walpole's favourite game, at which John Law, Casanova, and other renowned adventurers made immense sums of money by keeping the bank, and which has long been the popular gambling game from New York to San Francisco. "Lansquenet is another game of this kind, and, like faro, has somewhat of hazard about its structure. Poker, bluff, and brag are very distinct from these, mainly in being played, like whist, nap, and loo, without a banker, and simply as round games. The three first are also games depending not entirely on good cards, but on the skill, coolness, courage, and luck of the player in betting heavily at the right moment. A champion hand by no means insures large gains at poker, as a player may hold four aces and yet be so unfortunate as to find nobody to bet against him. Nearly all games of hazard, as opposed to those of skill, will be found to come under one of these heads: as games depending on the attaining or approaching of a certain number; on the order of cards in the pack, or on the luck and spirit of the player in betting or in "standing," as at loo (Horace Walpole's weakness), sometimes on a hand which he would reject at others. From the present article such games as whist, picquet, écarté, and cribbage are, for obvious reasons, excluded. Firstly, any one of the four would require an article to itself. Secondly, skill counts for so much in all of them that they are never classed as games of chance." Large sums of money change hands at whist and écarté, and of late again at picquet; but although these may be played for any stakes the players please, they still come under the category of games of skill.

From the best evidence procurable it would appear that there was in this country a lull or lucid interval of the card-playing fever between the Crockford period and the present or baccarat era, which began but a few years ago. That the law suppressing public gaming-houses had much to do with this is absolutely certain. So long as the possibility of winning ten, twenty, or thirty thousand pounds in a night's play against a bank existed, the attraction

proved irresistible. And when Crockford's, with its triple bank for hazard, trente-et-quarante, and roulette was swept away, heavy play still took place at the illegal gaming-houses, such as the "stick-shop," and at the gold and silver hells kept by such "macemen" as Goody Levy, of Running Rein notoriety, Charley Liley, and other "cattell of that sort," as serious Mr. John Evelyn might have written them down. At last these were stamped out, and the adventurous persons who complained of a stiffness in the elbow for want of exercise with the dice-box were only permitted a little relaxation at Doncaster and at Newmarket. Finally the gambling with dice during these race-meetings was put down, and the reign of "quiet" whist with "pony points," and five hundred to two hundred by way of odds on the rubber after the first game, set in. It is also curious to note that as the "hells" were extinguished, the Tartarean fire burst out with renewed fury in other quarters. From the closing of Crockford's to "Hermit's year," otherwise A.D. 1867, England was possessed with a mania for betting on the turf. In the beginning of this curious paroxysm there was an eruption of betting-shops all over London and other great cities. At many of these an errand-boy could risk half-a-crown, or even a shilling, on a running horse, or on one which did not run. The effect of this fatal facility was deplorable. The police-courts were continually occupied with cases of embezzlement. Clerks and shopboys emulated the vices of their social superiors in speculating with money which was not their own. When a run of bad luck set in their defalcations could not be made good, and they passed into the ranks of criminals. It was the old story, that man and boy are rather weak than wicked.

In all games played either with a professional or amateur banker, there is a distinct advantage to the banker, as the lovers of Monte Carlo can establish. It is said that there is no doubt about the fairness of the game played at Monte Carlo. This may be. It is argued that the eyes of the greatest scoundrels in Europe are bent upon the dealers, and that this is sufficient to guarantee the fairness of the game. I am not at all sure that this is exact. One knows the power of professors of legerdemain; and knowing this, any person would be childish to guarantee the integrity of any professional gambler. That cards can be changed—that the "cut" can be reversed or cancelled by the quick manipulation of the dealer—is perfectly well known, as that the dealing of "Chemin de fer," as he is called at Monte Carlo, empties the table. Large banks of roulette and trente-et-quarante are, however, guaranteed against loss by a variety of chances not always suspected or appreciated at their just value by the bettor or punter.

The chances for the bank and against the player at trente-et-quarante vary, as the game is played with what are called a *réfait*, a *demi-réfait* and a *quart de réfait*. What these are is explained

very easily by referring to the original name of the game, to wit *trente-et-un*. It is played with six full packs of cards of fifty-two each, the punters backing either black or red right out, or the colour of the first card faced or the reverse. There are thus two issues to be decided: the bets staked on black or red and those on *couleur* or *envers*. In the first case the punter decides at once which colour he will back. In the second, he leaves this to be decided by the colour of the first card faced by the dealer. When the dealer has shuffled the six packs which define the length of a *taille* or deal, he hands the sextuple pack to the nearest female player to cut. At this point the superstition of the habitual gambler asserts itself. It is thought unlucky to cut the cards, and the task is often shirked by the keenest punters. The operation of cutting is performed by inserting a blue card somewhere among the six packs, not by cutting the cards over as in whist. Then the dealer says, "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs,*" and at the moment before he deals, "*Le jeu est fait,*" after which no bet is accepted. At this point, if business is brisk, the tables at Monte Carlo are covered with notes and gold. The fate of the stakes is quickly decided. The dealer deals two rows of cards. The first of these is always for the black. Court cards count as tens, the ace as one. In dealing the *tailleur* keeps on for black until he has passed thirty. Thus, if he deals three tens or court cards, he must deal another. We will suppose it to be a deuce. He then calls the point "*deux,*" and begins to deal a second line for red. When "*deux*" is called for black there is such hilarity as gamblers are susceptible of among the backers of that colour, for there is only one point, thirty-one, or "*un,*" as it is proclaimed, to beat them, the tie or "*deux*" being harmless, except as to disappointment. The room is very still as the dealer proceeds with the second line, and the nearest eyes watch anxiously each card as it falls—perhaps thus, eight, three, ten, giving red a chance for another ten to make thirty-one, instead of which comes possibly a nine making thirty, and then a ten making forty, and of course losing, the dealer calling "*rouge perd,*" and if the first card faced was a red one, "*et couleur.*" Black is never mentioned by the dealer, who always says *rouge perd* or *gagne*, and then calls whether the *couleur* has won or lost. When the *coup* is over, the cards are swept by the dealer into a sort of leathern bucket. When there is a tie, as, for instance, forty for black and for red, or thirty-five for each, the dealer calls *après*, and every punter is at liberty to shift or to remove his stake at pleasure.

It is one of these ties, called technically *après*, which brings about the *réfuit*, or percentage of the bank, in the old times a complete victory for the bank, subsequently reduced at one time by competition to a quarter, but now at Monte Carlo settled down into a *demi-réfuit*. It will save a vast deal of possibly tiresome explanation to say that this means that the bank wins half of the money staked on

either side of the table whenever there is an *après* or tie upon thirty-one, the winning-point. Young beginners at the game are puzzled by their money being drawn into "prison," as it is called, and only refunded, with no addition if they win, on the next *coup*. Occasionally they have been known to try comical little tricks to circumvent the *réfait*, but all are ridiculous, half of every stake on the table being lost to the bank whenever there is a tie on thirty-one. In the old wicked time, when Baden-Baden preserved the air of a Paris in *villeggiatura*, and Homburg was amusing; when Meyerbeer played his game of chess at Spa while Tamberlik was losing his louis; when Vivier was the despair and delight of croupiers and punters, with his pigeons, mice, and other tame creatures which lived in his pockets, to be suddenly produced in the midst of a game, trente-et-quarante was played at Homburg with a *quart de réfait*, which only gave the bank a quarter instead of the half of the money on the table. The same small percentage satisfied for a time, I believe, M. Blanc, at Monte Carlo; but when the abolition of other gaming-houses left the latter a practical monopoly, the half forfeit to the bank was re-established. How considerable the present advantage is may be learned by looking at the rate of insurance against it. This principle of insurance is very generally adopted by heavy players for a reason which is fairly obvious. When thousands of deals are counted up it is found that there is a certain percentage of ties at thirty-one, as there is of the various kinds of series, of which more presently. But it is needless to mention that these ties do not occur at regular intervals; that on some days they are few and far between, and on others occur with terrible frequency. Above all, the player wishes to guarantee himself against a *réfait* when he has a heavy stake down towards the end of a successful run on a colour or on the system he is playing. It may, for instance, happen that, bit by bit, the player's store has accumulated until he has a goodly mass of gold and notes before him, and thinking the game favourable or himself in luck, risks a heavy stake. Should a *réfait* occur at this juncture, and its incidence is as likely as at any other moment, the player may lose fifty per cent. of his winnings in a single *coup*. It was to provide punters with a safeguard against a sudden blow like this that M. Blanc invented the system of insurance against the percentage of the table. The rate charged is one per cent. per *coup*. Thus, if one stakes a rouleau of fifty louis or a thousand franc note, one pays half a louis or ten francs louis to the bank as insurance. During a brisk day's play at Monte Carlo, the amount of insurance paid to the bank is very great. The system of insurance is excellent in one way, that it tells the player exactly what he is doing. He is paying one per cent. on all the money he stakes for the privilege of playing a game at which the chances are precisely equal. In fact, he hires the bank to play against him, just as if

he were to give a man a sovereign to toss him for a hundred. There are undoubtedly many advantages over private play in punting at a bank like that at Monte Carlo. The punter can stake as much or as little as he pleases, can begin and leave off when he likes, is never asked to give a "revenge." In short, he has no compunction in suiting his own convenience. Added to this is what must be estimated as another great advantage: the punter can only lose the money he has about him; there is no cashing of cheques, and consequently he can neither make bad debts nor himself become a defaulter. Whether all this is worth one per cent. or not depends on the taste and fancy of the punter.

The great interest of trente-et-quarante consists in the run of the game. Each time the banker deals, the player, who is supplied with a card and pin for that purpose, marks with a puncture the colour which has won. It is on the run of the game, not on the run of the cards, that systems, as they are called, are constructed by industrious gamblers. Profound study has revealed to adepts that what are called "series" occur in a fixed proportion; that when thousands of deals are counted over it is seen that not only does red win as often as black, but that an exact proportion is maintained as to the number of times either colour wins consecutively, in what is called in English a "run," in French a *série*. Thus the frequency of every run on a colour is in inverse proportion to its length. There are as many "singles," or "intermittents," as they are called, as of all the runs of two, three, four, five, &c., put together. Hence it is that large gamblers, who know this, rarely tempt fortune by backing a long run, so seductive and so profitable to smaller players if they retire their stake before the inevitable change comes, and it is raked up by the croupier. It was the knowledge that one-half of the total *coups* at trente-et-quarante are singles that induced Garcia, the notorious cheat and card-sharper, now a monk at La Trappe, to construct his system, by which he was the winner at one time of several millions of francs. His ground plan, so to speak, was to play for intermittents, red, black, red, black, and so on; not obstinately playing against runs, but biding his time, and following what is called the run of the table. Thus, when the deal of the six packs of cards was "ragged," or continually broken by intermittents, he won. The complementary part of his system was to bet a triple stake against either colour the third time of asking. Thus we will assume that he backed black, and won; and then, on the intermittent system, backed red, and lost. His card would then show that black had won twice in succession. Against black winning the next time he wagered three times the amount of the original stake. On this plan he could only lose if the game ran in triplets or longer runs. Doublets could not beat him, on account of the triple stake he laid against triplets, and which recouped him for his losses on what is called

the *coup de deux*, that is, the second time that a colour wins. With a profound disbelief in systems one and all, I yet think this one worth mentioning. No system ever devised, however, can compete against the dead loss of the one per cent. by the *réfuit*, or the insurance against it. The Garcia game is said to be, however, a far better one than the old-fashioned *trois sec*, according to which the player adheres to one colour, and when he has lost twice quintuples his stake, afterwards going back, win or lose, to the original amount. There are cautious players who play for nothing but the *coup de deux*, that is, to say, they wait till a colour has won once, and then back the winner, or *gagnant*. Logically this cannot be so good as backing intermittents, for there are not so many doublets as singles. But all these games are good and bad by turns, as the game happens to run at the particular day and hour, the only certainty being that the one per cent. will in the long run beat the best luck in the world. As a rule, the most profitable players to the bank are not the big gamblers who play the maximum stakes permitted. If these hit upon a lucky moment they win heavily and rapidly, and often take the money away with them and spend a great deal of it. The little players, on the other hand, never win a great deal, and in trying to do too much with their little capital, make shipwreck of it entirely. The large profits of the gambling company at Monte Carlo during the past year are attributed to the number of small players and the scarcity of big ones. This is not a new discovery or a remarkable instance, but simply the recurrence of events connected by long experience.

At Monte Carlo, as was the case at Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Spa, and other places, roulette is still publicly played. It is a very unfavourable game for the punter as compared with trente-et-quarante. Of old it was played with two zeros and thirty-six numbers; that is to say, that the bank reserved for itself two chances out of thirty-eight. With the administration of the late M. Blanc at Homburg a more liberal policy was inaugurated, roulette being played with one zero, as it is now played at Monte Carlo. This, whether the player stake on numbers or colours, gives the bank an advantage very easy to compute. There are, including zero, thirty-seven numbers, but instead of laying the player thirty-six to one against the number he selects, the bank only pays thirty-five times his stake; and the zero, as to the colours, occurs one in thirty-seven times, that is, more frequently than the *réfuit* at trente-et-quarante. Consequently, it is very rare that much big money is seen on the colours at roulette. However one may bet, the table always preserves this advantage. Thus, in backing two numbers coupled, or *à cheval*, one is obviously backing one-eighteenth of the table, and is paid seventeen to one. In backing four numbers *en carré*, as it is called, one backs one-ninth of the table, and eight to one is consequently laid. The bank has always zero for itself. Of course any player

may back zero if he likes, but this does not reduce the proportion of chances against him. He still wins, when he wins, a point short of the true odds. The danger of this extra chance, or zero, is so keenly appreciated that players staking heavily on other chances generally insure by putting a piece or two on zero. For there is infinite variety in roulette. A player may get through an estate in many eccentric ways. Firstly, he may back any one of the numbers from one to thirty-six, or back zero. This is called *en plein*; *à cheval* and *en carré* have already been explained. As the numbers are printed on the table in triplets running from left to right, it will follow, as a matter of course, that there are twelve of such triplets, zero standing alone at the top or inner side of the table near the wheel from which this very fascinating game takes its name. The player may, in addition to the chances already enumerated, back any three or six numbers collectively with one piece of money, or he may back the first, second, or third twelves in thirty-six, or any of three columns of figures; he may bet on colours; on odd, even, and on what is called *manque et passe*, the former signifying the numbers from one to eighteen inclusive, and the latter those from nineteen to thirty-six. Betting on the three twelves or *douzes* and the columns, against each of which the bank lays, of course, two to one, is a favourite game of the mild punter who loves to potter about the rooms at Monte Carlo with a handful of five-franc pieces, and struggles all day long to lose or win a louis or two. It may be mentioned that, in the language of gamesters, a twenty-franc piece is always a louis. During the Bonapartist revival an attempt was made to rebaptize these coins "napoleons," but this word, sometimes vulgarly shortened to "naps," was far more common among Englishmen than Frenchmen. The *faubourg*, which supplies the most ardent piety and punters, has always been true to its traditions, and gamesters, like the *demi-monde*, affect the language of the "lupper suckles." Your gamester, above all things, pretends to be a gentleman. Sometimes he is, more frequently has been, one who having left "the fear of heaven on the left hand," has hidden his honour in his necessity. Whence the twenty-franc piece, which the waiter at a Republican café in Paris would scorn to call a "louis," is always known by that appellation at cercles, clubs, and other gaming-houses.

When the ball is thrown into the whizzing wheel the excitement of those within range of eyesight becomes very great. For, insane as it may seem, there are "systems" of play at roulette as carefully thought out as those at trente-et-quarante. Without discussing the more complicated of these, which require a clerk or two to sit at the table and play from morning till night, there is the well-known plan of playing for what are called the *numéros voisins*. To make this clear it should be remembered that on the roulette, with its receptacles for the ivory ball, although the blacks and reds are arranged

alternately, the numbers are irregularly placed. Thus 32 is next to zero, 20 and 32 on either side of 1. This peculiarity in the construction of the roulette explains the apparently wild manner in which players are seen to plant their pieces all over the table. There is a method in their madness. They are playing for the *voisins* or neighbouring numbers. What is imagined by these persistent gamblers is that by observation they can get an idea of the run of the ball towards a certain part of the wheel.* How this can be with the ball spinning in one direction while the numbers turn in another is not easy to understand, but the belief is very strongly rooted. The player for *voisins* takes a sector of the circle and backs the numbers on it; for instance, 32, 0, 26, 3, 35, 12, simplifying, perhaps, his game by coupling zero with 3 or backing the *quatre premiers*, or four lowest, 0, 1, 2, and 3. This backing the *voisins* accounts for a great deal of the disputing as to the right to a stake, and some picking and stealing. It is a natural feature of a public gaming-table that it should attract thieves of both sexes, hideous women and unspeakable men. This contingent is supplied to Monte Carlo by the stews and illegal gaming-houses of Genoa, Turin, and Nice. All this filth does not reside on the spot, the most beautiful and wholesome place on the Riviera being mostly given over to foreigners of some means and position. It goes mainly back to Nice by the last train. No visitor "unattached" should miss one of the sights of Europe as he comes out of the Monte Carlo rooms as they close. All the dreadful harridans and the loathsome male creatures who accompany them cross the square to a certain café, where they refresh themselves before commencing the tedious journey to Nice.

It would be quite beside the purpose of this paper to moralise upon the effect of the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. All that is pointed out is that it is a focus of blackguardism; but so, perhaps, is a race-course. There is one peculiarity, however, in all gambling places of the kind, to wit, the gradual imbecility which comes over people who play every day for hours together at the tables. When they first arrive they are interesting and amusing enough, but after a few days' play they lose, or seem to lose, all interest in politics or sport other than the tables. They babble of the green table, the series of runs on the *voisins*, of the shamelessly rapid way in which the man known as "Chemin de fer" deals, of the apparently listless man who throws the ball so that it often comes into a certain part of the wheel. This idiotic gabble goes on from morning till night, till one is reminded of Molière's pretty little comedy, *Les Fâcheux*. The air is thick with systems, mostly requiring considerable capital. One is deafened with talk of miraculous runs, of the winnings of the Belgian count, and the losses of the same. Gambling when profusely indulged in undoubtedly produces what Frenchmen call *hébété*. To adopt an antique style of diction, Ceres, Bacchus, and Venus give place to Mercury.

Before leaving the subject of systems, it may be worth while to consider a curious novelette recently produced by M. Adolphe B  lot. This ingenious gentleman, who has written some scandalous and some clever novels and plays, not long ago published a volume containing *Le Comte Jacques*, a distinct piracy, almost a translation, of *Paul Ferroll*, and a novelette called *La T  te du Pont*. Every old soldier knows what a *t  te de pont* is, but the "e" at the end of M. B  lot's title was just a little puzzling. *Ponte*, however, is French for punter, a person who had nothing to do with Vauban except when he backed him for the Derby which H  rmit won for Mr. Chaplin. The novelette is clever and very French, by no means so translatable as *Paul Ferroll*, and is, in this connection, noteworthy, simply because it develops a system of play neither new nor true, but amusing in its way. The system called *la t  te du pont* is neither more nor less than that of backing another person or betting against him, selecting of course a lucky or unlucky man for the purpose. It is needless to add that this can only be done at a comparatively simple game like trente-et-quarante or baccarat. Roulette is entirely too complicated to permit a looker-on to follow the murky mind of the player. But at baccarat or trente-et-quarante it is easy to follow him or to play against him. It is essential, however, in working this system that the "ponte" whose hand one is backing "in" or "out" should not know anything about what is going on, for he would probably be furious, thinking that interference crossed his luck. Among the writer's small circle of friends, one lost the last house, grounds, and paddock he had left by betting against a singularly unlucky duke, recently deceased. When the peer took up the box at Morris's at Newmarket, the man who had come, like the duke, to his last fence, backed him "out" for a heavy stake. But the duke threw seven mains, and the other gentleman went to Australia. Another friend of mine once landed himself, as he would have said, in comparative affluence by noticing that Signor Tamberlik had a diabolical *d  veine* at Spa. It was a wet morning, as mornings are sometimes wet at Spa. The mists went up and the rain came down. There was nothing to do but to go into the rooms and see Meyerbeer play—pretty badly—at chess. As this pleasure palled upon my friend he went into the other room and saw Tamberlik sitting down to play. The Briton had the lucky inspiration to play *la t  te du pont*, but *   l'envers*. Tamberlik, who was at that time at the height of his reputation, had a dreadful day of it, and my friend won pocketfuls of louis and notes of Banque de France. His method was simple. He waited till Tamberlik staked and invariably staked contrariwise. This system appears to have the extraordinary merit of not involving any mental strain. No calculation is required. The other man does all that.

La t  te du pont was even then not new. Balzac introduces

it in his *Peau de Chagrin*. When the young man about to commit suicide throws his last louis on the gaming-table, the great gambler who is looking on stakes an enormous mass of gold and notes on the opposite side, feeling sure, as Balzac puts it, that "la chance aurait raison de ce pauvre diable." This certainly would not apply to Signor Tamberlik, who was making a large income at the time. M. Bélot's idea is that of backing the punter. But as I have previously observed, all systems win at certain times, and I may add that there is no end to the superstitions of gamblers. A very heavy player, who was with me at the wedding of the late Duke of Albany, declared that "no good would come of it" because the bride or bridesmaid's costume was looped up with violets. "Ugh!" he shuddered, "violets are the flowers of death, used to decorate a corpse, not to adorn a bride." A charming young lady told me only the other day that she loved opals, but felt sure that all her misfortunes, not many, were due to the maleficent influence of that stone. So it is not only gamblers who are superstitious, but few carry superstition to such preposterous lengths. The man who backs twenty-five at roulette because it is his twenty-fifth birthday; the other who always brings an umbrella that he may leave it at the door and thus get a number; he who counts the stairs up to his bedroom, and that other one who counts the *chour* on his wall-paper, are all equally maniacal, and all win at times. Whether one is paying a person a commission of one per cent. to bet on an even chance, or is trying to pick out numbers at roulette, the madness is perhaps in the same degree.

The game of which one heard the most previous to the agitation, now assuming formidable proportions, to put down Monte Carlo, is baccarat. Since the invention, or rather the vogue, of baccarat, it has been as an Aaron's rod to other games, for it has devoured them all. There is a very good reason for the popularity of baccarat: The percentage in favour of the banker for the time-being is not enormous, although I will presently show it is much greater than is frequently imagined. In France it has been curiously decreed that baccarat is not a game of chance. The question of admitting baccarat to clubs and circles has been duly considered and debated, with the result that one of the most famous games of chance has in France been decided to be a game of skill. It was contended that the necessity of deciding whether to give or to draw cards made baccarat a game of skill. It was a plea made by unsurpassable impudence, and succeeded as such things do succeed. It is entirely too absurd to believe that anybody in his senses ever thought baccarat other than a game of chance, but the fact remains, and it is played from one end of France to the other as a game of skill.

There are so many ways of playing baccarat that the game is a

little difficult to describe. It is of the class of games in which anybody takes the bank. Sometimes it is sold to the highest bidder, or the man who will make the biggest bank—a plan which, as has already been observed, favours professional or quasi-professional gamblers, like the well-known Englishman in Paris, who on “working days” dines early in the evening, goes to bed, is roused by his servant at midnight, rises, bathes, puts on his evening clothes, and goes to the Cercle, where he has an immense advantage over opponents who have been dining, supping, theatre-going, and otherwise fatiguing themselves. Baccarat is played with two or more packs of cards, generally four packs. The game is supposed, although any number of persons may play, to be between the banker or dealer and two opponents or punters. The banker sits in the middle of a long table, and the people on his right and left are classed as the two *tableaux*. He then, the packs of cards having been shuffled and cut, deals two to each *tableau* and two to himself. The object of the game is to hold the number nine, or as near to it as possible. Tens and court cards, of which there are sixteen in every pack, do not count. Thus, if the dealer or either *tableau* holds two tens, it is as if they held nothing. If the dealer or the *tableau* hold what are called baccarat cards, eight or nine, they are bound to show them, and the game is decided at once. Ties do not in this game, as at vingt-et-un, pay the dealer. They make only a dead-heat, and stakes are withdrawn.

This would appear, so far, to be a perfectly even game between dealer and punters, the former not having even the privilege of doubling the stakes, as at vingt-et-un, after he has seen his first card. The advantage of the banker arises from his right of deciding whether an extra card should be dealt or not, and in the insight which the acceptance or rejection of this option gives into the *tableaux*. If the dealer hold seven, or even six, he will not say *donne* or “give,” but compel the punters to stand as they are, the odds being considerably in favour of his winning. He knows that neither has eight or nine, and if he holds six there is only seven to beat him. The question of drawing an extra card on five has been much discussed, but general opinion is adverse. In fact it is the custom not to allow the punter who plays for either *tableau* to do so. The dealer having said “give,” the punters are by no means compelled to accept another card. As just observed, if they hold five, six, or seven, they are not permitted to do so by the custom of the game as generally played. Whether the two *tableaux* accept cards or not, the dealer having said “give,” can take an extra card or not as he likes. If the punters have taken one each he can make a shrewd guess at their position, for the supplementary card is faced, and indicates partially the strength of the hands against which he is

playing. For instance, he knows that they had not, to begin with, nine, eight, seven, six, or five. The strongest point on which they could have drawn would be four, and he sees the card he has given them. By a little thought the field of calculation is greatly narrowed. The punter drawing has either ace, deuce, three, or four, or two tenth cards which signify nothing; and the dealer makes his conclusions accordingly, whether to stand upon a weak point or to draw a card in the hope of making it stronger. As only one supplementary card is drawn at baccarat, there is nothing like the variety of chances as at vingt-et-un.

The banker has another advantage in knowing the money staked on each *tableau*. For instance, one with much money upon it has drawn, obtained a tenth card, and remains therefore unaltered. The other, which has been poorly backed, may have got a four, which may, for instance, have improved its position from two to six, or from three to seven. But the banker, if he holds five, is content to lose the smaller stake, feeling certain of the bigger one. The reason why the punter should not draw when he holds five, is the fairly obvious one that it is five to four against his improving his position. Thus, the tenth cards being null, he may get any of nine others; the lower four improve his position, the higher five draw over and destroy his chance of winning. With the dealer, however, the considerations just mentioned above may act so as to induce him to draw at five, either from the *tableau* on which the large stakes are having refused to take a card, or from its having taken a three or four, which, in conjunction with another three, would make a strong point. Besides following the game of baccarat itself, there are enthusiasts who have a card, marked in columns as at trente-et-quarante, only with a red B for bank and a black P for punter, so that a record may be kept of the run of the game, whether against the dealer or for him, and the believers in runs encouraged to back their peculiar fancies in breaks or series.

Baccarat has not yet had time to add terms either to the English or American languages, like hazard, faro, whist, cribbage, all-fours, euchre, and poker; and has not enriched the common vocabulary with such elegancies as "copper," to bet against; "to euchre," to defeat; to "ring in a cold deck," for introducing a marked or prepared pack; to "straddle a blind," for covering a stake put down by a player without seeing his hand; or the droll verb employed by Mr. Bret Harte, and perfectly well known among American gamblers, to "pass in one's checks." This is the last ceremony performed by the punter at faro, who takes money for his counters when the game is over or he leaves it. Hence the hero of the *Outlaws of Poker Flat* uses it, like other gamblers of the Far West, as a synonym for death.

BERNARD H. BECKER.

THE CONGO TREATY.

THAT the treaty signed on February 26 of the current year between the English and Portuguese Governments "respecting the Rivers Congo and Zambesi, and the territory on the West Coast of Africa, between the 8° and $5^{\circ} 12'$ of South latitude," is an instrument which touches important issues, has become sufficiently evident from the keenness with which its provisions are being challenged in influential quarters. Already last year, on the bare rumour that negotiations were afoot with the view of effecting the regulation of commercial intercourse with the countries bordering on the Lower Congo, upon a basis that involved recognition of Portuguese sovereignty in that region, Mr. Jacob Bright, as the champion of interests specially strong in Manchester, inveighed in Parliament against any arrangement of this nature as being inevitably prejudicial to the spread of civilisation and of trade in the African continent through the channel of the great Congo waterway. By anticipation, Mr. Bright sought to secure the veto of Parliament in arrest of any instrument embodying recognition of Portuguese jurisdiction in territories "on or adjacent to the Congo," quite irrespective of any consideration as to the intrinsic merits or demerits of the specific stipulations which might be contained therein. The blast of denunciation thus eagerly raised at the mere rumour of some embryonic instrument being in course of gestation, has been loudly renewed on presentation of an actually matured and provisionally signed treaty. With the view of preventing ratification by the Crown, notices of hostile motions have been given in Parliament, while efforts have been directed, not unskilfully, to impart the semblance of weighty authority to this opposition, through a parade of protests emanating from Chambers of Commerce, and therefore speciously made to do service as expressions of the mind of the mercantile community in general. The grounds advanced in these documents against the treaty are mainly that its essence is contrary to general policy, and that its stipulations must prove necessarily obstructive of a commercial development now in active progress, by substitution of a harassing and exacting jurisdiction for a state of things in which the energy of trade is free to put out the full force of its powers unthwarted by the action of authorities who, in virtue of this treaty, would be armed with faculties easily liable to vexatious exercise, and who moreover are represented as being notoriously actuated with a spirit of exaction and imposition.

Before proceeding to consider the substantive value and bearing of this treaty by the light of its text, and of the general political

reasons to be advanced in its behalf, it is well to grasp the grounds on which it is specially deprecated, as well as the peculiar forces that combine in setting their faces against any compact implying recognition of Portuguese sovereignty in this African region. These forces are of two distinct natures, the one mercantile and the other sentimental. The former, to put it briefly, declare that by giving Portugal the right to impose what duty she pleases on all traffic on the Congo, British commerce with the African continent will be impaired, if not destroyed. This apprehension is sought to be demonstrated by the circumstances alleged without reservation by Mr. Hutton, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, that under the tariff sanctioned by the treaty two staple categories of goods exported to the Congo market will be subjected to charges virtually prohibitory, viz., bleached and unbleached goods to a duty, estimated by Mr. Hutton as amounting to from "30 to 35 per cent. on the value," and printed and dyed goods to one amounting to from "25 to 30 per cent. on the value," while on Birmingham goods, such as guns, we are told, "this liberal tariff is 120 per cent., and on powder 100 per cent. on the value." The sentimental forces, acting in co-operation with these mercantile interests, are supplied partly by the Anti-Slavery Association, whose members have inherited from olden days a distrust of Portugal, and partly by the religious prejudices entertained by an active and influential missionary body in this country against the presence of a jurisdiction wielded by a Roman Catholic power.

In considering the specific objections passed by trade representatives against the provisions of this treaty, it is desirable to define clearly the area of territory affected by it. The language employed by its adversaries might easily lead to the conclusion that it involved the recognition of Portuguese jurisdiction into the very heart of the African continent. It does nothing of the kind. While recognising the sovereignty of the Portuguese Crown along the West African coast line stretching between 8° and $5^{\circ} 12'$ of south latitude, the treaty strictly limits such recognition eastward on the River Congo at a spot called Nokki, situated about one hundred and ten miles up stream. The Congo area affected by the stipulations in this treaty is therefore confined solely to the estuary of the river, while special and most explicit safeguards are introduced for the absolute protection of settlers on the upper banks from suffering in their interests through the levy of any tolls whatever on goods in transit, whether by water or by land, through the districts recognised as being under Portuguese jurisdiction. This point, of capital importance for a just appreciation of the practical bearings of the treaty, its opponents are prone to keep out of sight in their sweeping denunciations of its stipulations. By the second article it is secured,

in explicit terms, that within the defined territory foreigners of all nationalities "shall enjoy the same benefits, advantages, and treatment in every respect as the subjects of Portugal; shall have full liberty to enter, travel, and reside with their families in any part of the said territory; shall be permitted to establish factories or trading stations; to possess, purchase, rent, or lease, land, houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises, and all other kinds of property; and shall be allowed to carry on their commerce by wholesale or retail, either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ." After a general recognition of the "entire freedom to commerce and navigation" for the subjects and flags of all nations of the Zambesi and Congo, special safeguards are introduced in the fourth article that this declaration in regard to the portion of the latter river affected by the Treaty should not be a dead letter. In the first place, it is expressly contracted that on all "rivers and waterways within the territory specified in Article 1. and along the sea-coast thereof," trade or navigation shall be subject to no "monopoly, exclusive concession, or other impediment, nor to any customs duties, tolls, charges, fees, fines, or other imposts whatever, *not expressly provided for in the present treaty or hereafter agreed upon by the high contracting parties.*" What these special provisions are will be seen presently; here it is only desired to draw attention to the fact that it is put absolutely beyond the power of one party to the treaty ever to relieve itself, of its own action, from the provisions so stipulated. If any modification of the duties and dues "expressly provided for in the present treaty," is to take place, this can only be by agreement between the two contracting parties. As, however, the preamble of this instrument expressly records among its objects "the development of commerce and civilisation in the African continent," and as to this end proper provision must be secured for duly rendering the waterways accessible to navigation, the authority for making regulations for the police of the Congo, for supervising their execution, and for fixing the tolls that may be levied in discharge of works necessary for the promotion of trade and navigation, is vested in a Mixed Commission, in which Great Britain and Portugal are on an equal footing. It is, therefore, manifest that a most effective check is here secured against the danger lest the execution of the provisions on paper for satisfactory approach to the Congo waterway should prove illusory. It has already been noticed that transit dues are expressly barred, but it is right to point out that the prohibition is in the most explicit form, being embodied in a special article. No duties, "direct or indirect," of whatever denomination, are to be levied on goods in transit, even though transhipped or landed in bond; while in regard to transhipment or landing in bond (operations necessarily involving

the supervision of Portuguese customs officers), no charges whatever are to be levied other than according to a scale sanctioned by the Mixed Commission, a provision affording effective protection against the extortions which the opponents of the treaty affirm Portuguese officials are given to when free to act of their own accord.

In a letter which appeared in the *Times*, May 19th, Mr. Jacob Bright drew an appalling picture of the "harassing regulations" to which the shipping interest would be liable in the event of the ratification of this treaty. He went so far as to say that "practically it would be at the option of the customs what penalty they may impose" for a mere "clerical error" in a ship's manifest. It is perplexing to meet with so startling an allegation in presence of very explicit prohibition, contained in the fourth article, of "any customs duties, tolls, charges, fines, or other imposts whatever, not expressly provided for;" and to encounter such total disregard of a clause the practical bearing of which is thus summarized by Lord S. Fitzmaurice in his reply of March 21 to Mr. Hutton:—"The *navigation, police, and general control* of the River Congo are placed under a Mixed Commission, thereby extending, for the first time, the principles of the Treaty of Vienna in regard to freedom of navigation, to a river in Africa." No words are needed to emphasize the importance of such a fact. Notwithstanding this signal boon obtained on behalf of the promotion of "commerce and civilization" in Africa by the principles recognised and the provisions secured, in the previous articles, for freedom of navigation in the most complete sense of the Congo river, it is another article, the ninth, which has attracted the liveliest attention and has afforded the chief matter for challenge and controversy. The article in question regulates the duties for payment of which British traders are to be liable during the duration of the treaty. This article is divided into five paragraphs, each dealing with a distinct and important point. The first paragraph fixes the customs tariff applicable to goods imported into the territory affected by the Treaty. This tariff is one which shall not exceed in its charges those scheduled in the Mozambique Tariff of 1877, an obligation rendered binding for ten years from date of ratification, nor after that can there be any revision otherwise than with the assent of the two contracting parties, while it is furthermore expressly provided that no alteration shall come into force pending any revision. Practically these terms afford a guarantee for the maintenance in perpetuity of the tariff fixed as a standard unless England previously concurs in its modification.

The second paragraph then proceeds to record, in elaborately explicit terms, a proviso which must materially modify, in a sense greatly to the advantage of British trade, the tariff previously

set up as a general standard for the maximum. By the forty-first article of the Mozambique tariff of 1877, a differential benefit of 50 per cent. on the duties scheduled was reserved in favour of all "goods and merchandize produced or manufactured in the continental part of the kingdom or the adjacent islands, or else nationalized therein by payment of excise or active duties. . . as well as all colonial goods arriving from the transmarine possessions of Portugal." The proviso does away with every shred of differential duty. Not only are British ships at no time to be liable to payment of any duty or charge, "*or to be subject to any restrictions,*" than such as are payable by or imposed on Portuguese ships, but goods belonging to British subjects, *irrespective of their origin*, as well as goods merely imported in British ships, are secured immunity from all differential treatment and shall be "in every respect" on the same footing as goods the property of Portuguese subjects, whether imported in Portuguese ships or the produce or manufacture of Portugal. And in order to remove beyond all possibility of cavil, the full bearing and scope of this proviso, it is expressly recited in a further paragraph that the aforesaid equality of treatment "shall apply to British vessels and goods from whatever port or place arriving, and whatever may be their place of destination," thus ensuring to British merchants and shippers participation, free from all hindrance and impediment, in the coasting trade whether along the seaboard immediately contiguous or from ports situated in other Portuguese possessions. By the fourth paragraph it is contracted that for ten years after exchange of ratification, the tariffs "at present" in force in all the African possessions of Portugal "shall not be raised," a stipulation that secures permanency for the period; but after lapse of the same leaves Portugal free to make of her own action any alteration she might see fit to introduce in the tariff of any African possession other than the region coming within the definition of limits recited in Article I. Finally a fifth paragraph relieves British ships *bound for British ports* from the vexatious obligation of having to take out bills of health or undergoing quarantine formalities.

Such being the stipulations of this capital article in the treaty, it is right to weigh the specific objections raised by its most conspicuous and competent opponents, the Chambers of Commerce in Manchester and in Glasgow, and by the Liverpool African Association. In the first place, exception is directly taken to the standard that has been selected for the maximum of duties leviable. Mr. Hutton deals a satirical hit at the Foreign Office for having applied the term "liberal" to the Mozambique tariff. The fact, however, is beyond challenge, that of all tariffs in force in Portuguese Colonial possessions, this Mozambique tariff is much the lowest. It is also a fact that in 1877 this lowered tariff was put in force

avowedly to counteract the deviation of trade from Mozambique ports, which was being experienced owing to the attraction at Zanzibar of a tariff favourable to commerce. It is further the fact that as compared with the duties in force in the Angola Colony, the most considerable Portuguese West African possession, the reduction secured through application of the Mozambique tariff, is very considerable. Notwithstanding the grievous discouragement to a development of trade necessarily resulting from the high duties, moreover aggravated by differential charges, imposed in the Angola ports, it will be found that it has not been able to stifle an expansion of trade between Great Britain and Portuguese Africa. It would seem, therefore, to need something more than the mere dictum even of a President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, to substantiate the proposition that under a tariff demonstrably much lighter, and under regulations so demonstrably guarded against vexatious imposts, "a yoke will be placed on the neck of every merchant and shipowner which will strangle their trade, and ultimately compel them to abandon it." It is the object and scope of the Congo treaty to render impossible the oppressive tariff and arbitrary regulations imposed on British wares in other Portuguese possessions.

When in 1877 the new tariff was framed for Mozambique, the recorded intention of the Commission was that the highest duty should not exceed a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* standard. It is maintained by Mr. Hutton that on the contrary the duty as fixed by that tariff on plain unbleached cottons, and on dyed and printed Manchester and Glasgow goods, would subject these staple articles of export trade to the Congo ports to duties ranging from 25 to 30 per cent. on their value. There can be no question but that the particular contention raised by Mr. Hutton is not wholly devoid of foundation. It appears that owing to the low state of civilization amongst the native populations on the Congo, a trade of peculiar character has been carried on in this region by our manufacturers. The Congo market has been a favoured emporium for a class of inferior and flimsy fabrics that found no sale on the Mozambique coast, and which are of such incredibly low price, varying from 1s. to 2½d. per yard, that the duty, as fixed by the tariff, would really be burdensome. The case in point is therefore a special one. Had the Manchester Chamber, with its special knowledge, drawn earlier attention thereto, the matter would have been, no doubt, considered from the first. When Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice officially applied for the "advice of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in regard to the reassessment of the specific duties of the Mozambique tariff in their incidence on cotton textiles," the reply was that the Chamber declined to furnish the Government with any "advice regarding the reassessment of the specific duties of the Mozambique tariff." The severity

of the burden that would be imposed on British trade if this particular incidence of duty were not remedied, has however been recognized. The matter was pressed on the attention of the Portuguese Government with a request for a supplementary modification of the tariff so as to ensure that "in no case shall the specific rates of duty on textiles exceed the equivalent of ten per cent. *ad valorem*." On March 27, official intimation reached the Foreign Office of the redress of the grievance by acceptance on the part of Portugal of an express engagement that there should be a maximum of ten per cent. duty for the Congo "on cotton and other articles except tobacco, guns, brandy, and gunpowder." It is therefore a fact that the special grievance adduced by Mr. Hutton against the tariff provisions has been effectually removed. Nor can it be alleged that the excepted articles are subjected to charges of an excessive character. While in Natal 6s. 3d. and at the Cape 8s. 3d. are levied per gallon on spirits, the Congo traders will pay but 1s. 10d.; gunpowder, on which 6d. per lb. is levied in Natal, will be liable to only 2½d. per lb., while the Birmingham manufacturer, instead of having to pay £1 per gun as in Natal, will be empowered to furnish the natives with guns and pistols at a respective duty of 6s. 8d., and 2s. 2d. each. It is no exaggeration to say that the protests on commercial grounds against the provisions of the treaty have emanated not from those who are entitled to rank as the spokesmen of trade in a comprehensive sense, but from representatives of certain specific and individual interests. Speaking at the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, Mr. McLaren said, "It was very well known in Manchester and elsewhere that to a very large extent the people who were opposing the treaty were people interested in the Congo trade, and who were desirous that things should be allowed to remain as at present. Unquestionably the traders who had got this trade in hand had a very large monopoly, and they were enabled to reap very large profits." On the motion of Sir Jacob Behrens a memorial was voted by this Chamber in support of ratification of the treaty marked by elaborate and careful criticism of its provisions. The Cotton Spinners' Association in Manchester likewise recorded its opinion in a resolution, "That the Congo Treaty will tend to promote the interests of trade in that district, and by the maintenance of order, *enable small traders to conduct their business on terms of perfect equality with their more wealthy and powerful competitors.*" These words deserve particular attention. They are pregnant with meaning as to the peculiar interests arrayed on mercantile grounds against the treaty.

At this point it will be fitting to consider the position taken up by the other forces, humanitarian and religious, which are co-operating with these specific mercantile interests in vigorously opposing the conclusion of any arrangement that would involve recognition of

Portuguese jurisdiction in this Congo region. As already stated, they are recruited in Anti-Slavery and in Missionary circles. In an official communication to Lord Granville, signed by the President, Chairman, and other officers of the Anti-Slavery Society, the statement is made that the "Committee are able to show, on unquestionable evidence, that at this very time the slave trade is to a considerable amount being carried on by the Portuguese from their settlements in Loanda," and that "in view of the ineffective and corrupt character of the Administration of Portugal in her African territories the committee are compelled to regard an occupation of any part of the river Congo as obstructive to any real suppression of the slave trade, and subversive of any hope of its being soon supplanted in those regions of Africa by a larger extension of legitimate commerce and of Christian civilisation." In reply, the society was invited to "forward papers containing evidence in support of the statement that the slave trade is still carried on from the Portuguese possessions on the West Coast of Africa." The society accordingly forwarded to the Foreign Office four documents, one being an extract from a book written by Lord Mayo, and the three others anonymous extracts from letters by Congo merchants. They can be read in the Parliamentary Papers No. 5. These documents wholly fail to establish the allegation of a slave trade being still in force. What is shown to exist is a system of contract labour, such as obtains in a great many colonial possessions, including our own. One of the witnesses called into court by the society writes himself, "Slavery does not exist *de jure*, and not under the conditions which are commonly attached to the word; but *de facto* it exists under the appellation of "engagement libre." This is nothing more than a system of indenture akin to the coolie labour. This system is in force for the Island of San Thomé, a fertile colony off the West coast. The labourers are imported from the continent under a four years' contract according to regulations laid down in a royal decree bearing date 1878. After expiration of this time the labourers should be provided with a return passage. This condition it is affirmed is systematically evaded, the labourers being induced to enter again into contract. If this does happen, there is no evidence to show that the labourers are subjected to harsh treatment. The elaborate Government regulations for their protection would seem to be diligently observed, according to the report of Consul Cohen, who visited the island in 1882, and is far from being a witness biassed in favour of the Portuguese. "I must bear testimony," are his words, "to the zeal of the authorities in carefully seeing that the labourers are regularly paid their monthly earnings, and any complaint of abuses or ill-treatment by employers strictly examined into, and if convicted, are severely dealt with." Individual cases

of hardship may occur, and no doubt do occur. The matter may well be one calling for the vigilant attention of philanthropists with the view of ensuring careful observation of regulations for the tender treatment of these labourers under contract, but this much must be admitted by any one who has impartially considered the evidence adduced in support of the statements made by the Anti-Slavery Society, and repeated in a memorandum addressed to Mr. S. Smith, M.P., by a certain number of Liverpool merchants interested in the West African trade, that it entirely fails to substantiate the charge that "at this very time the slave trade is being carried on by the Portuguese" on the West Coast of Africa. If however such a trade was really being carried on clandestinely, it should be taken note of in fairness, that the twelfth article of the treaty not merely confirms in respect of the territory now recognised as a Portuguese possession, all the stipulations contained in former treaties against slavery, but arms British cruisers with powers never before granted in virtue of which they would be authorised "to enter the bays, ports, creeks, rivers, and other places in the eastern African colonies in possession of Portugal, where no Portuguese authorities shall be established, and to prevent the slave trade from being carried on in such places." It is admitted on all hands that whatever slave trade exists is carried on along the sparsely colonised regions of the east African coast within the range of Portuguese title. Therefore the concession here made whereby British cruisers are henceforth empowered to exercise police right in Portuguese waters, constitutes an unprecedented and most effective weapon in repression of any slave trade still in force. It is strange the Anti-Slavery Society should have omitted all reference to this east African trade, and that while making charges against the Portuguese authorities in connection with an imaginary traffic on the west coast, no allusions occurs in any memorial from this society to the stimulus given to the exportation of slaves from the east coast through the high profits accruing to the brokers of forced labour in the French settlements off the Madagascar coast.

If I have had to comment unfavourably on the allegations made by the representatives of the Anti-Slavery Society, I regret to be under the necessity of speaking even less favourably of the statements put forward by Baptist Missionaries. A plea may be found on behalf of the former in the circumstance that as residents in this country, and as men animated with a hot zeal for the promotion of a generous cause, they were liable to be duped by narratives concocted with plausibility. The Baptist Missionaries, on the contrary, affect to speak from personal knowledge. In coming before the public they lay claim to the character of witnesses authoritatively testifying to facts from personal experience. Yet I venture to affirm that of the statements put forward by them in tones of absolute

confidence, not only are many most inaccurate, but some are couched in language studiously misleading, while in regard to others, I am at a loss to see how they can be brought into union with a spirit of candour. The Rev. Mr. Bentley, a Congo Missionary, who has recently returned after five years residence there, and must therefore be quite aware of the actual state of things in that region, distinctly assumes the responsibility, "after having gone very carefully into the matter," of vouching in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 20 for the statement that the duties will amount to "as much as 30 and 40 per cent. on the goods imported to the Congo," and impose on the "Baptist Missionary Society a tax of £3,000 a year;" and he adds very naturally (if his statement were correct), "so you see we have some reason to feel aggrieved, more especially as this black mail will be levied on the glass beads and brass rods, which we import without the slightest corresponding advantage whatever." The inevitable inference from the foregoing words can only be, that the stations of the Baptist mission are situated within the territory subject to the tariff regulations of the Treaty, whereas the fact, entirely ignored by Mr. Bentley, is that only one out of the whole chain of stations, that at Banang at the mouth of the Congo, would lie inside the territory affected. The point is of such capital importance as a test of the trustworthiness of statements advanced with reckless boldness, that it demands special attention. The headquarters of the Baptist Mission are at Leopoldville, on Stanley Pool. In the interior, at San Salvador, there is likewise an important mission, and on the river bank at Manyanga, Baynestown and Underhill, there are stations. Every one of these settlements is outside of, and wholly unaffected by, this treaty. With the exception of the one at Banana, they will be for the future in the enjoyment of precisely the same immunities in regard to the payment of duties, as they have enjoyed in the past, as far as the Treaty is concerned. The assumed annual tax of £3,000 is an absolute myth. Not one word of reference has been vouched by Mr. Bentley to the stipulations which fix the limit of Portuguese jurisdiction at Nokki and refuse Portugal the power of levying any kind of transit duty, direct or indirect, on goods carried by water through the Portuguese stretch of the Congo. This omission is the more singular as Mr. Bentley, from his personal acquaintance with the locality and his intimacy with the subject matter of the Treaty, must be perfectly cognizant of the fact that, in determining the delimitation of Portuguese sovereignty at this particular point, Lord Granville actually declined to sign the Treaty until the Portuguese Government had recognised, in a manner to put the matter out of all future question, that the landing place for ocean steamers connected with the station at Vivi, of the Belgium International Association, was outside its frontiers.

There remains, however, the religious interest—the assumed danger to the ministry of a Protestant denomination of being exposed to persecution at the hand of intolerant Roman Catholic priests strong in the physical support of bigoted and fanatical officials. In the first place, it must occur to the reader that if these Baptist missions are situated outside the jurisdiction of Portuguese sovereignty, it is self-evident that any power conferred on Portugal by virtue of this treaty will touch their representatives as little in their character of missionary proselytisers as I have shown that they can affect their material interest. One Baptist station is, however, certainly within the recognised limits of Portuguese sovereignty—and if British trade were to prosper under the treaty, it will be reasonable to anticipate that more missionary activity might also be developed in the district. It would, therefore, have been a serious omission not to provide adequate safeguards for the protection against persecution of Protestant ministers and for the ample enjoyment of religious liberty. It baffles comprehension how stipulations of a more explicit expression or more stringent character than are to be found in the seventh article, could have been devised for attainment of full provision in behalf of absolute enjoyment of religious liberty. Besides a general declaration in protection of missionaries and ministers of all Christian denominations “in the exercise of their vocation,” and against any hindrance whatever being offered by Portuguese authorities to any “form of religious worship and religious ordinances,” it is expressly enjoined that no obstacle shall be placed in the way of “teaching the doctrines of Christianity to all persons willing and desirous to be taught,” and no native embracing “any form of Christianity” shall on that account, “or on account of teaching or exercise thereof, be liable to any molestation or trouble whatsoever.” Further, it is stipulated that special burial grounds, “within convenient distance of each of the principal towns,” shall be assigned by the local authorities; that the missionaries, “whether natives or foreigners, and religious bodies,” shall have perfect right to “erect churches, chapels, schools, and other buildings, which shall be protected by the Portuguese authorities;” lastly, that as regards “taxation and local charges,” all religious establishments, “of whatsoever denomination, shall be on a footing of perfect equality.” What more could possibly be demanded than is with so much explicitness stipulated for in these provisions? Mr. Bentley himself does not try to pick holes in these terms. He makes the admission that if “you mean to enforce the treaty vigorously it may work,” but adds the insinuation, “a Government capable of negotiating such a treaty is much more likely to allow Portuguese obstructiveness and Portuguese obstinacy to qualify the stipulations of the treaty than to insist on their execution,” and then gives it as his

opinion that "if you have any regard for the development of trade, for the freedom of religion, or for peace and quietness in those regions, refuse to ratify the treaty and let matters go on as they are at present." The logic of the argumentation as against the treaty escapes my understanding. As an instrument it must be judged by what is contained in it; to say that the instrument is in its composition not bad, and yet to inveigh against it on the off-hand assumption that it will not be brought into play, is to say the least a singularly incoherent and eccentric mode of discussing the practical bearings of the treaty. The treaty embodies certain definite stipulations; these may in themselves be inadequate; that would be an intelligible proposition. It is not intelligible how it can be maintained that the treaty ought not to be ratified, because, although its stipulations if really put in force would prove effective, it is assumed they will not be enforced by the contracting parties. It must be self-evident that should Portugal fail in the fulfilment of what she has contracted to do and observe, she forfeits the advantages *ipso facto* of the sovereign rights recognised by the treaty, and matters would then revert to that present condition which Mr. Bentley advocates as the most favourable to the "peace and quietness" of the Congo region.

This brings me to the consideration of another series of objections levelled against the treaty, not on particular but on general grounds—objections resting on the *statu quo* basis. The pleas go against any treaty whatsoever in respect of the Congo region with Portugal, as being contrary to expediency, and in defiance of a position consistently maintained by successive English Ministers in denial of any recognition of Portuguese jurisdiction in this territory. The case in support of objections to a treaty as being inexpedient rests virtually on the allegation to which Mr. Bentley gives the weight of his authority, that the existing condition in the Lower Congo is one favourable to "peace and quietness," and should therefore be left as it is. That advanced against the treaty because concluded with Portugal is made up of a combination of historical and legal pleas, and touches closely points of policy.

As regards the existing state of things in the Lower Congo, there can be no question but that an increasing trade has been going on of late years through merchants of various nationalities, who have established factories. This trade has sprung up and is being prosecuted under conditions which escape supervision, and afford no trustworthy means for gauging with accuracy its character and volume. Mr. Hutton, indeed, affirms confidently that during the last five years "the trade to the Congo has nearly quadrupled," but the Bradford Chamber of Commerce by no means accepts this statement, and characterizes as "very exaggerated" current computations about the recent expansion of trade in this quarter. Figures

are appended to the report of this Chamber, indicating that "instead of our exports of British manufactures to the Congo ports having been doubled within five years, they have actually grown smaller." The same report, which acquires a special character from having been written by so great an authority in trading matters as Sir Jacob Behrens, shows that of forty-nine "independent" factories only four are English. Notwithstanding the numerical inferiority of English houses, there is, however, no doubt that a large share of the value of this commerce belongs to Englishmen, and should not be lightly exposed to injury. The point for consideration therefore is whether this trade is now carried on under conditions that can be held satisfactory, and are such as are entitled to command sympathy and active countenance. Sir Jacob Behrens says:—"From the absence of all recognised authority by a civilised State, the Congo territory has become a no man's land, on which the factors and agents of private firms assume and exercise the rights of peace and war, and of life and death over the blacks, enforcing a kind of slavery in virtue of contracts with native chiefs." Overwhelming evidence exists as to the lawlessness prevalent in the district, and the reckless, violent, arbitrary proceedings to which traders are apt to have recourse when encountering any action on the part of natives which they may see fit to consider adverse to their interests. There is no police other than that of superior brute strength to restrain cruel outbursts inspired by greedy passions, and practices openly prevail which missionaries elsewhere consider it a paramount duty to preach against, and which it is the special object of the Anti-Slavery Society to suppress.

There is yet one more plea advanced against the conclusion of the treaty which demands notice. It is said with much energy, that the claims put forward by Portugal to the territory in question are wholly without foundation, and that in now recognising them the British Government has acted in unwarrantable reversal of a point of policy to which successive British Ministers had clung with unflinching tenacity. To go into the chain of historical testimony adduced by the Portuguese Crown in support of its claims would be beyond the limits of this article, nor is it necessary for my purpose. It is enough to say that these claims rest on undeniable priority of discovery and general priority of occupation, through the hoisting of the national flag and the establishment of settlements along the sea-board of Western Africa. Portuguese navigators were the first explorers in this region of the world; in conformity with general practice, they went through the process of taking formal possession for their sovereign of the land they touched, and the Crown of Portugal never desisted from asserting in documents its title to these vast acquisitions, the expanse of which was greatly in excess of its physical means for complete colonization. The rights acquired by

priority of discovery were declared both by Lord Palmerston, in 1846, and Lord Clarendon, in 1853, to have lapsed through non-occupation of a region the "unrestricted intercourse" with which was affirmed to be of essential interest to England. The grounds on which these declarations were made are self-evident. At that period England was engaged in a strenuous crusade against the slave-trade, the headquarters and focus of which were on the West African coast and especially in the Congo region. In those waters war was ever being waged against a swarm of pirates, and into these waters therefore England was determined to vindicate a right of free pursuit which could not have been claimed if she had recognised them as within the jurisdiction of Portugal. It was a position taken up at a period when Portugal practically had not established herself in this region, when the only title that could be shown was one on paper, when the only trade carried on was the infamous trade in human beings, and when England was engaged, might and main, in fighting and putting down the iniquitous traffic.

Now, however, the whole condition of things is changed. There is no slave-trade any longer on the Congo waters or anywhere on the West coast. But another trade has sprung up, a trade carried on by an aggregation of merchants from all countries, plying their avocations under conditions exempt from all police control, and marked by a state of things without fixed order and law. And this state of things is coincident with three important facts. 1. The interest which made it essential for England as an armed power to enter freely up the Congo waters has vanished with the cause that called for the presence of her cruisers, viz., the slave-trade. 2. The material development of Portuguese authority and organization in the settlements immediately contiguous, whereby reasonable ground would appear given for assuming that the actual extension of jurisdiction over the territory to which claims have always been laid, might be made to prove specially beneficial. 3. The simultaneous appearance and spread of new forces in the neighbourhood, which may very materially affect the general relations in that region, and possibly involve a distribution of power as well as an enforcement of regulations that would threaten to disturb the interest of commerce and free intercourse. It is upon a due consideration of these three facts that must depend judgment, whether, under existing circumstances, and quite irrespective of the stipulations it may embody, any treaty at all should be made involving recognition of Portuguese rights, the view of ensuring orderly governments on the Lower Congo. "Let matters go on as they are at present; but if that is impossible, then in that case you should hand over the Lower Congo to the International Association," is Mr. Bentley's recommendation; adding that

this body "could hold *the Congo in trust for the commerce of the world.*" It is essential to see clearly in respect of this African Association, for the opponents of the treaty are prone to hold it dimly up before the public as a kind of philanthropic and brotherly body, diffusing peace and love, and animated with a sublime spirit of purely liberal enterprise. It is not, however, quite easy to get hold of the requisite facts. A certain obscurity shrouds the steps of the Association, and makes it difficult to determine its actual doings; though the energy characteristic of its eminent executive chief, Mr. Stanley, is unmistakably evident. A pamphlet "by a participant in the enterprise," furnishes what would seem to be official data about the proceedings of the "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo," founded in November, 1878, at Brussels, under the direct patronage and with the pecuniary assistance of the King of the Belgians, who, it has been stated in print, has himself inspired the publication in question. "The views and projects of the committee were inspired," we are told, "by purely philanthropic and scientific motives. It undertook to conduct exploration, but it had *no intention of engaging in commercial operations.*" The Association thus formed was a strictly private one. It possessed no charter. The King of the Belgians in his individual capacity stood at its back with the aid of his private fortune, but there was no pretence of Belgium as a state extending any recognition to the Association. It was simply a body of enterprising adventurers recruited from all countries indiscriminately and banded together by a common spirit of exploration. An Association of this constitution cannot lay claim to any international status, and can afford no such guarantees for the character of its operations as appertained to a body like the East India Company, acting under a charter which had behind it the controlling authority of a great State.

Under Mr. Stanley's leadership expeditions were dispatched, and at the date of this pamphlet (1883) the number of Europeans and Americans engaged in the service of the Association is stated to have exceeded fifty, who have formed stations at various points. How many of these exist is not quite clear. The pamphlet appears to mention no more than five, but on a map published this year at Brussels by Dr. Chavanne, and purporting to give the delineation of the present condition of these equatorial regions, a very considerable number of spots are marked, both along the Congo and across the continent between that river and the mouth of the Kionia, as settlements of the Association, and christened with characteristic names. If the Association considers itself to have a legal title to all the spots so indicated, the importance of the pretensions deserves serious attention, for, notwithstanding the disclaimer in the pamphlet of any commercial or other than scientific aims, facts have recently come to light which impart a very peculiar aspect

to certain transactions of the Association.* In the Blue Book just presented to Parliament will be found three treaties concluded by the representatives of the Association with native chiefs; the terms in each being practically identical. They comprise—1st. Absolute cession and abandonment to the Comité d'Etudes of territories belonging to the chiefs. 2nd. Surrender by these chiefs to any right of levying tolls, as also of disposing of the natural resources in their territories, it being expressly stipulated that to the Comité d'Etudes is to be ceded the right "to cultivate unoccupied lands, to exploit the forests, to fell trees, to gather caoutchouc, copal, wax, honey, and, generally speaking, all the natural produce that can be found; to fish in the streams, rivers, and watercourses; to exploit all the mines." 3rd. Obligation on the chiefs to furnish labour at "each station or factory." 4th. Obligation on the chiefs to join their forces with those of the Comité against all "*intruders, no matter of what colour.*" 5th. *Strict engagements that no others than agents of the Comité shall be allowed to come into and trade in the territories of these chiefs.* The terms on which this monopoly is set up in favour of the Comité are explicit beyond all possibility of doubt as to their meaning. Every article in these treaties is elaborately precise, and so framed as to defy all challenge as to its purport. Here is one enumerating with minute detail the valuable considerations against which the independent chiefs of the district Palla Balla have bartered away to the Comité whatever they had to dispose of:—"The cession of the territories specified in the last paragraph of Article I. is agreed to in consideration of a present given once for all:—1 coat of red cloth with gold facing, 1 red cap, 1 white tunic, 1 piece of white caft, 1 piece of red points, 1 one dozen box of liqueurs, 4 demijohns of rum, 2 boxes of gin, 128 bottles of gin (Hollands), 20 pieces of red handkerchiefs, 40 cringlets, and 40 red cotton caps, which the aforementioned chief admits having received." It appears from a dispatch of Colonel Cohen's, dated November, 1883, that the execution of the treaty containing this particular article, relating to a district lying to the south of the Congo, has met with some difficulty, the native chiefs having made a declaration to the representative of a Dutch factory, that they had not been aware of the meaning of the contract they had been induced to sign. It likewise appears that Lieutenant Van de Velde, the "Commandant of the International Association, sought to enforce acceptance of the treaty by placing an armed force in the town [of Palla Balla] and stopping all communication with Nokki." Subsequently, however, he saw reason to withdraw this force, and apparently fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty has been for the present suspended, without, however, the treaty itself having been cancelled;

so that its stipulations might at any moment be invoked as binding on the natives, and as giving a title to the Association or any one to whom it might cede its rights. Possibly this catalogue of values proffered in consideration for the acquisition of title to exclusive rights may suggest reflections to the minds of those who have been loudly proclaiming the absolute disinterestedness of aim, and purely philanthropic principles actuating the pioneers of civilisation enrolled under the banner of the Comité du Haut Congo.

If this be so, additional matter for reflection cannot fail to be supplied by certain incidents of quite recent occurrence. Simultaneously with the expedition dispatched under the direction of Mr. Stanley, others were fitted out, also, it was stated, by private enterprise in France, to explore regions in the neighbourhood of the Congo, under the guidance of M. de Brazza. When, in July, 1881, Stanley reached the great Congo Lake, Stanley Pool, he found on the northern bank M. de Brazza, who had worked his way from the river Ogouvé in the north, and had hoisted the French flag in sign of French dominion, over a settlement christened Brazzaville, in virtue of a cession of territory by treaty from a native chief. The claim so put forward in the name of France has not been disowned by the home authorities, nor has M. de Brazza limited the title of French acquisition to this one settlement. On the Ogouvé, a river, though not free from rapids, yet readily navigable to the sea, and in close proximity to the French settlement on the Gaboon, a station christened Franceville has been founded, which has been put into communication by road with Brazzaville. In correspondence with this extension of French dominion in the interior and on the banks of the Upper Congo, there has been another significant extension of the same on the sea-coast.

In the Parliamentary papers (Africa, No. 4) will be found all the documentary evidence as to the high-handed proceedings, in March, 1883, of Lieutenant Cordier, commanding the *Sagittaire*, man-of-war, who on the strength of an assumed desire on the part of some chiefs to enjoy the advantages of French protection, landed an armed force and took possession of Loango, which commands the entrance of the river Kwilu, affording a channel easily accessible and leading to points in close proximity to the Congo. In spite of the protest made by the Portuguese authorities, the flag of France continues to fly on the structure erected by Lieutenant Cordier. It is therefore indisputable that French conquest is being pushed in these quarters with marked energy. It must also be pointed out, that from this very point commences a stretch of three hundred miles along the seaboard up to Sette Cama, which is claimed by the Comité d'Etudes, whose flag has been hoisted along this tract in virtue of a treaty made by its agent, Captain Grant Elliot. Under

circumstances like these it is impossible not to recognise at once the serious consequences that may be involved in the understanding (the existence of which is not denied) come to between the representatives of the Comité d'Etudes and the French Government, by which refusal is secured to the latter of all the interests in possession of the former in the event of the Association feeling disposed to withdraw from further prosecution of its action. The fact is beyond question that a contract has been signed, by which France would be in the position to claim the right to acquire possessions which as far as they depend on documentary titles would certainly stretch along the banks of the Congo, and over a range of territory extending from an unknown point in the interior to the Gaboon River inclusive. The presence of French authority installed on the Congo is deprecated by Mr. Bentley as even more objectionable than that of Portugal. "It may be better, no doubt, to have Portuguese there than to allow it to fall into the hands of France, who lately has given us a very disagreeable example of her methods in Africa on the Gaboon, where she has stopped missionary operations and done her best to cripple foreign trade."

It is matter for surprise that, as far as I am aware, it has been left to this gentleman alone to glance at the consequences likely to be entailed on foreign trade in the event of the extension to the Congo of the tariff regulations in force in the immediately contiguous west African possessions of France. Not one word of allusion to this consideration occurs in the representations made by the mercantile bodies prominent in protesting against results, which, in their opinion, must ensue if the treaty in question comes into operation. It is, however, very evident that by the contract concluded between the Comité d'Etudes and France, the contingency of an extension to the Congo, Upper and Lower, of the commercial system in force in the French-African settlement, is by no means a remote one in the event of the present treaty falling through. The continued existence of the Association is in itself precarious. Practically it is the outcome of personal sacrifices on the part of one august individual, who has seen fit to devote large private means in its behalf. If the source of this supply should fail, the Association has nothing to fall back upon for material support adequate to effective maintenance of its ambitious undertakings. In such an event it would necessarily have to abandon its present position, and consequently the case contemplated in the convention with France would come into play. It is therefore a point of primary importance to bear in mind that, however much it might be desirable to have duties lower even than those in the tariff attached to the treaty, in every respect its regulations are infinitely more favourable than those of the Gaboon settlements tariff, and of the restrictions imposed on the navigation of the

African waterways within French dominion. Under the existing Gaboon tariff, in virtue of a Presidential decree dated June 28, 1883, differential duties of 20 per cent. are exacted in favour of French goods. These differential duties are at the present time under revision, with the view of being raised to 75 per cent. In addition, navigation duties are levied on ships not of French origin, called *octroi de mer* and anchorage dues—charges which are specially proscribed under this treaty. Furthermore, an absolute monopoly has been established in favour of French ships, to the exclusion even of such foreign vessels as have paid the duties termed *droits et actes de francisation* for navigation of the rivers Senegal and (still more important) of the Ogouvé, the river leading up to Franceville, the station constructed by De Brazza, and the point from which a road has been made for caravan traffic to Brazzaville on the Congo. It requires no comment to bring out the serious character of this fact. It does, however, pass comprehension that men versed in trade and practically cognisant of the realities of the case, should have wholly disregarded to take any notice of this point in their criticisms of the consequences which the commercial regulations, sanctioned by this treaty, are likely to have on the fortunes of commerce in these African regions.

The only remaining point made against the letter of the treaty has been drawn from foreign parts. It has been said that the treaty must be bad because foreign traders as well as English have complained, and that any arrangement in regard to the Congo region must be self-condemned when concluded between England and Portugal in entire disregard of other Powers. It is true that foreign traders have raised their voices against the treaty coming into force. Notably, in Holland and Germany has this happened. At a recent meeting of the Berlin Colonial Society, the secretary of the German Commercial Association, Consul Anneke, denounced this treaty as an instrument designed by England for the purpose of effectually barring the expansion of German trade with the Congo. That both these countries have carried on considerable trade with the Congo is undeniable. Foreign interests, however, have been perfectly safeguarded by the conditions on which the treaty has been negotiated. The allegations that this instrument implies a cession by England, and involves England in like individual obligations, is strangely at variance with fact. At so early a stage of the negotiations as March 15th, Earl Granville laid it down that the treaty "could not be a mere dual arrangement between the two countries," and that its "acceptance by other Powers would be indispensable before it could come into operation." According to Lord Granville's original proposal, the Commission to be intrusted with the responsibility for the proper observance of the

stipulations regulating the navigation and trade of the Congo was to be one on which all the Powers were to be represented, according to the precedent of the Danube Commission. To ascribe to the English negotiators, as has been done by the Secretary of the German Commercial Association, a desire to steal a march and strike a selfish bargain, is simply absurd. The basis of the arrangement in the mind of the English negotiator was an international one ; and from that basis he has not receded.

There is, therefore, as far as England is concerned, nothing to obstruct any Power from advancing any pleas it may have in behalf of special interests that may require further consideration, as the preliminary conditions to its adhesion. The basis of the arrangement is not bilateral, but distinctly international, and therefore, in spirit and intention, designed for the promotion of general interests. It is undeniable that existing interests are closely connected with the existing state on the Congo. These individual interests must be touched by an alteration involving a regulated payment by all indiscriminately of fixed duties, for a state where every one made the best bargain and secured the greatest advantage he could over his neighbours, through playing adroitly on the ignorance and the weakness of the natives. The condition of things in the Lower Congo under the regulations of this treaty would be one attended by order and by definite laws, in lieu of one marked at fits and starts by bargains at immense profits and by violent disorders. This improved state of things would, by the terms of the treaty, be put virtually under an international safeguard, and thereby secure for the commerce of the world at large free entry through the great waterway into the heart of the African continent. That an arrangement necessarily so advantageous in itself would be also singularly opportune at the present moment must be admitted by fair-minded observers. The secretary of the German Commercial Association himself, angry critic though he was, at the close of his address alludes to "intrigues at work on the Congo, such as cession of the settlements of the International Association to France;" and to new difficulties that might "arise at any moment." Under these circumstances it is to be hoped that public opinion will not allow itself to be misled by plausible and *ex parte* representations from interested parties into a false view of the bearings of a treaty which may, indeed, thwart the operations hitherto carried on by particular traders, but which will certainly extend to commerce at large and to civilisation as it presses forward in the region of the Lower Congo, the protection of settled government, with effective safeguards against harassing and vexatious interference in arrest of free intercourse and the enjoyment of religious liberty.

W. C. CARTWRIGHT.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINING HINTS OF HOW STRANGE MARRIAGES ARE CAUSED.

A FORTNIGHT after this memorable Ball the principal actors of both sexes had crossed the Channel back to England, and old Ireland was left to her rains from above and her undrained bogs below ; her physical and her mental vapours ; her ailments and her bog-bred doctors ; as to whom the governing country trusted they would be silent or discourse humorously.

The residence of Sir Lukin Dunstane, in the county of Surrey, inherited by him during his recent term of Indian service, was on the hills, where a day of Italian sky, or better, a day of our breezy South-West, washed from the showery night, gives distantly a tower to view, and a murky web, not without colour : the ever-flying banner of the metropolis ; the smoke of the city's chimneys, if you prefer plain language. At a first inspection of the house, Lady Dunstane did not like it, and it was advertised to be let, and the auctioneer proclaimed it in his dialect. Her taste was delicate ; she had the sensitiveness of an invalid : twice she read the stalking advertisement of the attractions of Copsley, and hearing Diana call it 'the plush of speech,' she shuddered ; she decided that a place where her husband's family had lived ought not to stand forth meretriciously spangled and daubed, like a show-booth at a fair, for a bait ; though the grandiloquent man of advertising letters assured Sir Lukin that a public agape for the big and gaudy mouthful is in no milder way to be caught ; as it is apparently the case. She withdrew 'the trumpeting placard. Retract we likewise 'banner of the metropolis.' That plush of speech haunts all efforts to swell and illuminate citizen prose to a princely poetic.

Yet Lady Dunstane herself could name the bank of smoke, when looking North-Eastward from her summer-house, the flag of London : and she was a person of the critical mind, well able to distinguish between the simple metaphor and the superobese. A term of habitation induced her to cancel her dislike of the place in love : cat's love, she owned. Here, she confessed to Diana, she would wish to live to her end. It seemed remote, where an invigorating upper air gave new bloom to her cheeks ; but she kept one secret from her friend.

In the Spring Diana went on a first pilgrimage to her old home,

the Crossways, and was kindly entertained by the uncle and aunt of a treasured nephew, Mr. Augustus Warwick. She rode with him on the downs. A visit of a week humanized her view of the intruders. She wrote almost tenderly of her host and hostess to Lady Dunstane; they had but 'the one fault of spoiling their nephew.' Him she described as a 'gentlemanly official,' a picture of him. His age was thirty-four. He seemed 'fond of her scenery.' Then her pen swept over the downs like a flying horse. Lady Dunstane thought no more of the gentlemanly official. He was a barrister who did not practice: in nothing the man for Diana. Letters came from the house of the Pettigrews in Kent; from London; from Halford Manor in Hertfordshire; from Lottkton Grange in Lincolnshire: after which they ceased to be the thrice weekly; and reading the latest of them, Lady Dunstane imagined a flustered quill. The letter succeeding the omission contained no excuse, and it was brief. There was a strange interjection, as to the wearifulness of constantly wandering, like a leaf off the tree. Diana spoke of looking for a return of the dear winter days at Copsley. That was her station. Either she must have had some disturbing experience, or Copsley was dear for a Redworth reason, thought the anxious peruser. Musing, dreaming, putting together divers shreds of correspondence and testing them with her intimate knowledge of Diana's character, Lady Dunstane conceived that the unprotected beautiful girl had suffered a persecution, it might be an insult. She spelt over the names of the guests at the houses. Lord Wroxeter was of evil report: Captain Rampan, a Turf captain, had the like notoriety. And it is impossible in a great house for the hostess to spread her agis to cover every dame and damsel present. She has to depend on the women being discreet, the men civilized, "How brutal men can be!" was one of Diana's incidental remarks in a subsequent letter, relating simply to masculine habits. In those days the famous ancestral plea of 'the passion for his charmer' had not been altogether quashed down among the provinces, where the bottle maintained a sort of sway, and the beauty which inflamed the sons of men was held to be in coy expectation of violent effects upon their boiling blood. Lady Dunstane was quick-witted and had a talkative husband; she knew a little of the upper social world of her time. She was heartily glad to have Diana by her side again.

Not a word of any serious experience was uttered. Only on one occasion while they conversed, something being mentioned of her tolerance, a flush of swarthy crimson shot over Diana, and she frowned, with the outcry, "Oh! I have discovered that I can be a tigress!"

Her friend pressed her hand, saying, "The cause a good one!"

"Women have to fight."

Diana said no more. There had been a bad experience of her isolated position in the world.

Diana regained her happy composure at Copsley. It amused Lady Dunstane to hear her say, one evening when their conversation fell by hazard on her future, that the idea of a convent was more welcome to her than the most splendid marriage. "For," she added, "as I am sure I shall never know anything of this love they rattle about and rave about, I shall do well to keep to my good single path; and I have a warning within me that a step out of it will be a wrong one—for me, dearest!"

She wished her view of the yoke to be considered purely personal, drawn from no examples and comparisons. The excellent Sir Lukin was passing a great deal of his time in London. His wife had not a word of blame for him; he was a respectful husband, and attentive when present; but so uncertain, owing to the sudden pressure of engagements, that Diana, bound on a second visit to the Crossways, doubted whether she would be able to quit her friend, whose condition did not allow of her being left solitary at Copsley. He came nevertheless a day before Diana's appointed departure on her round of visits. She was pleased with him, and let him see it, for the encouragement of a husband in the observance of his duties. One of the horses had fallen lame, so they went out for a walk, at Lady Dunstane's request. It was a delicious afternoon of Spring, with the full red disk of sun dropping behind the brown beech-twigs. She remembered long afterwards the sweet simpleness of her feelings as she took in the scent of wild flowers along the lanes and entered the woods—jaws of another monstrous and blackening experience. He fell into the sentimental vein, and a man coming from that heated London life to these glorified woods might be excused for doing so, though it sounded to her just a little ludicrous in him. She played tolerantly second to it; she quoted a snatch of poetry, and his whole face was bent to her, with the petition that she would repeat the verse. Much struck was this giant ex-dragon. Ah! how fine! grand! He would rather hear that than any opera: it was diviner! "Yes, the best poetry is," she assented. "On your lips," he said. She laughed. "I am not a particularly melodious reciter." He vowed he could listen to her eternally, eternally. His face, on a screw of the neck and shoulders, was now perpetually three-quarters fronting. Ah! she was going to leave.—"Yes, and you will find my return quite early enough," said Diana, stepping a trifle more briskly. His fist was raised on the length of the arm, as if in invocation. "Not in the whole of London is there a woman worthy to fasten your shoe-buckles! My oath on it! I look; I can't spy one." Such was his flattering eloquence.

She told him not to think it necessary to pay her compliments.

"And here, of all places!" They were in the heart of the woods. She found her hand seized—her waist. Even then, so impossible is it to conceive the unimaginable even when the apparition of it smites us, she expected some protesting absurdity, or that he had seen something in her path.—What did she hear? And from her friend's husband!

If stricken idiotic, he was a gentleman; the tigress she had detected in her composition did not require to be called forth; half-a-dozen words, direct, sharp as fangs and teeth, with the eyes burning over them, sufficed for the work of defence.—"The man who swore loyalty to Emma!" Her reproachful repulsion of eyes was unmistakable, withering; as masterful as a superior force on his muscles.—What thing had he been taking her for?—She asked it within: and he of himself, in a reflective gasp. Those eyes of hers appeared as in a cloud, with the wrath above: she had the look of a goddess in anger. He stammered, pleaded across her flying shoulder—Oh! horrible, loathsome, pitiable to hear! "A momentary aberration her beauty he deserved to be shot! could not help admiring quite lost his head on his honour! never again!"

Once in the roadway, and Copsley visible, she checked her arrowy pace for breath, and almost commiserated the dejected wretch in her thankfulness to him for silence. Nothing exonerated him, but at least he had the grace not to beg secrecy. That would have been an intolerable whine of a poltroon, adding to her humiliation. He abstained; he stood at her mercy without appealing.

She was not the woman to take poor vengeance. But, Oh! she was profoundly humiliated, shamed through and through. The question, Was I guilty of any lightness—anything to bring this on me? would not be laid. And how she pitied her friend! This house, her heart's home, was now a wreck to her: nay, worse, a hostile citadel. The burden of the task of meeting Emma with an open face, crushed her like very guilt. Yet she succeeded. After an hour in her bedchamber she managed to lock up her heart and summon the sprite of acting to her tongue and features: which ready attendant on the suffering female host performed his liveliest throughout the evening, to Emma's amusement, and, to the culprit ex-dragon's astonishment; in whom, to tell the truth of him, her sparkle and fun kindled the sense of his being less criminal than he had supposed, with a dim vision of himself as the real proven donkey for not having been a harmless dash more so. But, to be just as well as penetrating, this was only the effect of her personal charm on his nature. So it spurred him a moment, when it struck the doleful man that to have secured one kiss of those fresh and witty sparkling lips he would endure forfeits, pangs, anything save the hanging of

his culprit's head before his Emma. Reflection washed him clean. Secresy is not a medical restorative, by no means a good thing for the baffled amorously-adventurous cavalier, unless the lady's character shall have been firmly established in or over his hazy wagging noddle. Reflection informed him that the honourable, generous, proud girl spared him for the sake of the house she loved. After a night of tossing, he rose right heartily repentant. He showed it in the best manner, not dramatically. On her accepting his offer to drive her down to the valley to meet the coach, a genuine illumination of pure gratitude made a better man of him, both to look at and in feeling. She did not hesitate to consent ; and he had half expected a refusal. She talked on the way quite as usual, cheerfully, if not altogether so spiritedly. A flash of her matchless wit now and then reduced him to that abject state of man beside the fair person he has treated high cavalierly, which one craves permission to describe as pulp. He was utterly beaten.

The sight of Redworth on the valley road was a relief to them both. He had slept in one of the houses of the valley. He glanced at Diana, still with that calculating abstract air of his ; and he was rallied. He confessed to being absorbed in railways, the new lines of railways projected to thread the land and fast mapping it.

"You've not embarked money in them?" said Sir Lukin.

The answer was: "I have ; all I possess." And Redworth for a sharp instant set his eyes on Diana, indifferent to Sir Lukin's bellow of stupefaction at such gambling on the part of a prudent fellow.

He asked her where she was to be met, where written to, during the summer, in case of his wishing to send her news.

She replied: "Copsley will be the surest. I am always in communication with Lady Dunstane." She coloured deeply. The recollection of the change of her feeling for Copsley suffused her maiden mind.

The strange blush prompted an impulse in Redworth to speak to her at once of his venture in railways. But what would she understand of them, as connected with the mighty stake he was playing for? He delayed. The coach came at a trot of the horses, admired by Sir Lukin, round a corner. She entered it, her maid followed, the door banged, the horses trotted. She was off.

Her destiny of the Crossways tied a knot, barred a gate, and pointed to a new direction of the road on that fine Spring morning, when beech-buds were near the burst, cowslips yellowed the meadow-flats, and skylarks quivered upward.

For many long years Redworth had in his memory, for a comment on procrastination and excessive scrupulousness in his calculating faculty, the blue back of a coach.

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING THE SCRUPULOUS GENTLEMAN WHO CAME TOO LATE.

ON the Saturday following Redworth arrived at Copsley, with a shade deeper of the calculating look under his thick brows, habitual to him latterly. He found Lady Dunstane at her desk, pen in hand, the paper untouched; and there was an appearance of trouble about her somewhat resembling his own, as he would have observed, had he been open-minded enough to notice anything, except that she was writing a letter. He begged her to continue it; he proposed to read a book till she was at leisure.

"I have to write, and scarcely know how," said she, clearing her face to make the guest at home, and taking a chair by the fire, "I would rather chat for half an hour."

She spoke of the weather, frosty, but tonic; bad for the last days of hunting, good for the farmer and the country, let us hope.

Redworth nodded assent. It might be surmised that he was brooding over those railways, in which he had embarked his fortune. Ah! those railways! She was not long coming to the wailful exclamation upon them, both to express her personal sorrow at the disfigurement of our dear England, and lead to a little modest offering of a woman's counsel to the rash adventurer; for thus could she serviceably put aside her perplexity awhile. Those railways! When would there be peace in the land? Where one single nook of shelter and escape from them?

All his money, she heard, was down on the railway table. He might within a year have a tolerable fortune: and, of course, he *might* be ruined. He did not expect it; still he fronted the risks. "And now," said he, "I come to you for counsel. I am not held among my acquaintances to be a marrying man, as it's called."

He paused. Lady Dunstane thought it an occasion to praise him for his considerateness.

"You involve no one but yourself, you mean?" Her eyes shed approval. "Still the day may come . . . I say only that it may: and the wish to marry is a rosy colouring . . . equal to a flying chariot in conducting us across difficulties and obstructions to the deed. And then one may have to regret a previous rashness."

These practical men are sometimes obtuse: she dwelt on that vision of the future.

He listened, and resumed: "My view of marriage is, that no man should ask a woman to be his wife unless he is well able to support her in the comforts, not to say luxuries, she is accustomed to." His gaze had wandered to the desk; it fixed there. "That is Miss Merion's writing," he said.

"The letter?" said Lady Dunstane, and she stretched out her hand to press down a leaf of it. "Yes; it is from her."

He looked pertinaciously in the direction of the letter, and it was not rightly mannered. That letter, of all others, was covert and sacred to the friend. It contained the weightiest of secrets.

"I have not written to her," said Redworth.

He was astonishing: "To Diana? You could very well have done so; I fancy she knows nothing, has never given a thought to railway stocks and shares; she has a loathing for speculation."

"And speculators too, I dare say."

"It is extremely probable." Lady Dunstane spoke with an emphasis, for the man liked Diana, and would be moved by the idea of forfeiting her esteem.

"She might blame me if I did anything dishonourable."

"She certainly would."

"She will have no cause."

Lady Dunstane began to look, as at a cloud charged with remote explosions: and still for the moment she was unsuspecting. But it was a flitting moment. When he went on, and very singularly droning to her ear: "The more a man loves a woman, the more he should be positive, before asking her, that she will not have to consent to a loss of position, and I would rather lose her than fail to give her all—not be sure, as far as a man can be sure, of giving her all I think she's worthy of:" then the cloud shot a lightning flash, and the doors of her understanding swung wide to the entry of a great wonderment. A shock of pain succeeded it. Her sympathy was roused so acutely that she slipped over the reflective rebuke she would have addressed to her silly delusion concerning his purpose in speaking of his affairs to a woman. Though he did not mention Diana by name, Diana was clearly the person.

"Pray," interposed Lady Dunstane, "specify—I am rather in a mist—the exact point upon which you do me the honour to consult me." She ridiculed herself for having imagined that such a man would come to consult her upon a point of business.

"It is," he replied, "this: whether, as affairs now stand with me—I have an income from my office, and personal property . . . say between thirteen and fourteen hundred a year to start with—whether you think me justified in asking a lady to share my lot?"

She caught at a straw: "Tell me, it is not Diana?"

"Diana Merion!"

As soon as he had said it he perceived pity, and he drew himself tight for the stroke. "She's in love with some one?"

"She is engaged."

He bore it well. He was a big-chested fellow, and that execrating twist within of the revolution of the wheels of the brain

snapping their course to grind the contrary to that of the heart, was revealed in one short lift and gasp, a compression of the tremendous change he underwent.

"Why did you not speak before?" said Lady Dunstane. Her words were tremulous.

"I should have had no justification."

"You might have won her!" She could have wept; her sympathy and her self-condolence under disappointment at Diana's conduct joined to swell the feminine flood.

The poor fellow's quick breathing and blinking reminded her of cruelty in a retrospect. She generalized, to ease her spirit of regret, by hinting it without hurting: "Women really are not puppets. They are not so excessively luxurious. It is good for young women in the early days of marriage to rough it a little." She found herself droning, as he had done.

He had ears for nothing but the fact.

"Then I am too late!"

"I have heard it to-day."

"Then I must make my mind up to it," said Redworth. "I think I'll take a walk."

She smiled kindly. "It will be our secret."

"I thank you with all my heart, Lady Dunstane."

He was not a weaver of phrases in distress. His blunt reserve was eloquent of it to her, and she liked him the better; could have thanked him, too, for leaving her promptly.

When she was alone she took in the contents of the letter at a hasty glimpse. It was of one paragraph, and fired its shot like a cannon with the muzzle at her breast:—

"My own Emmy, I have been asked in marriage by Mr. Warwick, and have accepted him. Signify your approval, for I have decided that it is the wisest thing a waif can do. We are to live at the Crossways for four months of the year, so I shall have Dada in his best days and all my youngest dreams, my sunrise and morning dew, surrounding me; my old home for my new one. I write in haste, to you first, burning to hear from you. Send your blessing to yours in life and death, through all transformations,

"TONY."

That was all. Not a word of the lover about to be decorated with the title of husband.

Lady Dunstane controlled the pricking of the wound inflicted by Diana's novel exercise in laconics where the fullest flow was due to tenderness, and despatched felicitations upon the text of the initial line: "Wonders are always happening."

Redworth carried his burden though the frosty air at a pace to melt icicles in Greenland. He walked unthinkingly, right ahead,

to the red West, as he discovered when pausing to consult his watch. Time was left to return at the same pace and dress for dinner ; he swung round and picked up remembrances of sensations he had strewn by the way. She knew these woods ; he was walking in her footprints ; she was engaged to be married. Yes, his principle, never to ask a woman to marry him, never to court her, without bankbook assurance of his ability to support her in cordial comfort, was right. He maintained it, and owned himself a donkey for having stuck to it. Between him and his excellent principle there was war, without the slightest division. Warned of the danger of losing her, he would have done the same again, confessing himself donkey for his pains. The principle was right, because it was due to the woman. His rigid adherence to the principle set him belabouring his donkey-ribs, as the proper due to himself. For he might have had a chance, all through two winters. The opportunities had been numberless. Here, in this beech-wood ; near that thornbush ; on the juniper slope ; from the corner of chalk and sand in junction, to the corner of clay and chalk ; all the length of the wooded ridge he had reminders of her presence and his priceless chances : and still the standard of his conduct said No, while his heart bled.

The gentleness of Lady Dunstane soothed him during the term of a visit that was rather like purgatory sweetened by angelical tears.

Forthwith the value of railway investments rose in the market, just as asparagus-heads for cutting : a circumstance that added stings to reflection. Had he been only a little bolder, a little less the fanatical devotee of his rule of masculine honour, less the slave to the letter of success. . . . But why reflect at all ? Here was a goodly income approaching, perhaps a seat in Parliament ; a station for the airing of his opinions—and a social status for the wife now denied to him. The wife was denied to him ; he could conceive of no other. The tyrant-ridden, reticent, tenacious creature had thoroughly wedded her in mind ; her view of things had a throne beside his own, even in their differences. He perceived, agreeing or disagreeing, the motions of her brain, as he did with none other of women ; and this it is which stamps character on her, divides her from them, upraises and enspheres. He declined to live with any other of the sex.

Before he could hear of the sort of man Mr. Warwick was—a perpetual object of his quest—the bridal bells had rung, and Diana Antonia Merion lost her maiden name. She became the Mrs. Warwick of our footballing world.

Why she married, she never told. Possibly, in amazement at herself subsequently, she forgot the specific reason. That which weighs heavily in youth, and commits us to desperate action, will be

a trifle in older eyes, to blunter senses, a more enlightened understanding. Her friend Emma probed for the reason vainly. It was partly revealed to Redworth, by guess-work and a putting together of pieces, yet quite luminously—as it were by touch of tentacle-feelers—one evening that he passed with Sir Lukin Dunstane, when the lachrymose ex-dragoon and son of Idlesse had rather more than dined.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COUPLE.

Six months a married woman, Diana came to Crossley to introduce her husband. They had run over Italy: “the Italian Peninsular,” she quoted him in a letter to Lady Dunstane: and were furnishing their London house. Her first letters from Italy appeared to have a little bloom of sentiment. Augustus was mentioned as liking this and that in the land of beauty. He patronised Art, and it was a pleasure to hear him speak upon pictures and sculptures; he knew a great deal about them. “He is an authority.” Her humour soon began to play round the fortunate man, who did not seem, to the reader’s mind, to bear so well a sentimental clothing. His pride was in being very English on the Continent, and Diana’s instances of his lofty appreciations of the garden of art and nature, and statuesque walk through it, would have been more amusing if her friend could have harmonized her idea of the couple. Perhaps his worst fault was an affected superciliousness before the foreigner, not uncommon in those days. “You are to know, dear Emmy, that we English are the aristocracy of Europeans.” Lady Dunstane inclined to think we were; nevertheless, in the mouth of a ‘gentlemanly official’ the frigid arrogance added a stroke of caricature to his deportment.

He appeared. Lady Dunstane’s first impression of him recurred on his departure. His differences of opinion were prefaced by a “pardon me,” and pausing smile of the teeth; then a succinctly worded sentence or two, a perfect settlement of the dispute. He disliked argumentation. He said so, and Diana remarked it of him, speaking as a wife who merely noted a characteristic. Inside his boundary, he had neat phrases, opinions in packets. Beyond it, apparently the world was void of any particular interest.

When Diana had gone, Lady Dunstane thought she had worn a mask, in the natural manner of women trying to make the best of their choice; and she excused her poor Tony for the artful presentation of him at her own cost. But she could not excuse her for having married the man. Her first and her final impression likened him to a house locked up and empty:—a London house conven-

tionally furnished and decorated by the upholsterer, and empty of inhabitants. How a brilliant and beautiful girl could have committed this rashness, was the perplexing riddle: the knottier because the man was idle: and Diana had ambition; she despised and dreaded idleness in men.—Empty of inhabitants, even to the ghost! Both human and spiritual were wanting. The mind contemplating him became stagnant.

Elsewhere, out of England, Diana would have been a woman for a place in song, exalted to the skies. Here she had the destiny to inflame Mr. Redworth and Mr. Warwick, two Railway Directors, bent upon scoring the country to the likeness of a child's lines of hop-scotch in a gravel-yard.

As with all invalids, the pleasure of living backward was haunted by the tortures it evoked, and two years later she recalled this outcry against the Fates. She would then have prayed for Diana to inflame none but such men as those two. The original error was, of course, that rash and most inexplicable marriage, a step never alluded to by the driven victim of it. Lady Dunstane heard rumours of dissensions. Diana did not mention them.

Lord Dannisburgh's name, as one of the admirers of Mrs. Warwick, was dropped once or twice by Sir Lukin. There is no harm in admiration, especially on the part of one of a crowd observing a star. No harm can be imputed when the husband of a beautiful woman accepts an appointment from the potent Minister admiring her. So Lady Dunstane thought, for she was sure of Diana to her inmost soul. But she soon perceived in Sir Lukin that the old dog-world was preparing to yelp on a scent. He of his nature belonged to the hunting pack, and with a cordial feeling for the quarry, he was quite with his world in expecting to see her run, and readiness to join the chase. No great scandal had occurred for several months. The world was in want of it; and he, too, with a very cordial feeling for the quarry, piously hoping she would escape, already had his nose to ground, collecting testimony in the track of her. He said little to his wife, but his world was getting so noisy that he could not help half pursing his lips. Redworth was in America, engaged in carving up that hemisphere. She had no source of information but her husband's chance gossip; and London was death to her; and Diana, writing faithfully twice a week, kept silence as to Lord Dannisburgh, except in naming him among her guests.

Once she coupled the names of Lord Larrian and Lord Dannisburgh, remarking that she had a fatal attraction for antiques.

"Are you altogether cautious?" Lady Dunstane wrote to Diana; and her friend sent a copious reply: "You have the fullest right to ask your Tony anything, and I will answer as at the Judgment bar. You allude to Lord Dannisburgh. He is near what Dada's age

would have been, and is, I think I can affirm, next to my dead father and my Emmy, my dearest friend.' I love him. I could say it in the streets without shame; and you do not imagine me shameless. Whatever his character in his younger days, he can be honestly a woman's friend, believe me. I see straight to his heart; he has no disguise; and unless I am to suppose that marriage is the end of me, I must keep him among my treasures. I see him almost daily; it is not possible to think I can be deceived; and as long as he does me the honour to esteem my poor portion of brains by coming to me for what he is good enough to call my counsel, I shall let the world wag its tongue. Between ourselves, I trust to be doing some good. I know I am of use in various ways. No doubt there is a danger of a woman's head being turned, when she reflects that a powerful Minister governing a kingdom has not considered her too insignificant to advise him; and I am sensible of it. I am, I assure you, dearest, on my guard against it. That would not attach me to him, as his homely friendliness does. He is the most amiable, cheerful, *benignant* of men; he has no feeling of an enemy, though naturally his enemies are numerous and venomous. He is full of observation and humour. How he would amuse you! in many respects accord with you. And I should not have a spark of jealousy. Some day I shall beg permission to bring him to Copsley. At present, during the session, he is too busy, as you know: me—his 'crystal spring of wisdom'—he can favour with no more than an hour in the afternoon, or a few minutes at night. Or I get a pencilled note from the benches of the House, with an anecdote, or news of a Division. I am sure to be enlivened.

"So I have written to you fully, simply, frankly. Have perfect faith in your Tony, who would, she vows to heaven, die rather than disturb it and her heart's beloved."

The letter terminated with one of Lord Dannisburgh's anecdotes, exciting to merriment in the season of its freshness;—and a postscript of information: "Augustus expects a mission—about a month; uncertain whether I accompany him."

Mr. Warwick departed on his mission. Diana remained in London. Lady Dunstane wrote entreating her to pass the month—her favourite time of the violet yielding to the cowslip—at Copsley. The invitation could not be accepted, but the next day Diana sent word that she had a surprise for the following Sunday, and would bring a friend to lunch, if Sir Lukin would meet them at the corner of the road in the valley leading up to the heights, at a stated hour.

Lady Dunstane gave the listless baronet his directions, observing: "It's odd, she never will come alone since her marriage."

"Queer," said he of the serenest absence of conscience; and that there must be something not entirely right going on, he strongly inclined to think.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRISIS.

It was a confirmed suspicion when he beheld Lord Dannisburgh on the box of a four-in-hand, and the peerless Diana beside him, cockaded lackeys in plain livery and the lady's maid to the rear. But Lord Dannisburgh's visit was a compliment, and the freak of his driving down under the beams of Aurora on a sober Sunday morning capital fun; so with a gaiety that was kept alive for the invalid Emma to partake of it, they rattled away to the heights, and climbed them, and Diana rushed to the arms of her friend, whispering and cooing for pardon if she startled her, guilty of a little whiff of blarney:—Lord Dannisburgh wanted so much to be introduced to her! and she so much wanted her to know him! and she hoped to be graciously excused for thus bringing them together, "that she might be chorus to them!" Chorus, was a pretty fiction on the part of the trilling and topping voice. She was the very radiant Diana of her earliest opening day, both in look and speech, a queenly comrade, and a spirit leaping and shining like a mountain water. She did not seduce, she ravished. The judgment was taken captive and flowed with her. As to the prank of the visit, Emma heartily enjoyed it and hugged it for a holiday of her own, and doting on the beautiful, dark-eyed, fresh young creature, who bore the name of the divine Huntress, she thought her a true Dian in stature, step, and attributes, the genius of laughter superadded. None else on earth so sweetly laughed, none so spontaneously, victoriously provoked the healthful openness. Her delicious chatter, and her museful sparkle in listening, equally quickened every sense of life. Adorable as she was to her friend Emma at all times, she that day struck a new fountain in memory. And it was pleasant to see the great lord's admiration of this wonder. One could firmly believe in their friendship, and his winning ideas from the abounding, bubbling well. A recurrent smile beamed on his face when hearing and observing her. Certain dishes provided at the table were Diana's favourites, and he relished them, asking for a second help, and remarking that her taste was good in that as in all things. They lunched, eating like boys. They walked over the grounds of Copsley, and into the lanes and across the meadows of the cowslip, rattling, chatting, enlivening the frosty air, happy as children biting to the juices of ripe apples off the tree. But Tony was the tree, the dispenser of the rosy gifts. She had a moment of reflection, only a moment, and Emma felt the pause as though a cloud had shadowed them and a spirit had been shut away. Both spoke of their happiness at the kiss of farewell. That melancholy note at the

top of the wave to human hearts conscious of its enforced decline, was repeated by them, and Diana's eyelids blinked to dismiss a tear.

"You have no troubles?" Emma said.

"Only the pain of the good-bye to my beloved," said Diana. "I have never been happier—never shall be! Now you know him you think with me? I knew you would. You have seen him as he always is—except when he is armed for battle. He is the kindest of souls. And soul I say. He is the one man among men who gives me notions of a soul in men."

The eulogy was exalted. Lady Dunstane made a little mouth for Oh, in correction of the transcendental touch, though she remembered their foregone conversations upon men—strange beings that they are!—and understood Diana's meaning.

"Really! really! honour!" Diana emphasized her extravagant praise, to print it fast. "Hear him speak of Ireland."

"Would he not speak of Ireland in a tone to catch the Irish-woman?"

"He is past thoughts of catching, dearest. At that age men are pools of fish, or what you will: they are not anglers. Next year, if you invite us, we will come again."

"But you will come to stay in the winter?"

"I am speaking of one of my holidays."

They kissed fervently. The lady mounted; the grey and portly lord followed her; Sir Lukin flourished his whip, and Emma was left to brood over her friend's last words: "One of my holidays." Not a hint to the detriment of her husband had passed. The stray beam balefully illuminating her marriage slipped from her involuntarily. Sir Lukin was troublesome with his ejaculations that evening, and kept speculating on the time of the arrival of the four-in-hand in London; upon which he thought a great deal depended.

"It's more than ever incomprehensible to me how she could have married that man," said his wife.

"I've long since given it up," said he.

Diana wrote her thanks for the delightful welcome, telling of her drive home to smoke and solitude, with a new host of romantic sensations to keep her company. She wrote thrice in the week, and the same addition of one to the ordinary number next week. Then for three weeks not a line. Sir Lukin brought news from London that Warwick had returned, nothing to explain the silence. A letter addressed to the Crossways was likewise unnoticed. The supposition that they must be visiting on a round, appeared rational; but many weeks elapsed, until Sir Lukin received a printed sheet in the superscription of a former military comrade, who had marked a paragraph. It was one of those journals, now barely credible, dedicated to the putrid of the upper circle, wherein initials raised sewer-

lamps, and Asmodeus lifted a roof, leering hideously. Thousands detested it, and fattened their crops on it. Domesticated beasts of superior habits to the common will indulge themselves with a luxurious roll in carrion, for a revival of their original instincts. Society was largely a purchaser. The ghastly thing was dreaded as a scourge, hailed as a refreshment, nourished as a parasite. It professed undaunted honesty, and operated in the fashion of the worms bred of decay. Success was its boasted justification. The animal world, when not rigorously watched, will always crown with success the machine supplying its appetites. The whole dog-world took signal from it. The one-legged devil-god waved his wooden hoof, and the creatures in view, the hunt was uproarious. Why should we seem better than we are?—down with hypocrisy, cried the censor morum, spicing the lamentable derelictions of this and that great person, male and female. The plea of corruption of blood in the world, to excuse the public chafing of a grievous itch, is not less old than sin; and it offers a merry day of frisky truant-running to the animal made unashamed by another and another stripped, branded, and stretched flat. Sir Lukin read of Mr. and Mrs. W. and a distinguished Peer of the realm. The paragraph was brief; it had a flavour. Promise of more to come, pricked curiosity. He read it enraged, feeling for his wife; and again indignant, feeling for Diana. His third reading found him out: he felt for both, but, as a member of the whispering world, much behind the scenes, he had a longing for the promised insinuations, just to know what they could say, or dared say. The paper was not shown to Lady Dunstane. A run to London put him in the tide of the broken dam of gossip. The names were openly spoken and swept from mouth to mouth of the scandalmongers, gathering matter as they flew. He knocked at Diana's door, where he was informed that the mistress of the house was absent. More than official gravity accompanied the announcement. Her address was unknown. Sir Lukin thought it now time to tell his wife. He began with a hesitating circumlocution, in order to prepare her mind for bad news. She divined immediately that it concerned Diana, and forcing him to speak to the point, she had the story jerked out to her in a sentence. It stopped her heart.

The chill of death was tasted in that wavering ascent from oblivion to recollection. Why had not Diana come to her, she asked herself, and asked her husband; who, as usual, was absolutely unable to say. Under compulsory squeezing, he would have answered, that she did not come because she could not fib so easily to her bosom friend: and this he thought notwithstanding his personal experience of Diana's generosity. But he had other personal experiences of her sex, and her sex plucked at the bright star and drowned it.

The happy day of Lord Dannisburgh's visit settled in Emma's belief as the cause of Mr. Warwick's unpardonable suspicions and cruelty. Arguing from her own sensations of a day that had been like the return of sweet health to her frame, she could see nothing but the loveliest freakish innocence in Diana's conduct, and she recalled her looks, her words, every fleeting gesture, even to the ingenuousness of the noble statesman's admiration of her, for the confusion of her unmanly and unworthy husband. And Emma was nevertheless a thoughtful woman; only her heart was at the head of her thoughts, and led the file; whose reasoning was accurate on erratic tracks. All night her heart went at fever pace. She brought the repentant husband to his knees, and then doubted, strongly doubted, whether she would, whether in consideration for her friend she could, intercede with Diana to forgive him. In the morning she slept heavily. Sir Lukin had gone to London early for further tidings. She awoke about midday, and found a letter on her pillow. It was Diana's. Then while her fingers eagerly tore it open, her heart, the champion rider overnight, sank. It needed support of facts, and feared them: not in distrust of that dear persecuted soul, but because the very bravest of hearts is of its nature a shivering defender, sensitive in the presence of any hostile array, much craving for material support, until the mind and spirit displace it, depute it to second them instead of leading.

She read by a dull November fog-light a mixture of the dreadful and the comforting, and dwelt upon the latter in abandonment, hugged it, though conscious of evil and the little that there was to veritably console.

The close of the letter struck the blow. After bluntly stating that Mr. Warwick had served her with a process, and that he had no case without suborning witnesses, Diana said: "But I leave the case, and him, to the world. Ireland, or else America; it is a guiltless kind of suicide to bury myself abroad. He has my letters. They are such as I can show to you, and ask you to kiss me—and kiss me when you have heard all the evidence, all that I can add to it, kiss me. You know me too well to think I would ask you to kiss criminal lips. But I cannot face the world. In the dock, yes. Not where I am expected to smile and sparkle, on pain of incurring suspicion if I show a sign of oppression. I cannot do that. I see myself wearing a false grin—your Tony! No, I do well to go. This is my resolution; and in consequence, my beloved! my only truly loved on earth! I do not come to you, to grieve you, as I surely should. Nor would it soothe me, dearest. This will be to you the best of reasons. It could not soothe me to see myself giving pain to Emma. I am like a pestilence, and let me swing away to the desert, for there I do no harm. I know I am right. I have

questioned myself—it is not cowardice. I do not quail. I abhor the part of actress. I should do it well—too well; destroy my soul in the performance. Is a good name before such a world as this worth that sacrifice? A convent and self-quenching;—cloisters would seem to me like holy dew. But that would be sleep, and I feel the powers of life. Never have I felt them so mightily. If it were not for being called on to act and mew, I would stay, fight, meet a bayonet-hedge of charges and rebut them. I have my natural weapons and my cause. It must be confessed that I have also more knowledge of men and the secret contempt—it must be—the best of them entertain for us. Oh! and we confirm it if we trust them. But they have been at a wicked school.

“I will write. From whatever place, you shall have letters, and constant. I write no more now. In my present mood I find no alternative between raging and drivelling. I am henceforth dead to the world. Never dead to Emma till my breath is gone—poor flame! I blow at a bedroom candle, by which I write in a brown fog, and behold what I am—though not even serving to write such a tangled scrawl as this. I am of no mortal service. In two days I shall be out of England. Within a week you shall hear where. I long for your heart on mine, your dear eyes. You have faith in me, and I fly from you!—I must be mad. Yet I feel calmly reasonable. I know that this is the thing to do. Some years hence a gray woman may return, to hear of a butterfly Diana, that had her day and disappeared. Better than a mewling and curtsying simulacrum of the woman—I drivel again. Adieu. I suppose I am not liable to capture and imprisonment until the day when I am cited to appear. I have left London. This letter and I quit the scene by different routes—I would they were one. My beloved! I have an ache—I think I am wronging you. I am not mistress of myself, and do as something within me, wiser than I, dictates.—You will write kindly. Write your whole heart. It is not compassion I want, I want you. I can bear stripes from you. Let me hear Emma’s voice—the true voice. This running away merits your reproaches. It will look like—. I have more to confess: the *tigress* in me wishes it were! I should then have a reckless passion to fold me about, and the glory—infernal, if you name it so, and so it would be—of suffering for and *with* some one else. As it is, I am utterly solitary, sustained neither from above nor below, except within myself, and that is all fire and smoke, like their new engines.—I kiss this miserable sheet of paper.—Yes, I judge that I have run off a line—and what a line!—which hardly shows a trace for breathing things to follow until they feel the transgression in wreck. How immensely nature seems to prefer men to women!—But this paper is happier than the writer.

“Your Tony.”

That was the end. Emma kissed it in tears. They had often talked of the possibility of a classic friendship between women, the alliance of a mutual devotedness men choose to doubt of. She caught herself accusing Tony of the lapse from friendship. Hither should the true friend have flown unerringly.

The blunt ending of the letter likewise dealt a wound. She reperused it, perused and meditated. The flight of Mrs. Warwick! She heard that cry—fatal! But she had no means of putting a hand on her.—“Your Tony.” The coldness might be set down to exhaustion: it might, yet her not coming to her friend for counsel and love was a positive weight in the indifferent scale. She read the letter backward, and by snatches here and there; many perusals and hours passed before the scattered creature exhibited in its pages came to her out of the flying threads of the matter as her living Tony, whom she loved and prized and was ready to defend against the world. By that time the fog had lifted; she saw the sky on the borders of milky cloud-folds. Her invalid’s chill sensitiveness conceived a sympathy in the baring heavens, and lying on her sofa in the drawing-room she gained strength of meditative vision, weak though she was to help, through ceasing to brood on her wound and herself. She cast herself into her dear Tony’s feelings; and thus it came, that she imagined Tony would visit the Crossways, where she kept souvenirs of her father—his cane, and his writing-desk, and a precious miniature of him hanging above it—before leaving England for ever. The fancy sprang to certainty; every speculation confirmed it. Had Sir Lukin been at home she would have despatched him to the Crossways at once. The West wind blew, and gave her a view of the downs beyond the weald from her Southern window. She thought it even possible to drive there and reach the place, on the chance of her vivid suggestion, some time after nightfall; but a walk across the room to try her forces was too convincing of her inability. She walked with an ebony silver-mounted stick, a present from Mr. Redworth. She was leaning on it when the card of Thomas Redworth was handed to her.

, GEORGE MEREDITH.

PRINCESS ALICE.

No sovereign of our time, and few of any time, have taken their subjects so completely into their confidence as Queen Victoria has taken hers. "There's such divinity doth hedge a king," that it requires an effort for ordinary mortals to realise that royal personages are, after all, creatures of flesh and blood like themselves—sensitive to the same pains, soothed by the same pleasures, vexed by the same worries that beset humanity at large. It is, perhaps, still more uncommon, obvious as it is when one thinks of it, to realise the pathetic loneliness which must ever haunt the wearer of a crown. It haunted Princess Alice while she was yet merely on the threshold of a throne, and filled her with alarm when she found herself actually on the throne. "Private individuals," she says, "are of course [note the "of course"] far the best off; our privileges being more duties than advantages. And their absence would be no privation compared to the enormous advantage of being one's own master, and of being on equality with most people, and able to know men and the world as they are, and not merely as they please to show themselves to please us." That was before she became Grand Duchess. After her accession she wrote: "I am so dreading everything, and, above all, the responsibility of being the first in everything." Here we see concisely stated the twofold aspect of the loneliness which must always be more or less the heritage of royalty: first, the responsibility of always occupying the first place; secondly, the sense of unreality which sovereignty engenders—the feeling that it is impossible "to know men and the world as they are"—that it is all an endless masquerade. This yearning for equality, for stooping to a lower sphere in order to know men and things as they really are, is evidently a much larger element than is commonly supposed in the "uneasiness" of "the head that wears a crown." After all, the deepest longing of the human heart is not to possess, but to be possessed. It craves for the spontaneous offering of a love and trust that the offerer is free to refuse; and one of the penalties of royalty is that it can seldom tell for certain when the offering is really spontaneous and genuine. To be misunderstood sincerely and in good faith by those whose good opinion one values is hard to bear in any case, but much harder in the case of a sovereign, since the consequences may affect the welfare of an empire.

That this is the explanation of the somewhat startling frankness with which the public have been admitted behind the scenes of English royalty is no longer a matter of conjecture: the Queen avows

it in a letter to Princess Alice; and the publication of that letter—the only letter other than the Princess's own which is published in this volume—is clearly a message from the Queen to her people. Some of the Prince Consort's friends had taken exception to the "unreserved fulness of details" published in Sir Theodore Martin's volumes. The Queen defends this absence of reserve as indispensable to the purpose she had in view in publishing the *Prince's Life*; namely, that his *whole* life should be made known in all its fulness, and, as a consequence, the irreparable void which the premature death of the Prince made in the Queen's own life:—

"You must remember that endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know. Therefore the only way to counteract this is to let the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion; and then no harm, but good, will be done."

This forecast will doubtless be verified by events, and the publication of Princess Alice's letters is an important contribution towards it. I am not going to attempt a review of a book which has been sufficiently reviewed already, and which most people have now read. The task which I propose to myself is a humbler one, namely, to follow the reapers, and see if I cannot glean here and there something which does not lie obviously on the surface, yet which it may be well to remember.

The first thing I note is the striking revelation which this volume makes of strong political differences in the bosom of the Royal Family, without apparently overshadowing, even with a fleeting cloud, the beautiful sunshine of their mutual affection. Much as Princess Alice loved her brothers and sisters, the Prince of Wales was her special favourite. Describing the pleasure of a visit from "dear Bertie," she adds, "God bless him, dear brother! he is the one who has from my childhood been so dear to me." And she never refers to the Princess of Wales except in terms of rapturous love and admiration. Yet, for all that, Princess Alice espoused the German side very warmly in the unequal war against Denmark; nor did her avowed partisanship affect in any degree the affectionate intercourse between the two families. In the Austro-Prussian war, on the other hand, the Princess's feelings were all against Prussia. And she did not mince her words in describing the conduct of the Prussian soldiers. "As the Prussians pillage here [Darmstadt], I have many people's things hidden in the house. Even whilst in bed I had to see gentlemen in my room, as there were things to be done and asked which had to come straight to me." "The town is full of Prussians. I hope they will not remain too long, for they pay for nothing, and the poor inhabitants suffer so much." It must have been a sore trial to have two brothers-in-law—her husband's brother

and her sister's husband—in the army which she thus describes, and which was instrumental in seriously curtailing her husband's heritage. But not a trace of soreness against her relatives is visible in any of the Princess's letters. It is the same as regards Russia. The late Emperor and Empress were nearly related to Princess Alice by marriage, and she was personally fond of them. Their only daughter had in addition become her sister-in-law, and was a great favourite with her. Yet she allows herself to write as follows: "I follow as eagerly as any in England the advance of the Russians, and with cordial dislike. *They* can never be redressers of wrongs or promoters of civilisation and Christianity." This is an instance of the thorough outspokenness which was so characteristic of Princess Alice. But it was an outspokenness so entirely free from malice, so obviously dictated by a sense of duty, that it clearly gave, and was meant to give, no pain to those who might have been expected to resent it. The truth is—though this is not actually stated—that the antipathy of the Princess to Russia was mainly due to her dislike of despotism. In general politics she was a sincere Liberal, and she regarded the predominance of Russian influence in Europe as inimical to the cause of freedom and progress. Hence the vehemence of her language against the Liberal Opposition in England during the controversy on the Eastern Question. "What do the friends of the 'Atrocity meetings' say now?" she exclaims in the summer of 1877. "How difficult it has been made for the Government through them, and how blind they have been!" The answer made by "the friends of the Atrocity meetings" to reproaches like this has always been that the surest way to increase the influence of Russia among the Christian races of Turkey is to exhibit her as the only Power who cares to make sacrifices on their behalf. The policy which "deprecated the diplomatic action of the other Powers in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire;" which rejected the Berlin Memorandum; and which retreated before Turkish insolence at the Conference of Constantinople, thereby destroying the united action of the Great Powers in the face of Russia's declarations that she would, if necessary, compel the obedience of the Porte single-handed; it was this policy which left Russia mistress of the situation. If England had stood firm at the Conference of Constantinople, the Porte would have yielded obedience to the will of Europe, and there would have been peace, not only "with honour," but without bloodshed. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a matter of fact publicly attested, when the catastrophe came, by Midhat and Server Pashas, who were Grand Vizier and Foreign Secretary respectively during the sitting of the Constantinople Conference. If Princess Alice were still among us, her clear and candid intelligence, instructed by a later experience, would probably admit that "the friends of the 'Atrocity

meetings' " were not, after all, so unpatriotic as they seemed to her in the turmoil of the controversy.

But the remarkable thing is not that the Princess should have held these opinions and expressed them in private with the ardour of sincere conviction, but that they should now be given to the world under such august auspices. The passage, if it stood alone, might well give pain to a multitude of loyal persons, both eminent and insignificant, who followed—some of them to their own detriment—what seemed to them the path of duty. But the passage does not stand alone. It is one of several passages which, however natural in a private letter, are apt to startle one in print. The Princess's strictures on the Prussian army, in which the Queen's son-in-law held high command, have already been quoted, as has also her severe condemnation of the Russian Government and people in spite of the close relationship between the reigning families of Russia and England. Still more surprising is the following, written in the summer of 1875 :—

"I told the Emperor the fright we had about the war [which Prussia was then supposed to be meditating against France]. He was much distressed that any one could believe him capable of such a thing; but our Fritz and Fritz of Baden agree that, with Bismarck, in spite of the nation not wishing it, he might bring about a war at any moment. . . . This enormous and splendid army, ready at any moment, is a dangerous possession for any country."

After this the most sensitive of "the friends of the 'Atrocity meeting,'" may bear the publication of Princess Alice's censure with equanimity. It is not meant to wound them. It is merely another illustration of the Queen's intense desire that her people should know herself and her family just as they are; with their opinions on current events, their hopes, their fears, their disappointments—it may even be their prejudices. And so she lets "the real full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion." The curtain is raised, and we are permitted to see members of the Royal Family taking opposite sides on questions that divide the nation, and doing this with a degree of mutual forbearance and good temper which, let us hope, will do something towards mitigating the violence and bitterness of contemporary controversy. The reticence imposed on royalty must be one of the most irksome of its high duties. To be obliged to "keep silence, yea even from good words," in the heat of a great controversy or in the crisis of a high policy, must indeed be "pain and grief" to a sovereign of keen feelings and strong convictions; and it is evident from hints dropped in these letters that the Queen has had more than one painful experience of the state of mind so graphically described by the Psalmist. It is an immense relief sometimes to be able to speak one's mind straight out; but it is a relief in which the Royal Family

can seldom indulge. What wonder, then, if some of the suppressed feelings escape through any channel that may offer a legitimate vent, like this volume of Princess Alice's letters.

Let us now, however, leave these more general considerations, and gather up the salient features of the portrait which the Princess has drawn of herself so artlessly, yet so effectively. And, first, let us consider her as a wife. Nearly two years after her marriage she writes:—

"Our life is a very happy one. I have nothing on earth to wish for, and much as I loved my precious Louis when I married him, still more do I love him now, and daily."

A year later she writes, while on a visit, with her husband, to her sister in Berlin:—

"Louis is so happy to meet his old comrades again, and they equally so to see him; and I am so glad that he can have this amusement at least, for he is so kind in not leaving me; and our life must be rather dull sometimes for a young man of spirit like him."

After eight years of married life we have this idyllic picture in miniature of a love that seems never to have lost the freshness of its honeymoon. The extract is from a letter to the Queen on the eve of the Franco-German war:—

"I parted with dear Louis late in the evening, on the high road outside the village in which he was quartered for the night, and we looked back until nothing more was to be seen of each other. May the Almighty watch over his precious life and bring him safe back again; all the pain and anxiety are forgotten and willingly borne if he is only left to me and to his children!"

And how natural is her comment on Field Marshal Wrangel's congratulation on her husband's heroism: "I am very proud of all this; but I am too much a woman not to long above all things to have him safe home again." But Princess Alice's love for her husband, true and deep as it was, was by no means of the lackadaisical sort. With all its poetry of feeling, it was most practical and methodical in action. She says of herself, twelve years after her marriage—

"I certainly do not belong by nature to those women who are, above all, *wife*; but circumstances have forced me to be the mother in the real sense, as in a private family; and I had to school myself to it, I assure you; for many small self-denials have been necessary. Baby-worship, or having the children indiscriminately about one, is not at all the right thing; and a perpetual talk about one's children makes some women intolerable. I hope I steer clear of these faults—at least I try to do so."

And she certainly succeeded. Never was there a more affectionate mother; but it was an affection guided and controlled by a most enlightened prudence. She "tries to be very just and consistent in all things towards" her children, but she owns that it is sometimes a great trial of patience. "They are so forward, clever, and spirited, that the least spoiling would do them great harm." Again:—

"The constant anxiety about the children is dreadful; and it is not physical ill one dreads for them, it is moral; the responsibility for these little lent souls is great; and, indeed, none can take it lightly who feel how great and important a parent's duty is."

She not only superintended her children's general education; she instructed them herself daily in particular subjects, especially reading, history, natural history, and music. And she took great pains to educate herself at the same time, to fit her the better for her duties as a wife and mother. With this view she made a special study of physiology, which, "instead of finding it disgusting," "filled her with admiration to see how wonderfully we are made."

But it may be thought that all this was but the mere amusement and pastime of a princess, since her privileged position placed her far above the trials and worries of ordinary life. Very far indeed was this from being the case. The life of Princess Alice was, on the whole, a hard life; hard, not merely in the sense of being a very busy life, but in being, in addition, a life that had experience of straitened circumstances, worries, and occasionally what may even be called drudgery. She has a nurse who is too old and clumsy to wash and dress the baby. So the Princess does all this herself. She is grateful for the help she receives at Cannes from the servants of her sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia, and puts off her journey home in order to get the benefit of that assistance for as long a part of the journey as possible. She was, in the most literal sense, nurse to her own children. The Queen began to fear the effect of this constant drain upon the Princess's health, and remonstrated with her. The Princess answers:—

"Having no cow, or country place to keep one, in this tremendous heat when one can't keep milk, and dysentery carries off so many babies, it would not be fair to deprive the poor little thing of its natural and safest nourishment till the hot months are over. These, darling mama, are my reasons; and though I do it with such pleasure, yet it is not without sacrifices of comfort and convenience, &c.; but it seems to me the best course to take for our children, and as we are situated."

There are other indications scattered up and down the volume of the somewhat straitened circumstances in which the Princess and her husband lived. We must remember, however, that Prince Louis, though the heir-apparent to the Grand Duchy of Hesse, was merely the nephew of the reigning Duke, and that his own father was living. He did not succeed to the throne till within a short period of Princess Alice's death, and in the interval his income must have been small. That of the Princess, however, may seem sufficient for the comparatively modest wants and tastes of herself and husband. But doubtless there was much routine expenditure which no economy could obviate; and a much larger income than Princess Alice's would soon be sorely crippled by a multitude of

small disbursements. Still, it is probable that the whole income of the Princess was not absorbed by domestic and official calls; some part of it, there is reason to believe, was bestowed in ways which shall not be known till the Books are opened and Charity has disclosed her secrets.

One might have supposed that a Princess who took so conscientious a view of her public and private duties could spare no time, even if she were disposed, for the relief of misery which lay altogether outside the frontier of what even a tender conscience might regard as the region of duty. But with Princess Alice the relief of distress was not so much a duty as a passion. The most distinctive attribute in her character, which was beautiful all round, was that of consoler—a fact which the discerning eye of her father discovered while she was still a young girl. It was the Princess Alice whom he took to the Queen to comfort her when her Majesty experienced her first great sorrow. And when the next sorrow came, which with one blast of desolation swept the Queen's life of all its greenness and its blossom, the admiring gaze of the whole nation was attracted to the precocious self-command, mature thoughtfulness, and gift of symathetic service which were then displayed by Princess Alice, to the great advantage of the country at large. Her sympathy was a literal rendering of the etymological meaning of the word: She actually suffered with the sufferer, and was restless and unhappy till she did her best to soothe the pain. An instance of this was related to the present writer within the last few days. On hearing one evening that the child of the Russian Charge d'Affaires at Darmstadt was taken suddenly ill with croup, Princess Alice, without waiting for her carriage, and attended only by her maid, ran through the streets, and on arriving at the house took the little sufferer in her arms, and by her gentle and skilful treatment saved its life.

Two years after her marriage, and while yet hardly out of her teens, she became patroness of a ladies' society in Darmstadt which had for its object the relief of women in childbed. Her name was doubtless solicited as an attractive ornament. But the Princess took a practical view of the office. She had all cases regularly reported to her, and, not satisfied with this, she took personally an active part in the work of the society. She tells the Queen, as a great secret, one of the incognito visits which she thus made to the homes of penury and pain:—

“The other day I went to one incog. with Christa [her maid] in the old part of the town. And the trouble we had to find the house! At length, through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder, into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her baby: in the room four other children, the husband, two other beds, and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, and then with the husband cooked something

for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing!—and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good, and touchingly attached to each other; it did one's heart good to see such good feelings in such poverty. The husband was out of work, the children too young to go to school, and they had only four kreuzers in the house when she was confined. Think of that misery and discomfort! If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up, and I felt the want of going about and doing the little good that is in my power."

That passage is well worth quoting at length. All through her life the Princess was oppressed with the feeling of the fleetingness of time, the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the duty therefore of pressing as much of real work as possible into each day as it passed beyond recall. She gives pathetic expression to this feeling in the year 1873, after she had done much work and endured much sorrow:—

"The day passes so quickly when one can do good and make others happy, and one leaves always so much undone. I feel more than ever one should put nothing off; and children grow up so quickly and leave one [one of hers had left not long before by a sudden and tragic death], and I would that mine should take nothing but the recollection of love and happiness from their home into the world's fight, knowing that they have there *always* a safe harbour and open arms to comfort and encourage them when they are in trouble. I do hope that this may become the ease, though the lesson for parents is so difficult, being constantly *giving*, without always finding the return."

Eight years previously she exclaimed, with reference to the premature death of a relation:—

"A short life indeed, and it makes one feel the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of labour, self-denial, charity, and all those virtues which we ought to strive after. Oh that I may die, having done my work and not sinned with *Unterlassung des Guten* [omission to do what is good], the fault into which it is easiest to fall."

And who could say, as she says to her mother in the unaffected simplicity of private-correspondence?—"Not a moment of the day is wasted, and I have enough to read and to think about." The Prince and herself got up at six every morning in summer, and at seven in winter, and the work of the whole day was regularly mapped out. It was only in this way that the Princess was able to get through the vast amount of multifarious duties which she imposed on herself. She organised and superintended societies for the relief of distress, for helping the sick and wounded in time of war, for the education of women, for improving the dwellings of the poor. And all the while she was hardly ever free from pain. "I am very sleepless, and never without headache," she writes in 1870; "but one has neither time nor wish to think of oneself." She suffered from chronic neuralgia, the pain of which was sometimes so acute as to be almost past endurance, even by her who had schooled herself to bear so much. Describing one of these attacks to her mother, she says:

"I really thought I should go out of my mind, and you know I can stand a tolerable amount of pain." Yet she was withal bright and cheerful, enjoying with unaffected zest and playful gaiety the innocent pleasures which came in her way. In one of her letters to her mother she gives a charming description of an expedition which herself and the Prince made in the Tyrol in company with Count and Countess Gleichen. They took no servants, not even a maid, and had to do everything for themselves, roughing it thoroughly and with keen enjoyment. At one place they "turned into a funny little dark inn, in which we four found one small but clean room for us—most primitive. Victor [Count Gleichen] cooked part of the dinner, and it was quite good. We all slept—I resting on a bed, the other three on the floor—in this little room, with the small window wide open." "We enjoyed our tour immensely, and got on perfectly without servants." There was only one drawback, and every one who has travelled much without a servant will enter with some pathos into the feelings of the Princess in describing it, especially the incident of the recalcitrant "bag." "Packing up things, though, every morning was a great trouble, and the bag would usually not shut at first."

In the year 1868 Princess Alice made the acquaintance of Strauss, and the acquaintance thus begun ripened into intimacy in the beginning of 1870, when Strauss happened to be again in Darmstadt. Scarlet fever had then invaded the Princess's family, and laid prostrate her husband and two of her children. She undertook the nursing entirely herself, and was thus isolated from the world. Feeling the need of some companionship and cordially appreciating intellectual gifts, she wrote to ask the brilliant neologist to "come and see her if he was not afraid of infection." Previous to this they had seen a good deal of each other and read Voltaire together. During the period of her enforced seclusion the Professor read to her a course of lectures on Voltaire, which afterwards developed into a book. Strauss was anxious to dedicate the volume to the Princess, but hesitated to solicit a permission which would have publicly committed her Highness to agreement with the contents of the book. But nothing was more characteristic of Princess Alice than her sterling honesty and brave love of truth. She had become a believer in the opinions of Strauss, and she could not endure the thought of seeming to believe doctrines which she no longer held, or shunning connection with a man whose opinions were unpopular in high quarters. So she anticipated the desire of Strauss, and herself proposed that the book on Voltaire should be dedicated to her; which was accordingly done.

This episode, however, was but a brief phase in the development of the Princess's character. Various circumstances conspired to shake her confidence in the destructive theories of Strauss, though

she still retained her respect for the author personally. Strauss continued to advance with rapid strides into the region of blank negation, and with this he combined a startling intellectual progress in the direction of political despotism. The whole tone of his book on *The Old and the New Faith* was antipathetic to the best part of her nature, and thus the hold of Strauss upon her had been greatly relaxed, if not completely discarded, even before the clouds which had obscured her faith had been dispersed by the tempest of a poignant sorrow. Her second boy, a bright child of two, known in her letters as "Frittie," fell out of a window while her back was momentarily turned, and was killed before her very eyes. Born during his father's absence in the war with France, and delicate from his birth, he was endowed with the intellectual brightness which often goes with febleness of bodily organization, and was naturally a special pet of his mother's. The sudden and tragic quenching of his life was a terrible blow to her; and she bore it with a fortitude which, like a flawless piece of metal, gained strength from every stroke inflicted by the Divine artificer. There is a wonderful pathos in some of her simple references to her lost treasure—a vivid vision of suppressed sorrow which enables us almost to see her grief. "He was such a bright child. It seems so quiet next door. I miss the little feet, the coming to me; for we lived so much together. . . . He loved flowers so much. I can't see one along the roadside without wishing to pick it for him." "In my own house it seems to me as if I never could play again on that piano, where little hands were nearly always thrust when I wanted to play. . . . I had played so often lately that splendid, touching funeral march of Chopin's; and I remember it is the last thing I played, and then the boys were running in the room." "Having so many girls, I was so proud of our two boys! The pleasure did not last long, but he is *mine* more than ever now. He seems near me always, and I carry his precious image in my heart everywhere."

This intense realisation of the invisible was a striking characteristic of Princess Alice, and doubtless helped her to shake off with greater ease the influence of Strauss and the Tübingen school generally. She often said that she felt as if her father, to whom she was passionately attached, was "by her side," watching over her and inspiring her with noble thoughts and self-sacrificing purposes. She could not, for long, believe that a life so sweet and promising as "Frittie's," or one so energetic and influential as her father's, had belied her instincts and ceased to be through the violent contact of its physical framework with a stone pavement, or by the introduction of a few germs of deleterious matter into the blood. "The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built for myself," she said, "I find to have no foundation whatever; nothing of it is

left; it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith; if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each of us?" It is much easier to face death for ourselves than to face it in the case of those we love. Cicero met his own death with heroic fortitude; but the philosophy of consolation which appeared so convincing in the villa at Tusculum, environed by all that nature and art could do to make life happy, vanished like a mirage of the desert when death carried off his Tullia. And so it will ever be. The man that has truly loved will never, unless in the lap of prosperity or in the aberration of despair, accept death as the final solution of the riddle of existence. The heart searches for its vanished kindred, and will not believe that they cease to be, or that its interest in them or theirs in it is broken. It is a universal sentiment of humanity which has survived, and will survive, all the sophistries of speculation. We see it in an Old Mortality going up and down the country laboriously restoring the time-worn tombstones of the Covenanters, as well as in the great orator of Athens, who knew the spell that it contained when he electrified his degenerate countrymen into a fitful display of patriotism by his passionate apostrophe to "those who died at Marathon." It is also seen in those legends of many lands which represent some hero or national benefactor as enjoying a privileged immunity from the last debt of humanity: our own Arthur still living in the Vale of Avalon, or the great German Kaiser sleeping in his mystic cave till his country shall again need his trusty sword. And it is the same instinct which prompted the custom of praying for the dead—a custom which prevailed and still prevails among the Jews, and which pervades the earliest literature of Christianity. How natural the habit is comes out incidentally in one of Princess Alice's letters. "Ernie" [her elder boy] "always prays for Frittie, and talks to me of him when we walk together."

And with equal naturalness Tennyson, in his *Ode on the Duke of Wellington*, prays for the soul of the great Captain. The reader will remember, too, a beautiful passage in the *Morte d'Arthur*, where the duty of praying for the dead is argumentatively enjoined in the person of the poet's hero:—

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole world round is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The fact is, we all pray for the dead—at least all loving hearts do. When our beloved pass away from us we follow them with our longing thoughts; we speculate on their condition and their work in the world unseen; we wish them well. And what is a wish but an unexpressed prayer? “Every good and holy desire,” says Hooker, “though it lack the form, hath notwithstanding in itself the substance, and with Him the force, of a prayer, Who regardeth the very moanings and sighs of the heart of man.” In truth, to forbid prayers for the dead is to undermine the doctrine of prayers for the living.

There is much more in Princess Alice’s character on which it would be pleasant and instructive to linger; but the limits of space forbid it, and we must hasten to the last scene in her full and busy life. In November, 1878, diphtheria, of which she had a great horror, invaded her household. It attacked in rapid succession her husband and all her children save one. For days their lives hovered between life and death, and at last a girl, whom her mother always fondly called “Sunshine,” yielded to the malady. It would be difficult to find in all the literature of sorrow a more vivid picture of concentrated grief than that which is presented in the series of telegrams which the agonised mother sent to the Queen during those terrible days. Yet even in that supreme ordeal she was consistently true to herself. She nursed her family with unwearied devotion, and strove to conceal from each of them her own sorrow and anxiety. It would be hard to match the pathos of the following scene. When the coffin that contained all that was mortal of “Sunshine” was about to be removed from the chamber of death—

“The Grand Duchess quietly entered the room. She knelt down near it, pressing a corner of the pall to her lips. Then she rose, and the funeral service began. When it was over she cast one long, loving look at the coffin which hid her darling from her. She then left the room and slowly walked up-stairs. At the top of the stairs she knelt down, and taking hold of the golden balustrade looked into the mirror opposite to her to watch the little coffin being taken out of the house. She was marvellously calm; only long-drawn sighs escaped her.”

And then the brave woman rose from her agony, in the spirit of Him who conquered in Gethsemane, and resumed her ministry of consolation to those who were still left to her. Her strength lasted till she saw her husband and surviving children out of danger; and then she succumbed to the dreadful malady from which she had, humanly speaking, delivered them. She passed quietly away, murmuring to herself: “From Friday to Saturday—four weeks—May [*i.e.* “Sunshine,” who had died just four weeks before].—dear papa.” It was the anniversary of the Prince Consort’s death, and the coincidence occurred to her as her longing desire to see him again was about to be gratified. One is glad to learn that the story of her having caught the infection from having kissed her dying

child is a myth. It was out of keeping with her character. She never allowed her own emotions to cross the path of her duty; and her duty then, as she recognised it, was to save her life for her husband and family.

One thing that must strike the readers of Princess Alice's Letters is the reserve of moral and intellectual strength which they indicate rather than exhibit. Sayings of sententious force occur in them which show a pondering and deeply thoughtful mind: such as that "children educate their parents;" the difference in kind between the Queen's grief and the Princess's own grief; the pithy analysis of the difference between filial and connubial love; the reason why mourners "grow to love their grief," which Princess Christian happily parallels with a strikingly similar passage in Shakespeare; the inversion of the order of nature in the fact of parents surviving their children—a thought to which Burke gives pathetic expression in the passage in which he describes the desolation wrought in his life by the premature death of his only son.

It is well that the record of a life so rich and full as that of Princess Alice has been given to the world. It cannot fail to do good—especially to "the frivolous upper classes," whose waste of their opportunities Princess Alice more than once deploras. What she says of her own father's married life is strictly true of her own, and may fittingly close this slight sketch of the character of one of the purest and noblest women of our time: "A life like his was a whole long lifetime, though only twenty-two years, and he well deserved his rest!"

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife;
To all the sensual world proclaim:
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

I.—POLITICAL.

FRUITFUL in expectancy and speculation, the last fortnight has terminated in a surprise. Only a comparatively small minority of Ministerialists or of Conservatives was prepared for the result which has immediately followed the statements of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville on the subject of the Anglo-French agreement. The policy of Ministers has, of course, been censured and condemned by those whose business it is to condemn and censure everything which Ministers propose. But the declarations of the Government have not stimulated the hopes among their enemies, or excited the misgivings among their friends, that were anticipated. Their case is generally admitted, after a fairly deliberate inspection, to be infinitely stronger than the one had hoped or the other had feared. It is true that the details of the basis on which the Conference will attempt to settle the pecuniary difficulties of Egypt is still unknown, and that the financial portion of the policy of the Government, which must be accepted by the Powers before the understanding with France is valid, has yet to be disclosed. Meanwhile it is natural for unprejudiced persons to forecast the future from the past. Reasoning by analogy, they will contend that as the conditions arrived at by the Government with the French Republic do not involve the scandalous surrender to France which the country was led to look for; so it is at least possible or probable that the financial arrangements which have not yet been definitely decided on may reveal a bargain far from disadvantageous or shameful to this country. On the whole, therefore, the effect of the ministerial announcements made in Parliament on Monday, June 23, has been to predispose the public in favour of the financial proposals that will be submitted at the Conference, now on the eve of meeting. The lines of the general Egyptian policy of the Government have been broadly and boldly indicated. Even those journals which were foremost in condemning the Government by anticipation have admitted that if they are not perfect, a good deal may be said in favour of them. The more they are considered, the more closely, there is sound reason to think, they will be recognised as hitting the happy mean between the two methods of procedure from which Ministers had to make their choice.

For two alternative courses in regard to Egypt have been open to the Government. In the first place, they might have reverted to the line of heroic action which would have kindled a blaze of enthusiasm half a century ago. They might have set to work to furnish the Jingo bard of the future with the materials for a new Egyptian epic.

They might have struck the old melodramatic attitude of English patriotism, and announced to the whole world that England, and England alone, should be the mistress of Egypt. They might, to put it in a more practical way, have annexed the country, or, what would have come to the same thing, have proclaimed an indefinite protectorate of it. This would at least have been an intelligible policy; but what is the price we should have paid for it? That we should have contracted the mortal enmity of our nearest Continental neighbour—a neighbour with whom we are brought into contact in every quarter of the globe—is allowed by the most impracticable of Tories, but is minimised by them on the plea that we can make ourselves as disagreeable to France as France can make herself disagreeable to us. Granting that this *tu quoque* kind of retort is an adequate reply to a serious objection, are there no other considerations than this with which we should have been compelled to make our account? In the first place, if we had proceeded to assert our claim to an absolute and exclusive supremacy in Egypt, we should have had no alternative but to accept the honour with all its contingent burdens—to take upon ourselves the whole Egyptian debt, and probably to have added a hundred millions to our own national debt. Serious as this undertaking may seem, it is light in comparison with the magnitude of the other duties which, in consequence of such a step, would have devolved upon us. It would have been impossible for us to have added Egypt to our empire without precipitately entering the lists as a great European Power. We should have had no choice but to measure ourselves against the big military States of the Continent. We should have thrown down the glove not only to France, but to Germany, to Austria, and to Russia. The immediate sequel would have been the reopening of the whole Eastern question. A fresh and uncontrollable impulse would have been given by us to the more aggressive movements of the two German Empires and of Russia. Austria, with the approval of Germany, would have sought to indemnify herself for England's crowning act of aggrandisement in Egypt by pushing her way to Salonica. Constantinople would not have been suffered to remain in the hands of the Turk, and before many months had elapsed we should have found that the price of a spirited policy in Egypt was an estrangement from us of all the great Continental States, resulting in an international war. But the pressure would have been felt long ere these extremities had been experienced at home. Pitting ourselves, as, by the irresistible force of circumstances we should have done, against the first military Powers of Europe, we should have had no alternative but to attempt to strengthen the tenure of our authority upon the same terms that it is maintained by them. However keen our national and popular prejudices against such a régime,

we should have been driven to adopt the conscription in England. Even Conservative speakers have before now declared that, on this side of a revolution, conscription in this country was an impossibility. Yet without conscription, and with Egypt on our hands, it would be absurd to suppose that we could have proved for a moment adequate to the fresh burden we had gratuitously assumed.

Now if we eliminate the possibility of an ignominious abnegation of the position which events have forced upon us in the valley of the Nile, what else was there to do but that which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are doing, or are endeavouring to accomplish? An English annexation or protectorate of Egypt would have amounted to an assertion of the exclusive right of England to make her influence felt in that country, and would have kindled the secret fires of intrigue throughout two continents. As it is, the Government have declared that our paramount object is not to keep ourselves in, but to keep others out, and after having prolonged our occupation of the country for a certain period, to vest its government in the native authorities, subject always to the proviso that our troops shall not leave till the country is pronounced by the European Powers to be in a condition to rule itself. As regards France, it was open for us to decide whether we would live against her or with her. We are about to engage in the latter attempt, and upon terms equally creditable and satisfactory to her and to ourselves. We start with the assumption that in three or four years' time Egypt will have learned enough to make her able to dispense with English tutelage. Therefore Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville propose a conditional, not an absolute, limitation of the period of our occupation till 1888. If at the expiration of this time Egypt proves unripe for political independence, then the same Powers which have acquiesced in our paramount influence in Egypt during the last two years will have the opportunity of expressing their acquiescence in it again. As for the ultimate aim of our policy, it accords, as defined by Ministers, precisely with that which was suggested in the last number of the Fortnightly Review. Our goal, in other words, is a neutralised Egypt, and in proportion as this end is accomplished we shall deal with Egypt as, earlier in the century, our statesmen dealt with Belgium, and guarantee it against external attack. To what do the remaining provisions of the so-called Anglo-French agreement amount? Much has been said of the multiple control, but the phrase is now shown to be as empty, as meaningless, and as mischievous as phrases often are. The Caisse de la Dette may be described as an International Commission which transacts the business affairs of the bondholders. The powers with which it is now proposed to invest it are singularly modest. It will have the right of a deliberative voice in respect of the Egyptian budgets of

the future, and the Chairman of the Commission, who is an Englishman, will have a casting vote. No general council supervising the politics or finance of Egypt is to be appointed. So long as the financial advisers of the Khedive keep within the limits of a normal Egyptian budget, the members of the Caisse de la Dette will only have a consultative power. For instance, should the Egyptian Government decide to expend half a million or any other sum upon such a business as irrigation works, the Caisse will be without any authority to check such an expenditure, provided a proportionate reduction is made in other items of the budget. If it is said that England does not by this arrangement sufficiently indemnify herself against the charges which may be incurred during the period of our occupation, the answer is obvious. It is expressly stipulated that the Egyptian Government shall be authorised under pressure of the *force majeure* to spend extraordinary sums without reference to the Caisse. We have to reckon with a period of three years and a half, during which we shall for all practical purposes be supreme in Egypt. Is it not, therefore, clear that whatever the financial responsibilities that England, in respect of any proposal brought forward at the Conference, incurs, she will do so on the strength of her ascendancy—her command, in other words, for the time, of the resources of the Egyptian exchequer? We can, however, only now deal with the facts before us, and on the specifically financial policy of the Government it is out of our power to pronounce any opinion, because this will not fully come before Parliament and the country till the Conference has concluded its deliberations. Of course it must be expected that the bondholders will complain of any arrangement that may be arrived at. They apprehend, and no doubt correctly, that the interest on the sums they have invested in Egyptian loans will be somewhat reduced. There has been during the last two years a considerable deal of abnormal expenditure in Egypt. But what would have been the position of Egypt's creditors without this? Suppose, for instance, nothing had been done to cope with Arabi's rebellion. Where, in that case, would Egypt's creditors have found themselves?

But the question which is of the most immediate and practical interest is the influence that the ministerial statements of two days ago, and the issues of the forthcoming Conference, are likely to have upon the Government. We have already expressed our belief that Egypt, instead of being a source of weakness to Ministers, is in a fair way of being transformed into one of strength. Let us see exactly what it is that Mr. Gladstone has accomplished, and what is the practical alternative to Parliament and the country if his policy is disapproved. In the first place the Anglo-French agreement is consistent in every particular with the repeatedly declared pledges and

assurances of British Ministers to Europe. The Egyptian question is once more admitted to be a matter of European concern, and England, while she asserts that certain consequential rights and privileges belong to her, does not budge an inch from the fiduciary attitude which she originally assumed. Our course, therefore, is at once advantageous to ourselves and honourable, as is abundantly proved by the comments of the foreign press, to say nothing of the singularly able, acute, and generous speech of M. Jules Ferry in the French Chamber. We have, in a word, vindicated our loyalty to the disinterested protestations which we made at the outset, and to the regard for English interests which it was a patriotic duty to maintain. At the same time there is no political position which is not, from a party point of view, vulnerable, and the Conservatives will be able to make a case against the Government scheme. Ordinary considerations of political prudence might have been expected to suggest to the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons a line of action in diametrical antagonism to that which they pursued on Monday last. Sir Stafford Northcote, one might have supposed, would have reserved any expression of opinion on the Anglo-French agreement till further particulars were forthcoming. He might have profitably utilised the interval with propounding a series of well-considered interrogatories on the subject of finance. He did nothing of the sort. His remarks suggested no policy of any kind. What might have been expected followed. Lord Randolph Churchill was spurred into impetuous activity by the inertness of his titular chief, and delivered a speech wanting indeed neither in vivacity nor vigour, but singularly infelicitous in much of its language. Lord Randolph Churchill has arrived at a period when he should be conscious of a growing sense of responsibility. He is destined to attain a very high position, and a man with such a prospect owes it to himself and to others not lightly to level such accusations, as those to which he gave expression, against the stability of a foreign Government and the veracity of its ambassador in London.

Meanwhile the Opposition has shown its hand. Notice has been given by Mr. Bruce of a vote of censure on the Government, and the debate, to which it will give rise, will commence next week. No one can be doubtful as to the result. The Anglo-French agreement is at the present moment provisional only. It depends for its validity first on the verdict pronounced upon it by the French Chamber, secondly on the financial arrangement of the Conference. If no such arrangement is concluded the convention falls to the ground. It is not only inconceivable that Parliament would condemn Ministers on the purely hypothetical issue which must be raised by a vote of censure at the present juncture, but it is certain, as the speeches of Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster made very

clear, that many Liberals who are disposed to dislike the Egyptian policy of the Government would resent the injustice and the absurdity of a premature attack and would go into the ministerial lobby. We may, however, still have a second vote of censure moved by the Opposition at some future stage—for instance, when the Conference is at an end. The authors of such a vote would in effect ask Parliament to undo all that Mr. Gladstone has done, to render futile the deliberations of the Powers, and to reopen the whole Egyptian question anew. In this event it cannot but strike most persons that the Prime Minister would occupy a position almost inexpugnable. Here, he might in nearly as many words say, is a project which if adopted offers a reasonable assurance that the affairs of Egypt will be settled on a basis satisfactory to Europe and honourable to England. It has at least received the sanction of the European Powers; if, he might add, addressing Parliament, you accept it, we may anticipate an auspicious sequel. If, on the other hand, you refuse it, you will go in the face of the European concert which we have laboured not unsuccessfully to preserve, and you will risk a reopening of the entire Eastern question, and the war which that process would probably entail. To put it somewhat differently, the country will recognise in Mr. Gladstone at such a juncture the Minister who offers it a choice between peace and war. Whatever the invectives of the Opposition leaders against the settlement, we believe that the better sense of the community will prevail, and that the Prime Minister's opponents will find themselves in a dilemma which will be the best tribute to the policy of the Government.

Let us pass from Egypt to the Reform Bill. That measure has passed through the House of Commons without change and almost without challenge. Such criticisms as it has received have been dictated rather by the necessities of partisanship than by hostility to its object. Not only has no cave revealed its yawning recesses, but not even the suspicion of a fissure in the hard and solid soil has revealed itself. The Peers cannot but recognise the danger of meeting with a simple negative the Bill which comes up to it, stamped with all the authority that resides in the practically unanimous acceptance of the Commons, and will mainly take exception to the separation of redistribution from enfranchisement. The concession made by Mr. Gladstone robs this plea of any force which under other circumstances it might have. The Prime Minister has agreed to a proposal which will postpone the operation of the measure for eighteen months, and which will afford abundant time for passing the Bill which the Government have always admitted to be the necessary accompaniment of an extension of the franchise. If, therefore, the Lords throw out the Reform Bill because of its incom-

pleteness we shall know what is the true conclusion to draw. Either it may be said they hope to stave off a legislation which they fear and hate, or they have determined that the Liberals shall not be permitted to complete their work, and that the Conservatives shall enjoy the prestige of passing a Reform Bill, and of jerrymandering the constituencies after their own fashion.

It is not, indeed, the ultimate destiny of the measure which is in doubt, but the reputation and influence of Lord Salisbury which tremble in the balance. If the Peers compass the defeat of the measure it will be less because they are indisposed to acquiesce in the inevitable, than because they are resolved to support the Tory statesman whom they have repeatedly thrown over. The point to be decided is simply whether Lord Salisbury shall or shall not be permanently eclipsed. The Conservative chief in the Peers is pledged by his own words to precipitate a dissolution and, for this reason, if for no other, to defeat the Bill. Thus far his history as a party leader has been one of failure and desertion. Upon almost every occasion on which he has posed as the pioneer and protector of Toryism their lordships have thrown him over. He was compelled to acquiesce in the Irish Land Act of 1881; he bore the brunt of a profound humiliation over the Arrears Act of the next year; his party refused to obey his guidance in the agricultural legislation of last session. It remains to be seen whether the Conservative Peers will assert their independence now, or will combine together, in defiance of the monitions of common sense, to protect the remnant of authority and of fame which is still left to Lord Salisbury as a party chief. The acceptance by the Lords of the Reform Bill would be a blow to Lord Salisbury from which he would never recover. No doubt that is a consideration which will influence a certain number of votes. Supposing that the Conservative Peers rally round their leader in a body, what will be the result? The entire session will have been wasted, the country will be irritated to the point of exasperation, we shall be plunged in the heat and turmoil of political agitation, and all for what? Simply that Lord Salisbury's self-love may be gratified, and that a brief postponement of electoral reform may be effected. Lord Salisbury will justify his opposition to the great measure of the session on the ground that it will involve a dissolution. It will not, and should not be allowed to, involve anything of the sort. The country is unanimously in favour of reform, and the popular demonstrations which must follow the successful execution of Lord Salisbury's manœuvre will convince the most sceptical of hereditary legislators of the fact. What necessity, then, can there be of appealing to the constituencies? The consequence of allowing Lord Salisbury to have his way will be an autumn session, and the presentation of the Bill to the House of Lords a second time. It may be said that, in this

event, the Lords could not stultify themselves by accepting the measure, and would have no alternative but to throw it out once more. It is, however, more probable that, having regard to the expressions of opinion in all parts of the United Kingdom, the Lords would decline to risk a second encounter with the Commons, and that even Lord Salisbury might recognise the unwisdom of repeating the protest which the Upper House had made against the measure a few months earlier. What would be Lord Salisbury's position then, and what place would the Second Chamber occupy in public opinion? Is it not clear, that the path of safety in this as in many another matter is the path of dignity, and that if Lord Salisbury is permitted to win a triumph now, it will be fraught with consequences disastrous alike to himself and to the Assembly in which he possesses a majority?

From what has now been said, a fair idea of the condition of the Government at a juncture, extremely critical to the country, may be formed. Mr. Gladstone has been in office for more than four years, and considerable as have been the fluctuations and vicissitudes his administration has experienced, it is, in June, 1884, pretty much what it was in June, 1880. Now, as then, it has its normal, natural, and irreconcilable opponents. Within the last week two constituencies have decided against it. The villa-dom and gentility of Mid-Surrey and the agriculturists of South Hampshire have returned, as they have done before and are likely to do in future, typical Conservative members. Every endeavour has been made by the Conservative leaders to raise the country against the Government. Lord Salisbury's latest appearances on popular platforms have failed to inspire a sentiment of even local animation. The condition of the Conservatives at the present moment—Lord Salisbury pledged to the rejection of the Reform Bill, Lord Randolph Churchill speaking in favour of it at Birmingham, while so little interest is exhibited by the Opposition in their own affairs that they will not even keep a House when Sir Henry Holland has a motion of the utmost importance on the subject of South Africa—taken in connection with the success which has attended the Reform Bill, and the dexterity of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian statesmanship, impresses the country with a sense of the hopelessness of entrusting the administration of its affairs to the Conservatives. Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill are as little united on questions of foreign as of domestic policy. Perhaps the best speech which Lord Randolph has ever delivered is that which he addressed a week ago to the electors of Aylesbury, and in which he bitterly denounced the aggressive imperialism of his titular chief.

On the eve of the Conference it is peculiarly satisfactory to know that a trivial misunderstanding which existed between England and Germany has been removed. It is to be regretted that the Angra

Pequeña business was not, as it easily might have been, settled at a much earlier date. Prince Bismarck has defined, in a noticeable speech, the colonial policy of the Fatherland. It is not one of aggrandisement, but one whose chief aim is the protection of German subjects, in whatever quarter of the globe they may be settled. Nor has Germany any more intention of utilising the death of the Prince of Orange as an occasion for the absorption of Holland in her Empire than she has of creating for herself a vast colonial Empire. As for the differences between Servia and Bulgaria they never had more than a limited importance, and may now be regarded as at an end. The only European State in which considerable domestic changes have occurred within the past month is Belgium. Here the clericals have gained a victory which has resulted in the resignation of M. Frere Orban, and the accession to power of M. Malou. From this event, taken in conjunction with the results of the municipal elections in Italy, it has been inferred that a general reaction against Liberalism may ere long be expected. For ourselves we should be disposed to arrive at an opposite conclusion. M. Malou, it would seem, is largely indebted for his success to the moderation of his clericalism. When in opposition he advocated the abolition of the Liberal law of instruction. That policy he has now discarded. Again, he is said to contemplate the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. It is true that these relations were originally interrupted by M. Frere Orban; but it is also true that the latter, before he was ejected from office, intended to propose their renewal. If the step is carried out now it will be because it has the support of all parties. On the whole it may be safely said that clericalism never won a victory which portended less of reactionary design than that which M. Malou and his friends have won in Belgium.

II.—FINANCE.

No events of great importance have disturbed or interested the financial world during the past month. On all sides, however, the consequences of previous events have become more prominent. In the money market they have taken the form of an access of depression such as has not been witnessed since the summer following the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. Then, as now, credit was strained by the spread of distrust, business enterprise paralysed, and the prospect darkened. But the influences adversely affecting the credit market are more universal at the present time than they have been since 1866. At home the collapse of speculation has not as yet been exceptional, but we suffer from the wave of destruction which has swept over other centres of commerce, and daily the prediction is uttered that our turn is to come. The very cheapness

of money is in itself an indication that distrust has spread through every department of trade, reacting alike on the enterprise of the merchant and the confidence of the money-lender. Money, the means of bestowing credit, accumulates in London, where it is lent only within well-defined traditional lines. The mercantile firm whose credit has become a fetish among bankers may discount its bills at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the house whose standing is called in question, no matter how unreasonably, can find no one to trust it on any terms. All this is unwholesome in the highest degree, and indicative of great danger to the stability of many a solid-looking industry, should the temper of doubt not soon pass away.

Every day, for example, appears to make more certain that widespread collapse in the shipping trade of this country that cool observers have been expecting these two years back. Ships for which there is no business are being laid up in every port, and in too many instances are falling into the hands of imprudent bankers as "security" for advances that the borrowers have no hopes of being able to repay. The foreign trade of the country is contracting in bulk with a rapidity which has not been witnessed since 1867, explain it as we may, and gives as yet no hint of revival. Many shipowners have, indeed, been compelled to forego the adventurous policy they have followed for some years past, and no longer speculate in cargoes when traders cannot be found ready and willing to fill their ships. The competition of the great Atlantic lines has become so keen that several among them are now to all intents and purposes bankrupt; and a week or two ago matters had reached such a pass in the case of a prominent company, that one of its vessels was seized for debt in the port of Liverpool on behalf of a Scotch bank, and only released when guarantees had been given that she would return after the voyage. This is a most significant fact, which points to complications not merely among the shipping companies, but in the affairs of the great building-yards on the Clyde. This is only one phase in the existing position of business affairs. No matter what leading branch of trade we inquire into, we find it tainted to an extent that makes those engaged in it often cry out, "Oh that the crash would come and let us know where we stand." We frequently hear that wail just now; and readers of this review must judge whether it is of much use trying to stave off the mischief by writing as if it did not exist when such is the temper of business men.

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THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

THERE are two attributes which will be conceded, without a dissentient voice, to the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords—intellectual ability and illustrious descent. The Marquis of Salisbury is the highest embodiment of the principle of a hereditary peerage now living. He is a student and a scholar; history, physical science, and theology have alike engaged his attention. As a politician he is a debater of great power and readiness; as an orator, he is fluent, impassioned, vehement. His faculty of illustration is remarkable, his command of the English language is complete. He is surpassed by no one for the felicity and incisiveness of his diction, or for the neatness and bitterness of his epigrams. He would be a force of the first order in any political assembly; in any society, however gifted and brilliant, he would excite interest and compel respect. The position which belongs to him by right of birth has only served as a pedestal for the conspicuous display of splendid natural endowments and rare educational acquisitions. His academic sympathies and achievements, combined with a dignified urbanity of manner, render him an ideally perfect chancellor of Oxford University. The portion of a younger son would not allow his talents to rust, and he found that a seat in Parliament was not inconsistent with the adoption of literature as a career. He made his mark at once, and whether in daily or weekly papers or in quarterly reviews, his style was recognised as that of one of the most competent and finished writers of his time. To quickness of perception and a penetrating insight into fallacies of argument, he united from the first an extraordinary power of work. The ease, quickness, and thoroughness with which he mastered the official business of the Secretary of State for India, are admitted on all sides. He exhibited the same patient industry,

and crowned it with the same brilliant results when, some years later, he was appointed to the Foreign Office. It would indeed, one might think, be impossible, in enumerating the qualities desirable for the equipment of an English statesman, to mention any not possessed by Lord Salisbury.

Yet what is the harvest which his great parts and opportunities have yielded him, and what is the place which at the present moment he must, as an English statesman, be said to fill? Lord Salisbury has now been for more than three years the titular leader of the Conservative party in the Upper House,—the unchallenged Tory candidate for the Premiership. Even while Lord Beaconsfield was alive Lord Salisbury was looked upon as his destined successor. No person appreciated more highly the capacities of the most intractable of his colleagues than Mr. Disraeli, and when in 1867 Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury left the Derby-Disraeli Government on the Reform Bill, it was the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons who exclaimed, "Robert Cecil we must get back at any cost." Six years later "Robert Cecil" was recovered, and took office under Mr. Disraeli as Secretary of State for India. Appeal had been successfully made to an ambition which no one will deny was legitimate and honourable. It is probable that if Lord Salisbury had been told half a decade previously that he would yet again serve under the man he had denounced in the House of Commons as responsible for a "political betrayal which has no parallel in our Parliamentary annals," he would have indignantly denied the possibility of such a thing. If it is said that Lord Salisbury's invectives against Mr. Disraeli were struck out in the heat of Parliamentary debate, and did not reflect his deliberate judgment, it may be well to refer the reader to his more judicial estimate of the entire transaction in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1867. "In what terms," he then asked, "will the calm judgment of posterity estimate the measures of the successful politicians? If they wish to seek for an historical parallel they will have to go back far in our annals. They will find none for the period during which Parliamentary Government has existed. Neither the recklessness of Charles Fox, nor the venality of Henry Fox, nor the cynicism of Walpole will furnish them with a case in point. They will have to go back to the time when the last revolution was preparing, to the days when Sunderland directed the council, and accepted the favours of James while he was negotiating the invasion of William." But no reasonable person would think of condemning Lord Salisbury because in 1873 he consented to co-operate with the statesman whom six years earlier he had vilified as an apostate. The associations of politics are as strange, as unforeseen, and as inevitable as the proverbial fellowships of misfortune. It would be a monstrous

doctrine to propound that the most embittered enemies of yesterday may not be the party associates and accomplices of to-morrow or to-day. Lord Randolph Churchill is understood to disapprove the attitude taken by Lord Salisbury towards the Reform Bill. But who will maintain that upon this account the leader of the fourth party should abstain from accepting office in any Government which Lord Salisbury may hereafter form?

Mention has only now been made of the distrust and dislike with which Lord Salisbury once regarded his late chief to show that it was not presumably without an effort, without possibly some violation of his prejudices or sacrifice of his convictions and scruples, that eleven years ago he took the oath of allegiance to Mr. Disraeli. For such an effort, for such a sacrifice, he must have expected a substantial return. Has he obtained it? At the present moment does Lord Salisbury stand better or worse than he did a decade since in the opinion of his party, of the country, and finally of himself? Looked at from the point of view not so much of a great aristocrat as of an exceedingly able man, has he succeeded in turning that ability to an account at all commensurate with the severity of the self-control which he has exercised? In the first session of the Parliament which returned the Conservatives to power, there arose a difference of opinion between the Prime Minister and Lord Salisbury on the subject of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Mr. Disraeli made no attempt to conceal his contempt for his colleague's objections to the measure. There were some who anticipated Lord Salisbury's resignation after he had been described by his chief as "a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers," and though Mr. Disraeli, who perhaps regretted the expression after it had dropped from his lips, immediately wrote a letter to his noble friend, in which he said that he had been "attempting a humorous apology of things which might not look well in print," even the Christian character of Lord Salisbury was not perhaps proof against a feeling of elementary annoyance. It is unnecessary to dwell upon Lord Salisbury's Indian Administration or its results. They were set forth in no exaggerated language by Sir William Harcourt in a speech delivered in October, 1879. "The whole of his Indian Administration has been marked by one leading characteristic, a fixed resolve to set aside the experience and judgment of those who have real knowledge of India. He has trampled down all the checks, he has eluded all the barriers which Parliament had designed to control a rash and inexperienced Secretary of State." This indictment is not a question of opinion, but a matter of historical record. Lord Northbrook resigned the Indian Viceroyship because he would not be responsible for the results of an attempt to force a Resident upon Cabul. Lord Lytton was appointed with a commission to give effect to

this policy. It was carried out, and the result was massacre and war.

When Lord Salisbury went to the Foreign Office in 1878, he impressed alike his subordinates and the public with his capacity, and his absorbing passion for work. He mastered the business of the department with a promptitude and thoroughness which testified triumphantly to his intellectual power. But he had not made any very considerable advance in public opinion. He had failed at the Constantinople Conference of 1876, and though Lord Beaconsfield,—who, by the way, had pleasantly remarked that he could not think of Lord Salisbury's journey to the assemblage of the Plenipotentiaries without being reminded of an impecunious gentleman who to while the time away went to some gratuitous place of public amusement,—subsequently said that he had only failed because success was impossible, there existed a strong suspicion that General Ignatieff had proved his superior in the tactics of diplomacy, and that he had not been cordially supported by his Government at home. Whatever truth there may have been in the rumours of the period, it will not be forgotten that while Lord Salisbury was at the Turkish capital, there appeared in the morning newspaper, which enjoyed the special confidence of Lord Beaconsfield in matters of foreign policy, an article in specially leaded type, disclaiming all responsibility on the part of ministers for the steps supposed to be taken in the Gladstone direction of coercing the Turk, by the extraordinary representative of England on the Bosphorus. An Austrian diplomatist who was then in London and occupied an intermediary position of a peculiar kind between Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary and the editor of the journal in question might, perhaps, if he were disposed, throw some light upon this incident. But whatever may have been the mutual relations of Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield at this time, it is certain that they developed into a condition of reciprocal cordiality and respect, fairly satisfactory if somewhat superficial, a year or two later.

On the meeting of Parliament in January, 1878, Lord Beaconsfield denied that there had ever been any difference between his own opinions and those of any of his colleagues, meaning Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. Lord Salisbury endorsed this view by attributing the rumours of ministerial dissensions to "our old friends the newspapers." Yet at the very moment when these statements were made, Lord Salisbury knew as well as Lord Beaconsfield that Lord Carnarvon's pacific address to the South African merchants on the second of the month had been severely rebuked by his chief himself, that the Colonial Secretary's resignation was in the Prime Minister's hand, and that the Cabinet's resolution to send the fleet to the Dardanelles had been summarily cancelled in order that the split in

the Government might not be known to the world. Lord Salisbury's most historical and solemn asseverations on foreign policy, during the eventful six months which immediately followed, proved to be on a par, so far as credibility was concerned, with this remarkable protestation. The agreement with Count Schouvaloff, prematurely disclosed by the *Globe* newspaper, was described by him, after he had succeeded Lord Derby as foreign Minister, as "wholly unauthentic, and as not deserving the confidence of your lordships' House." Lord Grey at once extracted from this general assertion a special and explicit assurance that the retrocession of Bessarabia was not contemplated. In that sense it was interpreted by the whole country and by Europe. Then came the Berlin Congress. Lord Salisbury was Lord Beaconsfield's associate at this assemblage of European plenipotentiaries; but though on their return to England Lord Beaconsfield insisted that it was his Foreign Secretary who had ever pulled the labouring oar, it was certainly not Lord Salisbury who had chiefly profited by the proceeding. In the autumn of 1879 a meeting took place between Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, then the Foreign Minister of France, on the subject of Egypt and Greece. This interview was declared by the ministerial press to have been eminently satisfactory. The French and Italian newspapers, however, were not so credulous. What, they asked, were Lord Salisbury's promises and protestations really worth? and was he not ready to promise, and, if needs be, to threaten everything or nothing? He was compared to the spendthrift who, so long as the bill is signed and something in the nature of a loan forthcoming, cares not what is the total for which he has made himself legally liable. He had, we were reminded, menaced in his famous circular—the most imposing document with which a Foreign Minister had ever signalled his accession to power—"Russia with all the terrors of war." He had given the Sultan his word that the influence of Turkey should be supreme in the Balkan peninsula; he had assured Italy that she should have her due share in the management of the affairs of the Khedive. He had solemnly promised his own countrymen that the authority of England in Egypt should remain absolute and unimpaired. Did not every one, so the Continental journals asked, know what was the sequel of this and of many other solemn undertakings to the same effect? The Italian *Panfulla* went so far as to assert that Lord Beaconsfield had cast upon Lord Salisbury his evil eye, and that the English Foreign Minister had become in consequence a new creature. This is not the place in which to trace the successive stages of Lord Salisbury's foreign administration till the crash came in 1880. Many months before the constituencies pronounced against the Conservative Government, Lord Salisbury's influence and credit as a statesman had sustained a serious shock. So completely was this

the case, that his audacious declaration that the cause of the Zulu war was the Zulu invasion of Natal attracted little attention. Lord Salisbury had stooped to conquer, and as yet victory seemed as remote as ever. He had silenced the angry pleadings of his political conscience against Lord Beaconsfield. He had adopted Lord Beaconsfield as his master, and he had lost caste with his countrymen. Here, they argued, was an English noble of high degree who had once set an imposing example of political disinterestedness and chivalry, and who, both in his writings and speeches, never wearied of insisting upon the obligation imposed on English statesmen of regulating their conduct by the highest laws of political ethics. The capital, which was not less essential to his public success than his splendid intellectual gifts or his great position, was his magnanimity and his integrity. But an impartial review of his proceedings between the years 1878 and 1880 rendered it impossible for his countrymen to arrive at any other conclusion than that, if he had not besmirched his escutcheon, he had suffered his most characteristic attributes to be eclipsed. The head of the House of Cecil, the unbending Tory champion who was never weary of dilating on the grand Elizabethan tradition of patriotism and honour, had, it was felt, placed himself in a false position. He had denounced Lord Beaconsfield as an adventurer, and yet he had not only allied himself with Lord Beaconsfield, but he had adhered to him in spite of calumnies and rebuffs, and he had shown a striking aptitude for the reproduction of his arts. At any rate, it was certain that it was Lord Beaconsfield rather than Lord Salisbury who had derived the greater benefit from the Beaconsfield-Salisbury alliance; and that what was to be expected and what was pardonable in the case of the former was to be deplored and resented in the case of the latter.

But when Lord Beaconsfield had passed away a new order of things arrived, and Lord Salisbury entered upon a fresh stage of his career. He had abundant opportunity to retrieve all his past mistakes. If he had exposed his reputation to a strain he had done nothing to forfeit it, and his country now hoped and even expected that he would prove himself a great party leader. Unless it is contended—and, as will be presently shown, the reasons for such a supposition are, to say the least, purely conjectural—that by vindicating his authority in rejecting the Reform Bill he has atoned for all his past errors and failures, can it be said that Lord Salisbury has realised the anticipations which he excited when, on Lord Beaconsfield's death, he succeeded to the place which he had so long coveted, and to fill which he had undergone and condescended to so much? On the very night during the session of 1881 on which the Irish Land Bill was read a second time by a majority of two to one,

Lord Salisbury held the measure up to the scorn of an audience he addressed in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, and asserted that no such thing as an Irish land question existed. This was within five weeks of Lord Beaconsfield's death; Lord Salisbury's authority over his party was shown upon that eventful evening by the abstention of seventy Conservatives from the division, and by the desertion of nearly a score to the ministerial side. Any blunder that Lord Salisbury may have left uncommitted was committed by Sir Stafford Northcote, who had previously conferred on the momentous question with his colleague in the Peers. The result was that Sir Stafford Northcote, acting as Lord Salisbury's lieutenant, not only did the wrong thing, but did it in the worst and most infelicitous manner conceivable. First, he said Lord Elcho's amendment did not represent the views of the Conservative party, but that Lord John Manners' did. Secondly, he assured the House that he was above all things anxious that the Bill should be fairly considered. By way of giving consistent and rational effect to these propositions, Sir Stafford Northcote endeavoured to secure, on the motion for the second reading, the defeat of the Bill which he declared he wished to consider, by calling upon his supporters to vote for the amendment of which he expressly said he did not approve. Subsequently to this Lord Salisbury endeavoured to compass the defeat of the Land Act in the Upper House. The result is historical, and at the end of the first session of his leadership, the successor of Lord Beaconsfield found his authority over Parliament and over his party sensibly diminished. The story of 1881 was told in more emphatic language a twelvemonth later. Lord Salisbury resolved to take up a firm attitude on the Arrears Bill. That was a matter on which he would be a party to no surrender. Nor as a matter of fact did he surrender. He convened his followers in Arlington Street and they declined to follow. He admonished them in the House of Lords and they refused to obey. The Arrears Bill was carried, not, as was the case with the Land Bill, with Lord Salisbury's passive consent, but in the teeth of his vehement resistance. This powerful and accomplished nobleman, the most acute and vigorous debater, and certainly the most dexterous rhetorician among the hereditary legislators of the realm, acknowledged his impotence as a party chief, and by doing so acquiesced in his own effacement. The session of 1883 was scarcely less disastrous. He abstained from making any capital out of the abortive Childers-Lesseps convention on the Suez Canal. He only allowed Sir Stafford Northcote to cover, by an ill-timed motion, the ministerial retreat from an untenable position. But that was not his chief discomfiture. The Agricultural Holdings Bill provoked his most relentless opposition. He rallied his supporters against it and declared it should never become law. The Duke of Richmond

held a different view. So also did the Conservative majority in the Upper House. Lord Salisbury had no alternative but to capitulate unconditionally and thus to submit to a fresh diminution of his prestige. The session of 1884 has been marked by a different order of events, and in inducing the peers to reject the Reform Bill, Lord Salisbury has achieved a momentary triumph. But the end is not yet. It is on the face of it a Pyrrhic victory which he has won. The Conservatives are not unanimous in the rejection of the measure. Lord Salisbury has not united his party round him. He has simply divided it with the immediate result of succeeding in inducing a majority of that party to declare against the Bill. The acceptance by the peers of Lord Wemyss's resolution would have precipitated Lord Salisbury's humiliation. It has yet to be seen whether their refusal of it will avert his abasement or simply postpone it. In the latter event Lord Salisbury is scarcely to be congratulated on the method of procedure which he has adopted. There can be little doubt that if he had acquainted the House of Lords with Mr. Gladstone's offer to enter into a solemn compact with the sovereign that a Redistribution Bill should be passed before the extension of the franchise took effect he would not have obtained his ill-starred majority on the 8th of July. There is no limit to the possibilities of political life, and it is not absolutely inconceivable that Lord Salisbury may be able even yet to force a dissolution on the issue of Egypt as well as of Reform which will result in giving the Conservatives a majority. But it is only upon that assumption that he will be able to look back with satisfaction on the work he has done during the present month.

So much for the ability which, as a political leader, the most capable and brilliant of Tory peers has displayed. If he is looked at less as a statesman than as a patrician of high degree, will he appear in a more favourable light? The reply shall be given not in the vague language of opinion which may be right or wrong, but in the enumeration of facts which are beyond dispute. Lord Salisbury's courtesy and politeness in private life, his generosity, his amiability and his mastery of the grand manner, are well known to all who have the honour of his acquaintance. But the political critic is concerned with the demeanour not of the English nobleman and gentleman in the refined sphere of social existence, but of the English statesman, as he is known to the public by his language and action. No one has allowed himself so aggressive a license of words, no one has sealed with the stamp of his personal authority so lamentable a variety of vituperative phrase, as the head of the historic house of Cecil. The animus and abusiveness of his attacks upon Mr. Gladstone when he was in the House of Commons, live in the memory of all who witnessed them. Just twenty years are

passed since he compared the present Prime Minister to a low attorney, and when the feeling of the House was evidently in favour of an apology, rejoined that he had no objection to apologize—to the attorney. Brutality is a strong word to use. Yet when his onslaught upon Lord Derby, a connection and formerly, during many years a colleague of his own, in the House of Peers, five years ago, is remembered, it is difficult to find an adequate synonym. Upon this occasion he compared his predecessor at the Foreign Office to Titus Oates, and the peculiar offensiveness implied in the allusion was not lost upon his audience. *Noblesse oblige* and most competent critics of contemporary manners will be disposed to say that no man, however lofty his station, has a right to allow himself this latitude of tongue when duelling no longer exists as an institution. In the same way it may well seem inconceivable that a man of Lord Salisbury's breeding and refinement should, in the debate on the Reform Bill, have remarked that things in Egypt were "going on charmingly." The expressions employed by Lord Salisbury in the debate on Lord Wemyss's motion are open to the same criticism. Mendacity and misrepresentation are the mildest terms in which the Tory leader stigmatizes those who presume to differ from him. He refuses the Reform Bill because enfranchisement is not accompanied by redistribution, and when Mr. Gladstone offers to adopt a course which will furnish a morally certain guarantee that till redistribution has been carried the extension of the suffrage shall not take effect, Lord Salisbury in the same breath charges Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues with insincerity, and practically claims to redistribute seats on his own terms. At the same time, he, in effect, tells the people that they are not seriously bent upon having a Reform Bill, they have not yet committed any breaches of the public peace. Agitation which is orderly appears to be no agitation at all. The British workman—such seems the practical sum—Lord Salisbury's scornful argument, is always violent when he is in earnest. He is so in private, must he not therefore be so in public? If his dinner is not ready when he comes home, he threatens his wife and his crockery or he smashes both. In the same way Lord Salisbury holds that the *canaille* for whom he has so haughty a contempt is indifferent to reform now because it pulls down no railings and sends no brickbats flying through plate glass windows.

Such are the temper and tone assumed by the Tory Chief in his capacity of champion of his order. It is a lamentable precedent that he thus places on record, and one that is too easily followed. How comes it that a peer who is so studiously courteous in his private demeanour, who, whatever may be the condition of his Dorchester estate,—which is more remote from him and does not therefore come within his personal purview,—is so excellent a

landlord as the condition of his Hatfield property shows him to be, can thus trample upon the tenderest sentiments and deepest convictions of those who presume to dissent from his political opinions, or whom nature has made his inferiors in the social scale? Professor E. A. Freeman, writing to the *Daily News* in May, 1879, to protest against the slander which ministerial mendacity had crystallised round the phrase he had formerly uttered, "Perish India!" remarked, "the rank of the persons who stoop to spread the falsehood abroad shows how thorough is the education which Lord Beaconsfield has given his party. I know nothing of Lord Cairns, or whether he was at any time likely to be truthful or not, but I should certainly have believed the word of Lord Salisbury or of Sir Stafford Northcote on any matter until they had gone to school with the Jew." Mr. Freeman's expressions are doubtless unwarrantably strong, and certainly in the case of Lord Salisbury he has exaggerated the influence of Lord Beaconsfield. He would have been nearer the truth if he had said that Lord Salisbury afforded in his own person and in his own terminology another instance of that historic fatalism on which Mr. Freeman has instructed us. The baneful tradition of this mental and phraseological temper has descended to the Tory leader from that *noblesse* with which his house was collaterally allied, and whose spirit, alien as was the race of its original exponents, he has inherited. Those who would wish to form a correct idea of the way in which the peers under the ancient regime in France addressed their inferiors and thought of them can do so by consulting the dramas of Molière and the novels of Dumas. Lord Salisbury is the nearest approach, which the conditions of life in democratic England during the last decade of the nineteenth century allow, to those grand signors who by their vices, their excesses, the callousness with which they regarded the suffering of those beneath them and the cynical brutality with which they spoke of them, rendered the French revolution possible. In one respect out of many Lord Salisbury indeed furnishes a noticeable contrast to those whose political descendant he is. He is without their vices and absolutely untainted by their profligacy. It would be an impertinence to say that the life of Lord Salisbury is as spotless as his social bearing is noble, his loyalty to his friends unswerving, and his sense of private duty exalted. He is here only criticised as a public man, and in that capacity he must be said to have reproduced in his idiosyncrasies of language and thought the most characteristic of those faults which alienated the French people from the French aristocracy. As while they denounced the mob they were unconsciously playing into its hands, so when Lord Salisbury accuses his political opponents of obstruction he ignores the fact that he is himself the greatest practiser of obstruction known.

But the parallel may be pressed, independently of the moral distinction that has been already indicated, too closely. Lord Salisbury's nature, profoundly as it is attracted by and intrinsically as it sympathises with, the feudal pretensions and glories of mediævalism, is traversed by a distinctly modern vein. He takes a practical interest in the researches of physical science, and while he has achieved great successes in a certain order of literature, he illustrates his practical taste for experimental chemistry in the laboratory at Hatfield. Nor has he entirely escaped the commercial contamination of the age in which we live. However withering his contempt for the counsels of prudence which are acceptable to a nation of shopkeepers, he has not shunned all the associations of the mart. There was a time when he smiled upon and took a leading part in the enterprises of aerated bread associations and international land companies, and it is but a few years ago that he resigned the chairmanship of the Great Eastern Railway Company. It may be mentioned in passing that Lord Salisbury can find, when he wishes to convey a sense of the degradation of politics and the decline of party government, nothing stronger than a simile drawn from commerce. "Take," he says in the *Quarterly Review* (October 1867, p. 546), "the unselfishness of politicians away and parties become nothing but joint-stock companies for the attainment and preservation of place." As regards party government indeed it may be said with some confidence that Lord Salisbury despairs of its perpetuation on its present lines. Sir Robert Peel in 1846 dealt it its first blow. The late Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli sounded the note of its doom in 1867. "The charge," wrote Lord Salisbury in the same article, "recorded against him (Lord Derby) by recent events is far graver than that of any change of opinion however rapid. It is that he obtained the votes which placed him in office on the faith of opinions which to keep office he immediately repudiated. It is that according to his own recent avowals he had made up his mind to desert these opinions even at the very moment when he was being raised to their power as champion." And again, "We must face it as one of the probabilities of the future that one at least of our great parties will work at all events for some time upon Lord Derby's principle. They may for convenience' sake retain old names, but they will carry no banner, and will be attached to no special cause."¹

(1) There is one passage of such rare literary point and excellence in the *Quarterly Review* article already quoted from,—perhaps the very ablest piece of political writing published in any periodical for the last twenty-five years,—that no excuse need be made for giving it here, especially since, with a few changes, it is an anticipatory criticism of much relevance on the enthusiasm which Lord Salisbury affects to-day for the completion of the scheme of household franchise. "In the early part of the Session, even after the compound household had been slain, Mr. Disraeli boldly denied that he was introducing a household suffrage Bill. He declared that not only had the

The occurrences of seventeen years ago confirmed Lord Salisbury in a political pessimism which was not ungenial to his temperament and which the associations and events of his private life had done much to encourage. He was nurtured from his childhood in an atmosphere of severity. Many of his early experiences were singularly painful. He was at once conscious of great talents and of little home sympathy. It is a significant tribute to Lord Salisbury's intrinsic kindness in all private relations that he has rigidly shunned the precedent with which he made a painful acquaintance in his own youth, and as father and relative has won warm affection and deep respect. When, however, he himself entered upon the business of life circumstances had produced in his nature a certain deposit of bitterness. It is this vein of sentiment which gradually imparted to his political ideas a certain pessimistic tinge. In that direction he was constitutionally predisposed, and fortune favoured and accentuated the bias. What happened in 1867 must have convinced Lord Salisbury that as a party politician he either lived too late or had been born too soon, that the political times were out of joint, and that, though he could not hope to put them right, he might by his withering declamations and sarcastic homilies bring a sense of their iniquity home to his contemporaries. What, he may well have asked himself, was the history of Conservatism from the days of Wellington to those of Peel, from the days of Peel to those of Derby and Disraeli, but a constant surrender of principles? Conservatism in fact, he must have seen, could only exist on a basis of capitulation. This is not an accident, but of the essence of the Conservative faith as illustrated in practice. Conservatism, to justify itself with Lord Salisbury, should embody the principle of authority, the rights of the few, the superior wisdom and virtue of the few as opposed to the cupidity and clamour of the many. 'Most of us have

Conservative leaders not opposed household suffrage in the previous year, but they had come to a decision in favour of it, even so far back as 1859. No one else has been sufficiently matter of his countenance to repeat this wonderful defence. . . . The discovery is too new and too opportune to have had much weight with the public. It would only challenge a moment's attention from those who had either never watched or had wholly forgotten the events of 1866. Roman Catholics tell us that recent developments of their faith, which to an ordinary reader of ecclesiastical history seem very novel indeed, were in reality held by the ancient fathers, and that the entire absence of any mention of such things from their writings, and indeed the occurrence of many observations of a totally different complexion, are due to the fact that the fathers held these beliefs unconsciously and implicitly. Conservative belief in household suffrage previous to last Easter, must have been very similar in character to the Patristic belief in the Immaculate conception. It is not very difficult, either in one case or the other, to show how wholly unconscious this belief must have been. The speeches of Lord Derby, of Mr. Disraeli, of Lord Stanley, of Sir Stafford Northcote, of Mr. Hardy, of Sir Hugh Cairns, even during the last two years, will furnish, to any one who cares to refer to them, abundant materials for a catena of Conservative authorities against a large reduction of the franchise."

known in private existence the head of a household who periodically brings the life of the domestic hearth to a deadlock. From time to time he is possessed with a notion that it is his duty to assert his prerogative of power. Nothing can be done, all the affairs of the household are brought into inextricable confusion because its intractable member holds out upon some point of discipline. It is difficult not to be reminded by Lord Salisbury's public action of this private experience. Authority as conceived by him, and therefore Conservatism, which is the embodiment of authority, is exemplified in such a fashion as to reduce politics to an impossibility. Can any one who surveys the history of the last fifty years doubt that Conservatism is unequal to any other function than to act as a check upon precipitate movement, —in other words, as a drag upon the wheel of progress. Conservatism has no other business to discharge than to arrange judicious compromises with its opponents. The place which it fills in the general economy of English politics is exactly analogous to that filled by the House of Lords in our legislative, administrative, and executive system. Its object is, like that of the second Chamber, to revise and amend, and, when possible, to procrastinate, but never to let the struggle go too far, and always to yield in the end. Now Lord Salisbury is no more willing to accept this view of Conservatism than he is of the House of Lords. Yet it is certainly the only view which agrees with experience; to adopt any other is to ignore facts and to tilt at actualities. When Lord Salisbury denounces Conservatism because of its readiness to compromise, and when he impresses on the Lords the paramount duty of out-and-out resistance, he may be holding up a standard of heroic and ideal excellence, but the attempt, if persisted in, to attain to it will end in disaster. It may be a counsel of perfection, but it is also a gospel of despair. However animated the tones in which it is proclaimed by Lord Salisbury, they are full of menace to the institutions which he is pledged to uphold. In politics he can see no middle term between surrender and anarchy, between popular Government and revolution. In precisely the same way the true sons of the Roman Catholic Church love to speak of Liberalism, and of the modern spirit itself and of the revolution. As a refuge from revolution they take shelter in the infallibility of a Church. That Church, some of them may have their misgivings, is not possibly, after all, built upon a rock; but it is an alternative preferable at least to the hideous Walpurgis revel of impiety and confusion which rages around them. Something of this sort of temper may be discovered in Lord Salisbury. He may not believe in the eternity of the foundations on which the House of Lords or Toryism or party Government exists, but better adherence to a doomed Toryism and the rights of a moribund Chamber, than desertion from principles

at the threatening mandate of a mob. Burke knew not how to draw an indictment against a nation. It is the form in which Lord Salisbury's political precepts and appeals naturally shape themselves. The latest article which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in October, 1883, entitled, "Disintegration," was a lament protracted through forty pages, over the degeneracy of the English people, and a solemn declaration, in a series of portentously elaborate combinations of phrase, of his contempt, distrust, and hatred of the English masses.

It is inevitable that the chief characteristic of such a statesman as Lord Salisbury and of the position he occupies should be loneliness. He is completely detached from the majority of his own party. His spirit is above them, his intellectual processes are performed independently of them. In this respect he resembles Lord Beaconsfield, but there is no similarity in the sort of detachment illustrated in either case. It was Lord Beaconsfield's lot to be constantly engaged in the defence of men whom he despised and of ideas which he ridiculed. That is one of the reasons why most of his speeches are such inordinately dull reading, and why no shrewd admirer of him would have ventured to republish even a selection of them. But Lord Beaconsfield turned with alacrity to practical account the politicians at whom he laughed and the principles and prejudices which he derided. Lord Salisbury has not more in common with those around him than had Lord Beaconsfield, but, unlike Lord Beaconsfield, he has profound beliefs. He believes in constitutional theories carried to their logical end which can never be their practicable goal. Consequently he believes in resisting the mob and its demands to the death, and in holding the citadel of the House of Lords. In these notions there are none of his colleagues on the front bench who sympathise with him; not the Duke of Richmond and Lord Cairns, who are men of business, and who find themselves at one with Lord Salisbury now, for accidental rather than permanent reasons—the Duke of Richmond, because as the farmers' friend he is obliged to oppose the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer; Lord Cairns, because as an Irish Orangeman he cannot favour the extension of household suffrage to Ireland; not Lord Carnarvon, whose politics resolve themselves into a picturesque aggregate of high principle and amiable sentiments. Lord Salisbury is therefore absolutely alone. Nor can it be wished by those who like or admire the man, his gifts, and his attitude, that he should abandon his position of isolated grandeur. He has done so before, and he may do it again; but if the future can be predicted from the past the experience is not likely to be edifying to the public or creditable or dignified to Lord Salisbury himself. When in the reign of Lord Beaconsfield he indulged his passion of

personal ambition the result was a clear loss of political character—a deplorable diminution of the respect in which his name was held by the English people. Upon no single occasion since then has Lord Salisbury taken a part in practical politics without some detriment to himself. Either, as in his latest passages of arms with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, he has been convicted of some misrepresentation, or inaccuracy, or suppression, which challenges the epithet disingenuous, or if, as on the present occasion, for the first and, as may be said, for the last time, his advice has been followed, he has led others into a position of embarrassment and peril. Lord Beaconsfield, and indeed any political chief of common shrewdness and foresight, would have availed himself of Mr. Gladstone's overture on the subject of redistribution, have at once transmuted the words of the Prime Minister into the gold of party capital, and have bidden the Lords recognise in them a triumphant vindication of the course they had at his advice adopted. Not so Lord Salisbury. In being thus the sworn enemy of the temperate and the prudent he is the friend of his opponents and the enemy of his order and himself. Such a man is out of place in the party struggles of Parliament. He may be, as in this case he is, a great nobleman, a scholar, a writer of extraordinary ability and endowments, learned in the lore of theologians and in the results of scientific researchers, a generous landlord, an exemplary head of a household, and a fine gentleman, but he is not, and he cannot be, a real statesman; and the wish of his most discreet friends must be that he should withdraw from a career which, as the past has shown, may compromise his character, but can yield no harvest of success.

IDEAS ABOUT INDIA.

I.—THE AGRICULTURAL DANGER.

"Our title to be in India depends on a first condition, that our being there is profitable to the Indian nations; and on a second condition, that we can make them see and understand it to be profitable."—GLADSTONE, 1877.

HAVING visited India during the past winter under circumstances quite exceptional for an Englishman, I propose while they are fresh in my mind to record the impressions left on me by my journey, and to state briefly my opinions with regard to the various political questions now being agitated by the Indian and the Anglo-Indian press. India is without doubt becoming the great question of the day, and although for a moment the lesser one of Egypt stands more prominently in the political foreground, it is by far the most important which Englishmen will have to solve in the present generation. For good or for evil our fate as an empire is bound up with that of the Indian people, and we have duties to perform towards them and precautions to take which, if we neglect them, will involve us in complete Imperial ruin. The tendency of the present day is to procrastinate in politics, but the lesson of Egypt may well have taught us something, and my object in these pages will be to convey a warning of evils now ignored but growing every day greater, and which may at a given moment assume proportions far beyond the power of any Government which may be in office to deal with or assuage.

With regard to the field of my observations, I may explain that, commencing with the island of Ceylon, I worked my way first through Southern India. Ceylon itself, though out of the administrative system of the Peninsula, I found a most interesting study, as showing the lines on which Indian progress may be expected to advance; and viewed in the light of it I was better able to appreciate the vices of administration I afterwards observed. Ceylon is a crown colony, and its form of government stands about half-way between the night of the present Indian system and the full day of our true colonies. It enjoys a twilight of liberty which I hardly appreciated while I was there, it seemed so little, but which I could hardly believe in afterwards, it seemed so much. Crossing the Straits, I found myself at once in another atmosphere and under another rule. Although Southern Madras has been at peace under English administration for a hundred years, I found everywhere distrust of the Government, fear of the officials, and a certain vague disquiet which is an unmistakable sign with nations that all is not well. I heard from every mouth complaints of the overwhelming poverty of the poor, of the ever-increasing burden of taxation, and the ever-increasing selfishness of those charged with the expenditure.

I passed next through the famine districts of the Presidency. There I was able, imperfectly indeed, but still to some purpose, to test the accuracy of what I had learned in the towns as to the condition of the Deccan ryot,¹ and to form some conception of his agricultural needs and fiscal grievances. It may be thought that this would be impossible for a stranger passing rapidly through an enormous district, but I did not find it absolutely so. Land tenure in Asia is all much on the same plan, and India forms no exception; and to one who has travelled through the Ottoman empire with observant eyes, the burdens laid upon the Indian peasantry are very apparent. My plan was to visit a few villages wherever I made a halt, and put a certain series of questions to whatever intelligent cultivator chance might direct me to. It may be said that I did not hear the truth, inasmuch as I did not know the various vernaculars, and inasmuch as all Orientals seek to please, and it might have been my pleasure to hear the worst. But I guarded against this by taking a local interpreter in each new place, who could not have been in collusion with the last, and who, if he suspected my sympathy with the ryot, was unable to warn him of the special answers I had before received. Nor will any one, I think, maintain that the same stories on the same subjects could have been constantly told me in villages remote from each other, unless those stories had been true. I was able thus to compare the accounts received and contrast the peasant of the Deccan, who is the poorest in India, with the peasants of Bengal and other more favoured districts, till I feel satisfied that I have a fair general knowledge of the subject, far of course from complete, yet infinitely more real than could be acquired at home by any amount of study or inquiry. Also I am prepared to challenge further examination on this point of the agricultural distress, being convinced that my conclusions would be come to by any other independent traveller adopting the same impartial method of judging. Official information, it may be, contradicts me. But I am strong in the testimony of the people themselves.

At Calcutta, which I reached just at the moment of the extreme agitation regarding the Ilbert Bill, I found myself in the centre of the political arena, where the most advanced doctrines in the direction of self-government were being debated. For reasons which I need hardly allude to, I was admitted at once into the confidence of all, and became acquainted in a few weeks with what the majority of our civilian officers spend their lives in only half suspecting. It was the time of the opening of the Exhibition, and all India was gathered to the metropolis, and little that was interesting in the way of talent, or position, or notoriety in native society failed to make my acquaintance as that of a person sympa-

(1) I use the term "Deccan" in its broader and, I believe, original sense of the south Country, not as it is sometimes applied to the dominion of the Nizam only.

thizing with Eastern ideas and desirous of their good. It has been constantly pretended by English writers that it is only what are called the "Babus" of Calcutta who are sufficiently educated to have advanced ideas on the political regeneration of their country; but nothing is less true. The Calcutta politicians stand, indeed, in the foreground of English vision because they are of Calcutta, that is to say of the most English city of India, and because they have a more general knowledge of the English language; but the Mahrattas and Parsis of Bombay are at least their equals, and in point of vigorous thought and true statesman-like intelligence I found no one at Calcutta to equal the leading Brahmins of Madras; while, among the Mohammedans, the North-West Provinces are far ahead of Bengal proper in independence of ideas and political courage. Calcutta, however, like London, is the chief centre of debate, and it is around the Viceroy in council that the battle rages loudest. At the time of my visit an embryo Parliament was holding its sittings, at which men from all parts of India were assembled, and all the great questions of the day were being debated; and I found the intelligence and abilities of those who took part in the debates very fairly distributed. I had the honour of being present at the whole of these sittings, being the only European thus distinguished, and though it is true that Bengal was unduly represented in the meetings, it was hardly more exclusively so than would have been the case in Europe with any city which should have been chosen as the scene of an international assemblage. The growth of political intelligence in India is far indeed from being confined to the Hindu lawyers of Bengal.

In North-Western India, through which I next travelled, I studied almost exclusively the Mohammedan phase of the Indian question. I was asked to give a series of lectures on their education, and did so, thus becoming intimately acquainted with Mohammedan wants and troubles and aspirations. It is a mistake to suppose that there is as yet any irreconcilable breach between the Mohammedans of Hindostan and her Majesty's Government. To say that they are disaffected towards us is of course true, inasmuch as it is true also, in the literal sense of the word, of every section of the native community. There is no love whatever lost between the Indians and ourselves, whether they be Mohammedan, or Hindu, or Parsi, or native Christian. We do nothing to gain their affection, and they waste none on us. But in some ways the Mohammedans are less hostile to the existing order of things than the others are. They suffer on some points less, and they are certainly less inclined in the abstract to revolutionary doctrines. A stricter regard to their rights and a little more genuine sympathy with Islam abroad might make them actively loyal to the Crown; and it is only in the last few years that they have begun to share the general distrust with which

our Government is now justly regarded in Islam. I went through most of the great cities specially Mohammedan, and my only serious omissions were in the Punjab.

Finally I spent a few weeks in the independent State of Hyderabad, where I was able in some sort to compare native with English rule, and where I had the privilege of being behind the scenes in one of the most astonishing dramas of State intrigue modern times have witnessed. This taught me much of the relations existing between the Imperial and the feudatory Governments, and though I do not propose here to detail them, my knowledge of them gives me confidence in stating certain of my opinions. Scindia's and Holkar's territories I had no time to visit, and except from a flying passage through the Rajputana principalities, I gained no further experience in this direction. But the virtues and vices of Oriental rule I have seen displayed in other countries, and the principal object of my journey this year was a study not of these but of British rule in India. At the end of five months I sailed once more for England from Bombay.

These then are my titles to be heard upon the Indian question—imperfect ones perhaps—yet in the dearth of independent knowledge surely of value. My experience has been that of a tourist, but I have returned satisfied that it is quite possible to see and hear and understand all that vitally concerns our rule in India in six months' time; and it is my belief that a traveller, with an open and sympathetic mind travelling without official recommendation, has a better chance of really arriving at the truth in the short space of a single winter, than most public servants have in the whole of their official career. In India, as elsewhere in the East, official position is a bar to knowledge; and official protection is a perpetual hindrance. I was careful to avoid Government houses and Collectors' bungalows wherever possible, but I did not always succeed, and whenever I crossed a hospitable European threshold I was reminded at once of those entertainments given by Pashas and Mudirs which I had so often enjoyed in other lands. Once under the official roof, a veil of suspicion seemed to divide me from the people; and it was strange to meet again, almost in the position of servants, honourable native gentlemen one had met some hours perhaps before as equals and as friends. Yet such is the painful unreality of social intercourse between the governing class and the governed, and such in consequence their ignorance of each others' thoughts.

The results of my experience I propose to condense and arrange under the following heads:

1. The agricultural danger with which the unsound finance of India is intimately connected. 2. Race hatred, which shall include a survey of the principal questions now agitated in the towns of India; and 3. The position of the Mohammedans,—a matter little

understood, but whose importance at the present moment it would be difficult to exaggerate. Under these three heads I believe it will be possible for me to include all that I have to say both of warning and of suggestion—of warning, because I have no doubt whatever that if things continue in their present groove a revolution is the necessary end—of suggestion, inasmuch as I have equally little doubt that by timely reform that catastrophe may be averted.

I believe it to be an axiom in politics that all social convulsions have been preceded by a period of growing misery for the agricultural poor, combined with the growing intelligence of the urban populations. Certainly this was the case in Europe at the time of the Reformation, and again, following the lead of France, in the last century; and, most certainly and immediately under our own observation, it has been the case in Ireland and in Egypt at the present day. Where there is complete ignorance, misery may be accumulated almost without limit by a despotic power. Where the mass of the population is prosperous, no growth of knowledge need be feared. But it is at the point where education and starvation meet that the flame breaks forth. This is a truism. Yet there are few who recognise how absolutely true it is of India.

No one accustomed to Eastern travel can fail to see how poor the Indian peasant is. Travelling by either of the great lines of railway which bisect the Continent, one need hardly leave one's carriage to be aware of this. From Madras to Bombay, and from Bombay again to the Ganges valley, distances by rail of seven hundred and eight hundred miles, one passes not half-a-dozen towns, nor a single village which has a prosperous look. The fields, considering the general lightness of the soil, are not ill-cultivated; but there is much waste land; and in the scattered villages there is an entire absence of well-built houses, enclosed gardens, or large groves of fruit trees, the signs of individual wealth which may be found in nearly every other Oriental country. The houses are poorer than in Asia Minor or Syria, or even Egypt, and are uniform in their poverty. There are no residences of any wealthier class than the poorest, and the little congregations of mud huts are without redeeming feature in the shape of stone-built mansion or white-washed dwelling at all superior to the rest. Such exceptions one finds in every province of the Ottoman Empire, except perhaps in Irak, and one finds them in Persia. But throughout the great central plateau of the Indian peninsula, they are wholly absent.

Nor is the aspect of poverty less startling if one looks closer. Entering a Deccan village one is confronted with peasants nearly naked, and if one asks for the head man one finds him no better clothed than the rest. The huts are bare of furniture. The copper

pots are rare, the women are without ornaments. These are the common signs of indigence in the East; and here they are universal. Questioning the peasants, one ascertains not only that they do not eat meat, for this is often against their religious custom, but also that they eat rice itself only on holidays. Their ordinary food is millet mixed with salt and water, and flavoured with red peppers; and of this they partake only sufficient to support life. Of luxuries other than the red peppers they seem wholly destitute.

In every village which I visited of the British Deccan I heard complaints of poverty resembling most closely those to which I was accustomed in Syria and Egypt. Complaints of overtaxation of the country, increase and inequalities of assessment, of the tyranny of local overseers (not necessarily Englishmen), charged with levying the rates, complaints of the forest laws, of the decrease of the stock of working cattle, of their deterioration through the price of salt, of universal debt to the usurers. The only complaints conspicuous from their absence were those relating to insecurity of life and to conscription, the two great evils of Western Asia. And I will say at once before I go further that immunity on these heads goes far in my opinion towards counterbalancing the miseries which our rule would otherwise seem to have aggravated in the condition of the Indian ryot. The special evils which we have imposed upon him are, however, only too apparent. In former days, though his land assessment or rent was very likely as high as now, it was mitigated for him by custom and by certain privileges which our system of administration has deprived him of. In bad seasons when his crop was poor he enjoyed remissions which are very seldom granted now. The lord of the land to whom he paid his rent lived within reach of him, and in days of distress might be cajoled into pity or possibly frightened into moderation. But the landlord now is a formless thing—the Government, which no tears can reach, no menace turn away. It is represented only by a succession of changing agents, strangers to the country, ignorant of the people and their wants, and whose names the ryots rarely learn to know. This is a constant complaint in their mouths, and the condition of British India under the modern system is a striking instance of the evils of absentee ownership. For the last hundred years it has been the constant aim of the Madras government to destroy all ownership in land but its own, and it has so far succeeded that it stands now alone throughout the greater portion of the Presidency face to face with the peasantry. If these were happy the result might be good. But in their actual circumstances of chronic starvation it seems to me a very dangerous one.

With regard to the actual amount of the assessment, I made what inquiries I was able, endeavouring, so far as possible, to ascertain what proportion it bore to the gross value of the crop, and, although I state it with all due diffidence, I think I am not wrong in putting

it at 35 to 40 per cent. for the Deccan district. It may well be considerably more, but I think it can hardly be less. In any case, I feel quite certain that Dr. Hunter's figures in his book (which, be it remembered, is the accepted handbook about India) are enormously wrong, where, quoting the Famine Commission, he states that "the land tax throughout British India is from 3 per cent. to 7 per cent on the gross out-turn." Seven per cent. would of course be a very light rent in any country, but 40 per cent. would be inordinately high, and I am quite sure that impartial inquiry would prove that in the Deccan, at least, my own figures are far more nearly correct. In Bengal, I know there are lands assessed as low as 1 per cent., but Bengal is a prosperous country, nearly the only one in India, and is precisely the exception which best proves the general rule by exemplifying the causes of agricultural poverty.

It is, however, not merely the amount of the assessment which weighs upon these Deccan ryots, nor merely the inelasticity of its collection. If the natives themselves are to be believed, there are other causes of poverty directly due to the British connection which have had a far more disastrous effect upon the prosperity of the country than any taxation has produced. The reason, these say, why the ryot of the present day is poorer than his predecessor of fifty years ago is this. Under the ancient system of native rule, and during the early days of the Company, the agricultural population was not wholly dependent on agriculture. It had certain home industries which employed its leisure during those seasons of the year when labour in the fields was useless. There was the carrying trade which could be engaged in with the bullocks used at other times for ploughing. There was peddling of ghee and other home-made wares; and above all there was the weaving industry, which employed the women and the men, too, during their idle time, and helped them to pay their rent. But modern improvements and modern legislation have altered all this. The railroads have very much destroyed the carrying trade; native industries have been supplanted by foreign ones, and the introduction of machinery and of foreign cottons have broken up every hand-loom in the country. The ryot, therefore, is reduced to the simple labour of his fields, and this does not suffice him any longer to live and to pay his assessment—therefore he starves. This account of the matter has been very ably set before the English public by Sir William Wedderburn, and I do not propose to argue it out here. But I can testify that it is the account also given by the natives themselves, and that I have no doubt that it is strictly true. The official account is different. According to apologists of the Strachey schools over-population caused by the security of our rule is the sufficient reason of all distress, and it is possible that this may be correct of Bengal and other districts enjoying more prosperous conditions than those of which I am now

speaking. But as applied to the Deccan it is manifestly untrue. For nothing like the whole area of cultivable land is taken up, and the population is scanty rather than excessive. The causes of distress and famine must be looked for rather in the growing impoverishment of the existing population, than in its numerical excess—in its enforced idleness during part of the year, and in the disappearance of the whole class of large proprietors who in former times used to lay up stores of grain to keep their peasantry alive in the droughts. It is my opinion, in common with that of the most intelligent native economists, that a permanent settlement of the revenue, such as there is in Bengal, would do more by the creation of a wealthy class of landowners in the Deccan, towards mitigating the periodical famines there, than any other form of legislation could, or the covering of the country with a whole net-work of railroads. But of this later.

Other modern grievances of the peasant are, first, the new Forest Laws. These were introduced some years ago in consequence of the growing famines which, it was argued, were caused by the irregularity of the monsoon rains, which in their turn were caused by the denudation of the forests. Admitting as true all that can be said of the necessity of strong measures to prevent destruction in these, and to increase the area of vegetation, the *modus operandi* seems to have been needlessly violent, and most injurious to the people. One would have supposed that so wide an object as the regulation of the rainfall would have been provided for out of Imperial funds. But this was only done in part. The bulk of the loss fell on individual peasants. Wherever I went in the Madras and Bombay presidencies I heard of common lands enclosed and rights of pasture withdrawn, and this without any compensation at all being given to the possessors. The plea seems to have been that, in the days of the Mohammedan Empire, the Mogul was lord of all uncultivated lands, and that therefore although time and custom had intervened for generations, the land might be resumed. The effect in any case has been disastrous. The leaves of trees are largely used in India for manure, and the supply is now cut off. The pasture has been reduced and cattle are dying of hunger. Where wood had been free from time immemorial, so much a load now has to be paid. In the Ghauts of Bombay matters seem to have gone farther still, and after the great famine of 1877-78 Sir Richard Temple had whole districts enclosed, evicting the ryots and destroying their villages. The ryots in turn set fire to the forests, and but for his timely resignation of office it is said the whole country would have been morally and physically in a blaze. I know that the ill-feeling caused by his high-handed action, which reminds one of that of William Rufus when he enclosed the New Forest, has left behind it memories bitter as those in Ireland to this day. Bad or good, necessary or

unnecessary, the Forest Act has much to answer for in the present state of discontent among the peasantry.

Allied to this, and even more general in its pressure on the poor, stands, secondly, the Salt tax. Its oppressive character has been much disputed; but in the Madras Deccan and the poorer districts of Bombay there should be no doubt whatever upon the matter. It is the one great theme of complaint, the one that touches the people most nearly and is most injurious in proportion to the poverty of the sufferer by it. The comparatively well-to-do ryot of Bengal and North-Western India does not feel it and does not complain of it. But wherever there is real pinching in the necessities of life, there the salt monopoly raises a clamorous cry. It is only the very poor who are obliged to stint themselves in salt; but the very poor are unfortunately the rule in Southern India. In the Deccan, moreover, its pressure is the more galling, because natural salt lies on the ground, and the people are therefore starved of it as it were in sight of plenty. In several villages which I passed the ryots told me that they had been reduced to driving their cattle by night to the places where the salt is found, that they may lick it by stealth; but the guards impound them if thus caught infringing the law; and latterly orders have been given that the police should collect in heaps and destroy all salt whatever found in its natural state above ground. In other parts I heard of a kind of leprosy attacking persons deprived of this necessary article of diet; and especially on the sea-coast south of Bombay the disease was spoken of as prevalent. The fact of there being no complaint with regard to the salt tax at Calcutta or in Northern India, has caused the Indian Government to be callous on this matter, and I fear the fact that it brings six millions sterling to the revenue is an additional reason why it is likely still to be overlooked. But it is one that is nevertheless very urgent in the poorer districts, where it is causing real and increasing suffering, and where it is regarded with well-founded anger. The price of salt sold to the people by the Government is reckoned at from 1,200 to 2,000 per cent. on its cost value.

Lastly, and this is the case all over British India, the peasantry is deeply, hopelessly in debt. It is curious to find this prime cause of the Egyptian Revolution faithfully reproduced in India under our own paternal and enlightened rule, and through the same causes. Agricultural debt came into being in either case with European methods of finance; and, although the subject has been thoroughly threshed out by previous writers, I shall perhaps be pardoned if I once more briefly explain the process. In old times, as I understand the case, in Oriental lands money was practically unknown to the peasantry. Their dealings were in kind, and especially the land tax paid to the Government, was paid not in coin but in corn. The whole of the peasants' security therefore, if they wanted to

borrow, was their crop—and, if at sowing time, they needed seed it was recoverable only at the harvest; at which time also the Government took its share, a tenth according to strict Mohammedan law, or it might be a fifth, or in times of grievous tyranny the half. Nothing more, however, than the crop of the year was forthcoming. No lender, therefore, would advance the impecunious cultivator more than his seed corn or the loan of a yoke of oxen, and there was no possibility on the Government's part of anticipating the taxes. The economic law of ancient Asia was to do things parsimoniously, to spend according to the means in hand, and at most to store up wealth for rainy, or rather rainless, days. But with European administration came other doctrines—wealth, our economists affirmed, must not be idle; production must be increased; resources must be developed; capital must be thrown into the land. The revenue above all things must be made regular and secure. In order to effect this, payment in money was substituted for payment in kind,—a regular tax for an irregular portion of the crop;—and, while the rate was nominally lowered, no loss from accidental circumstances was to be allowed to fall upon the Government. So much coin must be forthcoming every year as the tax on so many acres. In countries as in England where the system is understood, where markets are at hand, and money plentiful, this is undoubtedly the best and most convenient form of levying the revenue. But in the East its introduction has always produced disorder. In the country districts of India, as in Egypt, corn could not be sold in the public market at its full market price, and when the day came for payment of the Government dues, the peasant had the choice either of selling at a grievous loss or of borrowing the money. He generally borrowed. I believe it may be stated absolutely that the whole of peasant indebtedness in either country originally came from the necessity thus imposed of finding coin to pay the land tax. The change, however, put immediate wealth into the hands of Government, by lessening the cost of collecting the revenue, and so was approved as a beneficial one; and by an inevitable process of financial reasoning borrowing was encouraged. It was argued that capital, if thrown into the land, would increase the wealth of the agriculturist along with the wealth of the revenue. But how to induce the investment of that capital except by increasing its security? In order to enable the agriculturist to borrow he must be able to give his debtor something of more value than the crop in his field. Then why not the field itself? The laws of mortgage and recovery of debt by safe and easy process were consequently introduced, and courts appointed for the protection of creditors. This completed the peasant's ruin. Finding money suddenly at his disposal, he borrowed without scruple, not only to pay the taxes and to improve his land, but also for his amusements. Whether I am

right or wrong in the details of this history it is an indisputable fact that at the present moment there is hardly a village in British India which is not deeply, hopelessly in debt. In the course of my inquiries I do not remember to have met with a single instance of a village clear of debt even in Bengal.

This is the last worst evil which English administration has brought upon the Indian peasantry, and when one considers all their poverty and the depth of their increasing liabilities one finds it difficult to have patience with the optimist views of men like Sir John Strachey who see all that they have created in India and find it very good. That we have done much that is of advantage to agricultural India no one will deny, but have we not done it still more harm? We have given the ryot security from death by violence, but we have probably increased his danger of death by starvation. This is a doubt which is beginning to assert itself vividly in the minds of thoughtful Indians, and it is one that thoughtful Englishmen too will do well before it is too late to entertain.

Admitting the general fact of India's growing agricultural poverty, what should be our remedy? I confess to being a little sceptical of the legislative nostrums partially applied and proposed to be applied by the Imperial Government to a patient manifestly in want of a complete change of treatment and a long period of financial rest. Nor do I see my way to accepting such alleviations as the Bengal Rent Bill, or the founding of agricultural banks, or even local self-government, though all these things may be good, as a sufficient check to the evils fast accumulating. At best they may succeed in shifting the burdens of the people a little on this side or on that. They will not lighten them really by a single pennyweight, nor restore the confidence of the people in the humane intentions of the Government, nor put off even for a year the trouble which on the present lines of policy must certainly ensue. I do not believe in legislative remedies for the starvation of the ryot or in the possibility of relieving his position except at the sacrifice of interests too strongly represented both at Calcutta and in London to be assailed with any chance of success. Finance, not legislature, is the cause of all the evil; and until that is put upon a sound footing, the rest is of no real value. We have seen the results of an unsound finance in Egypt: and we shall see them repeated in India before the world is many years older; and unless I am much mistaken, in precisely the same form. Given anything in the shape of military disaffection (and who shall say that this is improbable?), and nothing is more certain than that an appeal will be made to the peasantry on the simple grounds of relief from debt, and reduction of the land tax, and that it will not be made in vain. Finance in Egypt declined all warning on this head, and finance in India I fear will equally decline it. But the danger is nevertheless there; and will assert itself when

the time comes in spite of the financiers, and doubtless, too, as in Egypt, to the financiers' discomfiture.

When I was at Calcutta, I constantly discussed this matter with the leading native economists, and I know, too, their ideas in other cities; and at Bombay it formed the chief subject of attention at a meeting specially convened to instruct me with regard to the wants of the Presidency. I know therefore what Indians think about Indian finance, and I believe their reasoning is sound. According to these the vice of the Calcutta budgets lies in the fact that, whereas in every other country the finance Minister looks solely to the interests of the country he serves, in India he looks principally to the interests, not of India, but of England. Two English interests have to be served first, before any attention can be paid to the necessities of those who supply the revenue. First, the Anglo-Indian Administration must be maintained in full employment, in pay, allowances, and according to native ideas in luxuries; and secondly, every kind of advantage must be given to English trade. It is impossible for me in the limits of this paper to argue out the question of the excessive costliness of the civil and military establishments of India. These are notorious in the world as surpassing those of all other countries to which they can be fairly compared in the present time or the past. And, although they may also lay claim to be the most efficient, it does not prevent them from being a vast financial failure. It is a perpetual astonishment to travellers to note the scale of living of every Englishman employed in India in however mean a capacity. The enormous palaces of governors and lieutenant-governors, their country houses, their residences in the hills, their banquets and entertainments, their retinues of servants, their carriages and horses, their special trains on their journeyings, their tents, their armies of retainers and camp followers—these are only samples of the universal profusion; an equally noble hospitality reigns in every bungalow on the plains; and endless dinners of imported delicacies, with libations of imported wines, tempt night after night the inhabitants of the most solitary stations to forget the dismal fact that they are in Asia and far from their own land. No Collector's wife will wear an article of Indian manufacture to save her soul from perdition, and all her furniture, even to her carpets, must be of English make. I remember early in my travels having the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of a country station master on the Indian Peninsular Railway, and being astonished to find him living in better style, and in a house larger than most English rectories, while we were driven out after luncheon by his lady in a charming phaeton drawn by a pair of stepping ponies. There was no reason, however, for astonishment. He lived as all Englishmen in India do, that is to say, about five times as well as in his rank of life he possibly could do at home, and he was worthy of his good fortune. Only it must not be supposed

that the natives starving outside are at all proportionately the better for the brave living of their rulers. I, an English traveller, profited as a guest, and I am half ashamed to say how sumptuously I fared. But the poor ryot was in fact my host—not the other—for it was he whose labour fed me, though he did not share the meal. I say, a traveller cannot fail to be impressed, and, if he have any powers of reflection, disagreeably so, with this profusion. There is surely no country in the world where in the midst of such starvation there is so much waste; certainly none where the expense of it all is borne so wholly and directly by the poor. I wonder whether any one has calculated the number of miles of macadamised road in the various Anglo-Indian cantonments, not a yard of which has ever served any purpose beyond that of enabling the officers' wives to pay each other visits in their carriages. I wonder whether any one has calculated the numbers of absolutely useless clock towers and Gothic memorials erected by Sir Richard Temples to Sir Bartle Freres, and Sir Bartle Freres to Sir Richard Temples in the various Presidencies. I wonder whether any one has calculated how many hogsheads of Champagne the water-drinking ryot has paid for in the last half century as an unaccounted item of his yearly budget. These things strike the imagination of the traveller. They do not strike the resident in India. They are not arguments, but impressions; and yet they mean something.

If, however, the ryot must maintain the luxury of his English administrators before his own wants can be supplied, so, too, must he maintain the English trader to the ruin of his own trade. I am repeating native arguments when I complain that the necessity of considering the advantage of Manchester capitalists stands seriously in the way of an honest framer of the Indian Budget, and that, whereas the Finance Minister of every English colony is at liberty to raise money by import duties and generally does so, the Indian Minister is precluded from that source of revenue. I have argued the matter of Free Trade out with the native economists, and they seem to me perfectly to understand it. They know that as applied to England, a manufacturing country which imports its food, Free Trade is a necessity of financial life. But they deny that the doctrine applies with equal cogency to India. India, they say, is a produce-exporting country like the United States or the Australian colonies. It imports no single article of prime necessity, iron and coal perhaps excepted, and the cotton and other manufactured goods consumed there are luxuries only used by the rich, and especially by the Europeans. It is certain that no ryot in all India wears any cotton clothing of foreign make, or has his means of existence made one wit cheaper for him by Free Trade. Import duties then would tax the rich only, and the rich in India are hardly taxed at all. Yet, because Free Trade is of advantage to England, India must

forego her own advantage. This, the natives say, may be a political necessity, but it is not ruling India financially for India's good. I confess I do not see where the flaw in their argument lies. They say, moreover, that Free Trade in manufactured goods has destroyed the native industries and given nothing in their stead. When the hand-loom a hundred years ago were ruined in the English counties, the rural population migrated to the towns and found work in the great factories. But in India this has hardly at all happened. The ryot who used to weave is left without labour of any sort during his spare time, for distances are great and there is little demand for labour in the towns, and he remains of necessity idle, so that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a present of his labour has been made by Anglo-Indian finance to his English rival. The doctrine of advantage from buying in the cheapest market does not help him, for he buys nothing cheaper; and if the English manufacturer shares the advantage with any one in India, it is with the town consumer, not with the ryot. Every native economist, therefore, whom I have spoken with on the subject, would impose import duties on manufactured articles except machinery. Thus, they say, a tax would be levied upon the rich; and, if it acted as a protection and stimulus to home manufactories, why so much the better. With protection, factories could be established in the Indian country towns in which the surplus labour of the ryot would find employment, and so the injury done him be in part redressed. If this doctrine is unsound, I shall be glad to hear in what manner; for at present it seems to me to have not a little reason.

I was surprised to find in an assemblage mainly of rich men, that most of those who composed the Bombay meeting already alluded to were in favour of some form of income tax. Not that they altogether denied its general unpopularity, but from the necessity they recognised of taxing wealth. They said that in one shape or other incomes had always till recently been taxed in India, and that, though there were great difficulties in the way of collecting any sort of income tax fairly, it had always been accepted. The present licence tax, they assured me, was much more hateful and far less profitable, than any true tax on income, and seemed framed on purpose to distribute its pressure most unfairly. It seemed hardly credible, but according to present regulations the keeper of a small shop in the native quarter was taxed as highly for his trade as the richest English banker on Change; all the charge upon the latter's income, though he might deal in millions, being twenty pounds per annum in the form of a trade license. The present system was in fact only another advantage given by the framers of Indian budgets to English trade; and they assured me that the people who really prevented a proper income tax from being imposed in India were not the native tradesmen, but the English officials whose salaries

would be directly touched by it. If it were possible to levy import duties and a tax on incomes, the agricultural poor might be relieved, but hardly in any other way. I offer these suggestions for what they may be considered worth.

The prime measure, however, of agricultural reform, on which all native India seems agreed, is the granting of a permanent revenue settlement to every province, such as was ninety years ago granted to Bengal, and limiting thereby the preposterous claim of the Government to all ownership in land. This right of State ownership has worked everywhere, or nearly everywhere, its full natural result of impoverishment and disaffection; and Bengal, which has been exempted from its action, has alone remained prosperous. It is impossible for me in the limits of space imposed upon me to argue out this great question here. But I intend to return to it on a future occasion; and it will be sufficient for me now to say, that the value placed by native opinion on a fixed revenue settlement is the cause of the strong agitation actually in progress against the Bengal Rent Bill. This measure, in spite of Lord Ripon's immense popularity, is decidedly unpopular, and native politicians see in it a first blow struck at the prosperity of the only province which has hitherto escaped the universal drain of wealth into the Imperial coffers; nor am I without reason to believe that so it was intended, not by Lord Ripon, but by some of his advisers. At present, however, I only state the fact that a permanent settlement of the land revenue is urgently demanded by all India.

To sum up, Indian economists are in favour first of import duties on manufactured goods such as are imposed in Australia and other colonies; secondly, of a shifting of the financial burden as far as possible from the agricultural poor to the commercial rich, and thirdly, of a renunciation by the Government of its indefinite claims upon the land. These views will probably be considered preposterous in England, where we have cut and dry principles of economy in contradiction to them. But it is certain that all native opinion is against us, and that our present system is bringing India very near to ruin. Surely, there must be something wrong in a state of things which has produced the spectacle of a Government, after having absorbed to itself the whole land rent of a country, still finding itself constantly in financial shifts. The Government of India, as landlord, does practically nothing for the land. All is squandered and spent on other things; and the people who till the soil are yearly becoming poorer and more hopeless. This I call the agricultural danger, and if it is not one I again ask where the flaw in my reasoning lies. At least it is a reasoning held by ninety-nine out of every hundred educated and intelligent Indians.

WILFRID SAWEN BLUNT.

MEASUREMENT OF CHARACTER.

I do not plead guilty to taking a shallow view of human nature, when I propose to apply, as it were, a foot-rule to its heights and depths. The powers of man are finite, and if finite they are not too large for measurement. Those persons may justly be accused of shallowness of view, who do not discriminate a wide range of differences, but quickly lose all sense of proportion, and rave about infinite heights and unfathomable depths, and use such like expressions which are not true and betray their incapacity. Examiners are not, I believe, much stricken with the sense of awe and infinitude when they apply their foot-rules to the intellectual performances of the candidates whom they examine; neither do I see any reason why we should be awed at the thought of examining our fellow creatures as best we may, in respect to other faculties than intellect. On the contrary, I think it anomalous that 'the art of measuring intellectual faculties should have become highly developed, while that of dealing with other qualities should have been little practised or even considered.

The use of measuring man in his entirety, is to be justified by exactly the same arguments as those by which any special examinations are justified, such as those in classics or mathematics; namely, that every measurement tests, in some particulars, the adequacy of the previous education, and contributes to show the efficiency of the man as a human machine, at the time it was made. It is impossible to be sure of the adequacy in every respect of the rearing of a man, or of his total efficiency, unless he has been measured in character and physique, as well as in intellect. A wise man desires this knowledge for his own use, and for the same reason that he takes stock from time to time of his finances. It teaches him his position among his fellows, and whether he is getting on or falling back, and he shapes his ambitions and conduct accordingly. "Know thyself" is an ancient phrase of proverbial philosophy, and I wish to discuss ways by which its excellent direction admits of being better followed.

The art of measuring various human faculties now occupies the attention of many inquirers in this and other countries. Shelves full of memoirs have been written in Germany alone, on the discriminative powers of the various senses. New processes of inquiry are yearly invented, and it seems as though there was a general lightening up of the sky in front of the path of the anthropometric experimenter, which betokens the approaching dawn of a new and interesting science. Can we discover landmarks in character to serve as bases for a survey, or is it altogether too indefinite and fluctuating

to admit of measurement? Is it liable to spontaneous changes, or to be in any way affected by a caprice that renders the future necessarily uncertain? Is man, with his power of choice and freedom of will, so different from a conscious machine, that any proposal to measure his moral qualities is based upon a fallacy? If so, it would be ridiculous to waste thought on the matter, but if our temperament and character are durable realities, and persistent factors of our conduct, we have no Proteus to deal with in either case, and our attempts to grasp and measure them are reasonable.

I have taken pains, as some of my readers may be aware, to obtain fresh evidence upon this question, which, in other words, is, whether or no the actions of men are mainly governed by cause and effect. On the supposition that they are so governed, it is as important to us to learn the exact value of our faculties, as it is to know the driving power of the engine and the quality of the machine that does our factory-work. If, on the other hand, the conduct of man is mainly the result of mysterious influences, such knowledge is of little service to him. He must be content to look upon himself as on a ship, afloat in a strong and unknown current, that may drift her in a very different direction to that in which her head is pointed.

My earlier inquiries into this subject had reference to the facts of heredity, and I came across frequent instances in which a son, happening to inherit somewhat exclusively the qualities of his father, had been found to fail with his failures, sin with his sins, surmount with his virtues, and generally to get through life in much the same way. The course of his life had, therefore, been predetermined by his inborn faculties, or, to continue the previous metaphor, his ship had not drifted, but pursued the course in which her head was set until she arrived at her predestined port.

The second of my inquiries was into the life-histories of twins, in the course of which I collected cases where the pair of twins resembled each other so closely, that they behaved like one person, thought and spoke alike, and acted similar parts when separated. Whatever spontaneous feeling the one twin may have had, the other twin at the very same moment must have had a spontaneous feeling of exactly the same kind. Such habitual coincidences, if they had no common cause, would be impossible; we are therefore driven to the conclusion that whenever twins think and speak alike, there is no spontaneity in either of them, in the popular acceptation of the word, but that they act mechanically and in like ways, because their mechanisms are alike. I need not reiterate my old arguments, and will say no more about the twins, except that new cases have come to my knowledge which corroborate former information. It follows, that if we had in our keeping the twin of a man, who was his "double," we might obtain a trustworthy forecast of what the man

would do under any new conditions, by first subjecting that twin to the same conditions and watching his conduct.

My third inquiry is more recent. It was a course of introspective search into the operations of my own mind, whenever I caught myself engaged in a feat of what at first sight seemed to be free-will. The inquiry was carried on almost continuously for three weeks, and proceeded with, off and on, for many subsequent months. After I had mastered the method of observation a vast deal of apparent mystery cleared away, and I ultimately reckoned the rate of occurrence of perplexing cases, during the somewhat uneventful but pleasant months of a summer spent in the country, to be less than one a day. All the rest of my actions seemed clearly to lie within the province of normal cause and consequence. The general results of my introspective inquiry support the views of those who hold that man is little more than a conscious machine, the larger part of whose actions are predicable. As regards such residuum as there may be, which is not automatic, and which a man, however wise and well informed, could not possibly foresee, I have nothing to say, but I have found that the more carefully I inquired, whether it was into hereditary similarities of conduct, into the life-histories of twins, or now introspectively into the processes of what I should have called my own Free-Will, the smaller seems the room left for the possible residuum.

I conclude from these three inquiries that the motives of the will are mostly normal, and that the character which shapes our conduct is a definite and durable "something," and therefore that it is reasonable to attempt to measure it. We must guard ourselves against supposing that the moral faculties which we distinguish by different names, as courage, sociability, niggardness, are separate entities. On the contrary, they are so intermixed that they are never singly in action. I tried to gain an idea of the number of the more conspicuous aspects of the character by counting in an appropriate dictionary the words used to express them. Roget's *Thesaurus* was selected for that purpose, and I examined many pages of its index here and there as samples of the whole, and estimated that it contained fully one thousand words expressive of character, each of which has a separate shade of meaning, while each shares a large part of its meaning with some of the rest.

It may seem hopeless to deal accurately with so vague and wide a subject, but it often happens that when we are unable to meet difficulties, we may evade them, and so it is with regard to the present difficulty. It is true that we cannot define any aspect of character, but we can define a test that shall elicit some manifestation of character, and we can define the act performed in response to it. Searchings into the character must be conducted on the same

fundamental principle as that which lies at the root of examinations into the intellectual capacity. Here there has been no preliminary attempt to map out the field of intellect with accuracy; but definite tests are selected by which the intellect is probed at places that are roughly known but not strictly defined, as the depth of a lake might be sounded from a boat rowing here and there. So it should be with respect to character. Definite acts in response to definite emergencies have alone to be noted. No accurate map of character is required to start from.

Emergencies need not be waited for, they can be extemporised; traps, as it were, can be laid. Thus, a great ruler whose word can make or mar a subject's fortune, wants a secret agent and tests his character during a single interview. He contrives by a few minutes' questioning, temptation, and show of displeasure, to turn his character inside out, exciting in turns his hopes, fear, zeal, loyalty, ambition, and so forth. Ordinary observers who stand on a far lower pedestal, cannot hope to excite the same tension and outburst of feeling in those whom they examine, but they can obtain good data in a more leisurely way. If they are unable to note a man's conduct under great trials for want of opportunity, they may do it in small ones, and it is well that those small occasions should be such as are of frequent occurrence, that the statistics of men's conduct under like conditions may be compared. After fixing upon some particular class of persons of similar age, sex, and social condition, we have to find out what common incidents in their lives are most apt to make them betray their character. We may then take note as often as we can, of what they do on these occasions, so as to arrive at their statistics of conduct in a limited number of well-defined small trials.

One of the most notable differences between man and man, lies in the emotional temperament. Some persons are quick and excitable; others are slow and deliberate. A sudden excitement, call, touch, gesture, or incident of any kind evokes, in different persons, a response that varies in intensity, celerity, and quality. An observer watching children, heart and soul at their games, would soon collect enough material to enable him to class them according to the quantity of emotion that they showed. I will not attempt to describe particular games of children or of others, nor to suggest experiments, more or less comic, that might be secretly made to elicit the manifestations we seek, as many such will occur to ingenious persons. They exist in abundance, and I feel sure that if two or three experimenters were to act zealously and judiciously together as secret accomplices, they would soon collect abundant statistics of conduct. They would gradually simplify their test conditions and extend their scope, learning to probe character more quickly and from more of its sides.

It is a question by no means to be decided off-hand in the nega-

tive, whether instrumental measurements of the magnitude of the reflex signs of emotion in persons who desire to submit themselves to experiment, are not feasible. The difficulty lies in the more limited range of tests that can be used when the freedom of movement is embarrassed by the necessary mechanism. The exciting cause of emotion whatever it be, a fright, a suspense, a scold, an insult, a grief, must be believed to be genuine, or the tests would be worthless. It is not possible to sham emotion thoroughly. A good actor may move his audience as deeply as if they were witnessing a drama of real life, but the best actor cannot put himself into the exact frame of mind of a real sufferer. If he did, the reflex and automatic signs of emotion excited in his frame would be so numerous and violent, that they would shatter his constitution long before he had acted a dozen tragedies.

The reflex signs of emotion that are perhaps the most easily registered, are the palpitations of the heart. They cannot be shammed or repressed, and they are visible. Our poet Laureate has happily and artistically exemplified this. He tells us that Launcelot returning to court after a long illness through which he had been nursed by Elaine, sent to crave an audience of the jealous queen. The messenger utilises the opportunity for observing her in the following ingenious way like a born scientist.

“ Low drooping till he well nigh kissed her feet
 For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
 The shadow of a piece of pointed lace
 In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the wall
 And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.”

Physiological experimenters are not content to look at shadows on the wall, that depart and leave no mark. They obtain durable traces by the aid of appropriate instruments. Marek's pretty little pneumo-cardiograph is very portable, but not so sure in action as the more bulky apparatus. It is applied tightly to the chest in front of the heart, by a band passing round the body. At each to-and-fro movement, whether of the chest as a whole, or of the portion over the heart, it sucks in or blows out a little puff of air. A thin india-rubber tube connects its nozzle with a flat elastic bag under the short arm of a lever. The other end of the lever moves up and down in accordance with the part of the chest to which the pneumo-cardiograph is applied, and scratches light marks on a band of paper which is driven onwards by clockwork. This little instrument can be worn under the buttoned coat without being noticed. I was anxious to practise myself in its use, and wore one during the formidable ordeal of delivering the Rede Lecture in the Senate House at Cambridge, a month ago (most of this very memoir forming part of that lecture). I had no connection established between my instru-

ment and any recording apparatus, but wore it merely to see whether or no it proved in any way irksome. If I had had a table in front of me, with the recording apparatus stowed out of sight below, and an expert assistant near at hand to turn a stop-cock at appropriate moments, he could have obtained samples of my heart's action without causing me any embarrassment whatever. I should have forgotten all about the apparatus while I was speaking.

Instrumental observers of the reflex signs of emotion have other means available besides this, and the sphygmograph that measures the pulse. Every twitch of each separate finger even of an infant's hand is registered by Dr. Warner's ingenious little gauntlet. Every movement of each limb of man or horse is recorded by Dr. Maret. The apparatus of Mosso measures the degree in which the blood leaving the extremities rushes to the heart and head and internal organs. Every limb shrinks sensibly in volume from this withdrawal of the blood, and the shrinkage of any one of them, say the right arm, is measured by the fall of water in a gauge that communicates with a long bottleful of water, through the neck of which the arm has been thrust, and in which it is softly but effectually plugged.

I should not be surprised if the remarkable success of many persons in "muscle-reading" should open out a wide field for delicate instrumental investigations. The poetical metaphors of ordinary language suggest many possibilities of measurement. Thus when two persons have an "inclination" to one another, they visibly incline or slope together when sitting side by side, as at a dinner-table, and they then throw the stress of their weights on the near legs of their chairs. It does not require much ingenuity to arrange a pressure gauge with an index and dial to indicate changes in stress, but it is difficult to devise an arrangement that shall fulfil the threefold condition of being effective, not attracting notice, and being applicable to ordinary furniture. I made some rude experiments, but being busy with other matters, have not carried them on, as I had hoped.

Another conspicuous way in which one person differs from another is in temper. Some men are easily provoked, others remain cheerful even when affairs go very contrary to their liking. We all know specimens of good and bad-tempered persons, and all of us could probably specify not a few appropriate test conditions to try the temper in various ways, and elicit definite responses. There is no doubt that the temper of a dog can be tested. Many boys do it habitually, and learn to a nicety how much each will put up with, without growling or showing other signs of resentment. They do the same to one another, and gauge each other's tempers accurately.

It is difficult to speak of tests of character without thinking of Benjamin Franklin's amusing tale of the "Handsome and the Deformed Leg," and there is no harm in quoting it, because, however

grotesque, it exemplifies the principle of tests. In it he describes two sorts of people; those who habitually dwell on the pleasanter circumstances of the moment, and those who have no eyes but for the unpleasing ones. He tells how a philosophical friend took special precautions to avoid those persons who being discontented themselves, sour the pleasures of society, offend many people, and make themselves everywhere disagreeable. In order to discover a pessimist at first sight, he cast about for an instrument. He of course possessed a thermometer to test heat, and a barometer to tell the air-pressure, but he had no instrument to test the characteristic of which we are speaking. After much pondering he hit upon a happy idea. He chanced to have one remarkably handsome leg, and one that by some accident was crooked and deformed, and these he used for the purpose. If a stranger regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one he doubted him. If he spoke of it and took no notice of the handsome leg, the philosopher determined to avoid his further acquaintance. Franklin sums up by saying, that every one has not this two-legged instrument, but every one with a little attention may observe the signs of a carping and fault-finding disposition.

This very disposition is the subject of the eighteenth "character" of Theophrastus, who describes the conduct of such men under the social conditions of the day, one of which is also common to our own time and countrymen. He says that when the weather has been very dry for a long time, and it at last changes, the grumbler being unable to complain of the rain, complains that it did not come sooner: The British philosopher has frequent opportunities for applying weather tests to those whom he meets, and with especial fitness to such as happen to be agriculturists.

The points I have endeavoured to impress are chiefly these. First, that character ought to be measured by carefully recorded acts, representative of the usual conduct. An ordinary generalisation is nothing more than a muddle of vague memories of inexact observations. It is an easy vice to generalise. We want lists of facts, every one of which may be separately verified, valued and revalued, and the whole accurately summed. It is the statistics of each man's conduct in small every-day affairs, that will probably be found to give the simplest and most precise measure of his character. The other chief point that I wish to impress is, that a practice of deliberately and methodically testing the character of others and of ourselves is not wholly fanciful, but deserves consideration and experiment.

FRANCIS GALTON.

MOROCCO.

ON the 14th of June last, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in the House of Commons, in reply to Dr. Cameron, declared that France had given an assurance that she had no designs upon Morocco, or wish to proclaim a protectorate over the country. It is difficult to reconcile this statement with the policy adopted by M. Jules Ferry. The designs of France are in the bosom of the French Foreign Office, but her actions are public, and have been such during the last few months as to have alarmed the Sultan into an appeal to the Powers of Europe for support against her aggression. Briefly, the two actions of France which produced this state of affairs were: (1) The course taken relative to a French subject who had acquired, under the provision of the Madrid Convention, property in the province of Riff, which adjoins the Algerian frontier. (2) The protection given to the Shereef of Wazan. Practically these are parts of the same line of conduct, inasmuch as the property in Riff was acquired, indirectly if not directly, through the agency of the Shereef. In the first place this property was obtained by one thoroughly acquainted with Morocco, and therefore well aware of the impossibility of taking possession unless supported by a powerful force. Due notice of the intention to take possession was given to the Moorish Secretary for Foreign Affairs at Tangier through the French Minister, and the necessary authority and a safe conduct asked for. The Riff is a semi-independent province in which the collection of taxes is only effected by the Government when aided by the military. The Moorish Minister therefore urged as a reason for not granting permission to enter the Riff territory, that the Government could not take the responsibility of being answerable for the lives of foreigners in that district. No foreigners had ever attempted to occupy land there; it would be even dangerous for Moors who have no ties of relationship with Riffeans to do so, and might ultimately end in bloodshed. The argument of France was that under the Madrid Convention of 1880, foreigners can acquire land in Morocco, and thus she said to Morocco, "Your Government must see us through this, if not, you admit that you cannot control these people." Reading between the lines it amounted to this, "If you have no authority over them, say so, and we, your neighbours, will try and control them for you." Morocco promises to do the best she can, but trouble must be the result.

If the argument of France were to hold good, Turkey might, on a similar plea, rectify her Greek frontier again, on the ground that

Greece would only guarantee protection to foreigners within a certain radius of Athens, or a Frenchman having purchased a farm last year in Ireland without any great stretch of this principle might have formed the grounds for French interference in County Clare, and a threat of a fleet in the River Shannon. The second point—the protection of the Shereef of Wazan—was an equal straining of the wording of the Convention, the general application of which was to Moors engaged in commercial transactions with Christians, but, by the Convention each legation could protect twelve moors, whose services the Minister considered deserving of such a boon. Of the Sherief of Wazan a more detailed personal account will be given, but it is enough to say here that he is the representative of a family holding considerable property, possessed of great influence in the Mussulman world, and independent of the Sultan except in name. It suited the Shereef to place, and France to receive, himself, his wives, his land, and his followers under her protection. These high-handed proceedings of the French Minister were carried out without any reference to his colleagues at Tangier, and a perseverance in them can only culminate in civil war. Lord Granville, in answer to Lord Delawarr, June 20, says, “I have received through Lord Lyons and M. Waddington the most formal assurances on the part of the French Government, that there is no truth whatever in any aggressive intentions on their part, or any wish either to annex, or protect, or in any way to cause trouble in Morocco. They desire to maintain the *status quo*, and the only thing now passing between them and Morocco, is certain friendly negotiations with regard to certain affairs in the interior.” Now, this may be very reassuring to the public, but does not remove the grounds on which the Sultan addressed, through the foreign representatives at Tangier, the Powers of Europe in a note complaining of the conduct of France.

The French are still persisting in forcing on the Moorish Government the right of acquiring land in Riff, though they are told it must lead to bloodshed. The Shereef remains under French protection, which means that a province half the size of Kent is administered at the will of the French Minister. It is only by the energetic protest of the other Powers that France has forgone for the present eating the first leaves of the artichoke, but we may be sure she has not abandoned her pretensions indefinitely. With Morocco *quâ* Morocco, our interests are very small. Our commerce with her would not keep half a dozen Manchester houses working, but the strategical importance which is attached to the northern shore of Morocco must strike the most casual observer who glances at the map of the Straits of Gibraltar. The vital matter for England to consider is into whose hands that portion of Morocco forming the southern shore of the Straits, extending from Cape Spartel to Ceuta, shall fall,

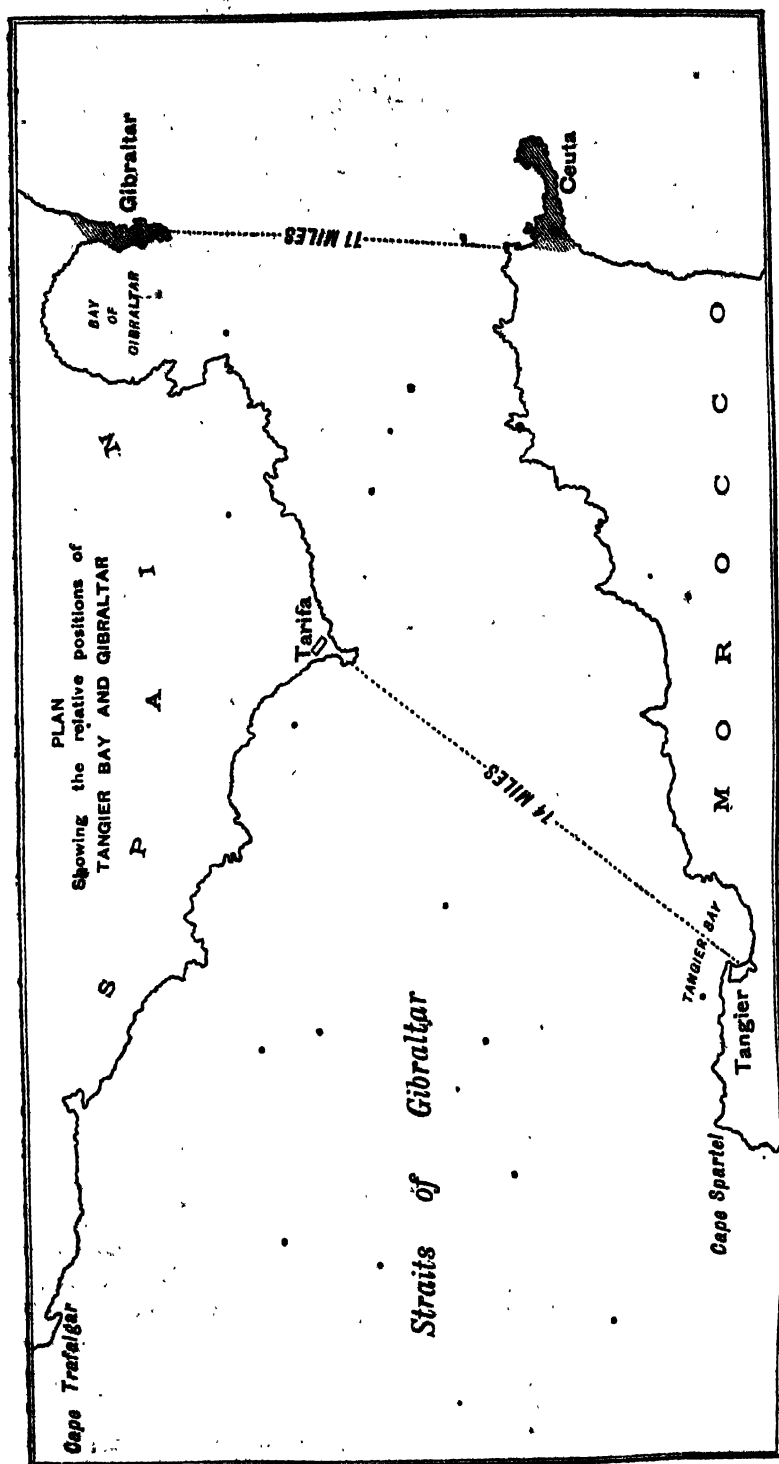
whenever the dismemberment of Morocco takes place. Beyond that we may regard with complacency the actions of any European Powers which may have for their object the conquest of Morocco. Let us then consider the strategical position of Tangier and its relation to Gibraltar. The Bay of Tangier, in which Tangier is situated, is four miles across, with most excellent holding ground for ships to anchor, and well sheltered from the easterly winds by the Malabatta shore. The remains of the *Mole* destroyed by the English when the place was abandoned in 1684 still show above water at half tide. This mole might be restored and run out at a comparatively small outlay sufficiently to give a perfectly protected harbour in which a fleet of ten to fifteen sail of deep draft of water could safely anchor. The elevated points commanding the harbour are admirably calculated for defence, and when the abundance of material to hand for constructing the breakwater and necessary batteries is taken into consideration, it would be difficult to find a situation that could so readily be formed into a first-class naval arsenal.

The position which Tangier holds to Gibraltar and the Straits generally is at once seen by looking at the plan attached. Should Tangier fall into the hands of France, Gibraltar loses whatever value it may at present have in its so-called command of the Straits.

But it is not in relation to Gibraltar alone. Ceuta is already Spanish, and Spain attaches more importance to holding that point than she does to regaining Gibraltar. During the last two years the public attention both in and out of the Chambers has been much drawn to improving the harbour and making it a strong modern arsenal. Notably a pamphlet written by the General in command set forth its value to Spain both in the event of a European war, and as a point from which more territory may be wrung from the Moors towards obtaining that which every Spaniard considers the natural birthright of his country—Morocco.

Another entitled Ceuta and Tarifa dwelt on the strengthening of these two points to insure the command of the straits—against whom is this necessary? for it is not in the interest of Spain's trade. Lord Nelson in one of the last dispatches he wrote insists on the importance of Tangier remaining in the hands of the present holders, if we are to retain Gibraltar. From a list published in 1815 by the English Government, a war subsidy figures between 1797 and 1814 for an annual amount of £16,177, besides which the British Legation of Morocco had yearly to distribute gifts to the value of 10,000 piastres, and partly to supply Morocco with arms and ammunition in return for the permission to export as much corn and cattle to Gibraltar as was desired.

The large sum paid showed how dependent we were. Look at the position with Tangier in French hands and Tarifa strengthened.



Whenever France takes Morocco, Spain will have the jackal's share, and during the last hundred years Spain has never failed to side with France against England in a naval war. The Empire of Morocco is larger than France, with a scattered population of about 7,000,000, 250,000 of which are Jews. The majority are of Arab descent, and still retain a great deal of their nomadic habits; the trade is chiefly in the hands of the Jews, who, excepting at Tangier, fare probably as well as they did in England in the time of King John, being obliged in the towns to go barefoot, wear a distinctive dress, and inhabit a particular quarter.

The chief towns of the empire are Morocco with a population of 40,000, Fez with 80,000, and Mequinez 35,000. These are by turns the residence of the Sultan, and though decaying, have still the remains of that grandeur of architecture of which the Giralda at Seville and the mosque at Cordova remain as types in Spain. Surrounded by gardens and plentifully supplied with water, every description of fruits and flowers, European and tropical, are produced in luxuriant abundance. The climate is almost unequalled. Wheat, barley, maize, oats, olives, hemp. Fruits: figs, almonds, grapes, melons, oranges, pomgranates, dates. Tea and coffee could be readily grown in the south.

The number of sheep in Morocco are put at forty-five millions; goats are more numerous. The cattle are well-bred and clean shaped (many like Alderneys); but from no hay being stored the feed is so short that, excepting in early spring, they are half-starved.

The sea-ports on the Atlantic side are bar-harbours, with the exception of Mogador, and only accessible to vessels of very light draft of water. Mogador is about 250 miles south from Cape Spartel, so that Tangier may be looked upon as the mouth of Morocco.

Tetuan, situated on the Mediterranean side, has a population of 40,000. It is the chief manufactory of arms, and in conjunction with one at Fez turns out a sufficient number to supply the people: and where every man has a gun, and most carry one, the quantity turned out must be very considerable. Their cost is about fourteen shillings a-piece. At the factory some Martini rifles have recently been made.

Of roads properly so called there are none, and but two bridges in the empire. The ways are camel and mule tracks, scarcely passable in winter.

To give an idea of the state of the country for transit, three months ago Messrs. Krupp sent a field-piece to the Sultan from Rabat to Mequinez, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. All the means of draught which could be obtained was put at their disposal, nevertheless it took three weeks on its journey. The rivers have worn themselves beds of great width; these in summer are almost dry, in winter roaring torrents. It would seem

almost impossible for such a force as would be necessary to conquer and hold the country to maintain its supplies, even unharassed by an enemy.

The mineral wealth of the country is said to be very great, but the unknown is always magnified. The geological formation is similar to the neighbouring country, Spain; and mines, no doubt, were there means of communication, could be worked as advantageously as in that country, but at present only a few, situated near the coast, could hope to make any profitable return were concessions to work them granted. Copper, lead, and antimony are those which have been opened, it can hardly be called worked, of recent years, and these have since been closed, no profits being made. Copper must have been exported to a very great extent in the time of the Carthaginians or Romans, as there are very considerable remains of scoria in the neighbourhood of the unworked mines in the south.

That Morocco has remained in its present state is due in a great degree to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella and the discovery of America being only separated by a few years. The mind of Europe was then turned, and has remained ever since turned, to the West.

When driven from Spain four hundred years ago, the chief wealth of that country and considerable portion of the Mediterranean trade was in their hands. Pirates as well as traders, they not only accumulated wealth, but the number of captives they made enabled them to execute those great works of fortification and irrigation the ruins of which remain to-day, without drawing on their own people for enforced labour. Some idea of the enormous number of Christian captives they had may be gathered from the Sultan Yakoob, on the completion of the building of Rabat, having given freedom to twenty thousand.

The walls of Mequinez were built by Christian captives, and it is related that when any of them sank from heat or fatigue during work, they were dispatched and built into the wall.

Up to the early part of the present century they captured merchant vessels off Finisterre, until on the conclusion of the great war in 1815 nations had time to turn their attention to the suppression of Moorish piracy, and the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth crushed it for ever.

The memory of their cruelties gave them a halo of strength they did not really possess, and enabled them to keep their country obstinately closed; but the government is daily getting poorer and poorer, and consequently weaker to enforce the exactions by which alone they maintain a form of government at all. To put it simply, having nobody else now to rob, the Sultan robs his own people, and the question is how long can he go on doing so.

The government is despotic, the lives and properties of his subjects, whether high or low, being entirely in the hands of the Sultan; it therefore follows, as a natural result, that the government of the time reflects the disposition of the ruler, whether bloodthirsty or lenient. A Sultan might reign to-morrow to emulate the deeds of his predecessors, and it is enough that the mind of man can conceive no cruelty that has not been practised on his unfortunate subjects by one ruler or another in the last fifty years.

The present Sultan will bear a favourable comparison with many of the former occupants of his throne. He is intelligent, feels that the eyes of Europe are watching him, and doubtless for that reason will not relapse into a repetition of bygone acts. He is about thirty-seven years of age, and has an establishment of twelve hundred women, and as the births at the palace are very numerous, his domestic relations take up a good deal of his time.

The art of poisoning is carried on as it was in Europe in the Middle Ages. Taking tea with the Sultan of Morocco is equivalent to taking coffee with the Sultan of Turkey years ago.

The regular army consists of about fifteen thousand men, indifferently armed with Belgian rifles, commanded by an officer late a captain in the English army. The artillery consists of about five hundred men, commanded by a French officer. The militia number from eighty thousand to ninety thousand men, armed with the flint guns made at Tetuan and Fez. The great majority of the population carry and know how to use a gun.

The money revenue of the Sultan is difficult to arrive at, as he receives a great deal of his taxes in kind, but it is a question whether the internal revenue more than pays for the administration of the different provinces and the collection of the taxes. The duties at the ports (ten per cent. *ad valorem*) on an average produce about £150,000 per annum, which would be his actual income. One-half of this is, however, hypothecated to Spain until the war indemnity has been paid off, which should be in two years, but the Moorish Government frequently asks for the fixed payments to stand over, and their treasury at present is empty.

In 1879 the amount of commerce with the different nations was in round numbers as follows:—

	Imports.	Exports.
Great Britain	£560,000	£320,000
France	340,000	440,000
Spain	9,000	20,000
Portugal	1,000	2,000
Italy	13,000	16,000
Belgium	8,000	
Holland	1,000	
Sundry	18,000	2,000
	£950,000	£800,000

The trade with Great Britain for the last four years, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, averaged—exports, £400,000; imports, £320,000. The imports in 1879 were much above the average.

The principal exports are wool, hides (including goat-skins), and the cattle, which are only allowed to be exported to Gibraltar; but the wool is so badly cleaned as to hardly find a market, and the trade is decreasing.

The exportation of corn is prohibited, and this merits especial notice. With the exception of America, there is no country where the same area could be brought into cultivation for growing corn and is so suitable as Morocco. Large rivers run through immense tracts of level lands, where a moderate outlay of capital would ensure a regular system of irrigation to be carried out; and given water, the sun does the rest. Some idea of the quantity of corn grown with the present imperfect cultivation may be gathered from the fact that during this month (July), last year's barley is selling at Casa-Blanca, a port on the Atlantic coast, at three-and-sixpence per English quarter.

Last year was a very plentiful season, and the stores of corn throughout the country were full. The foreign ministers then urged on the Sultan the importance it would be to himself and his people to allow its exportation; he promised to do so but failed. This year he has consented so far as to send a commissioner to Tangier to talk it over, but his present idea is to buy the corn up himself before he removes the restrictions, so that he may put the profit into his own pocket at the expense of his subjects. It will be well for the country if he will do it under these conditions, as it is an operation he can only perform once. Our Minister, Sir John Hay, has persistently urged the allowing the exportation of corn on the late and present Sultan, year after year, and it is mainly owing to his constant action that he is now yielding. The two questions, however, which are bringing the country of which this is a brief outline into strong light compared with its recent obscurity are *slavery and diplomacy*.

The attention of public opinion is not called to slavery in Morocco for the first time. Richardson devoted himself heart and soul to the subject; and the following, taken from his *Travels in Morocco*, written thirty years ago, might have been a description of to-day:—

“I had an interview with El Martel Warabah, government auctioneer of slaves, from whom I obtained details respecting the slave trade in Tangier and Morocco generally. There is no slave market for slaves in Tangier, the poor creatures are led about the town as cattle, particularly in the main street, before the doors of the principal merchants where they are usually disposed of.”

Describing the feeling the women of Morocco have to the existing slavery, he writes:—

“Respectable Moorish women detest the system of domestic slaves, notwithstanding they are bred in it, and are themselves little better than slaves. They

see themselves gradually abandoned by their husbands for the most ignorant and degraded negroesses, who their husbands purchase one after another as their caprice or their passion excites them."

Mr. Charles Allan, the Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Association, has recently visited Tangier, and written a very graphic letter to the *Times* on the subject of slavery, to which I shall refer, not in any carping spirit, for I go with Mr. Allan most cordially with the object he has in view; our only difference is as to the manner in which it is possible to carry it out. Mr. Allan had an interview with the Shereef of Wazan on the subject, of which he gives details, and it may be as well here to give a short account of a man about whom so much has been recently talked and written.

"Shereef" is a distinction borne by the descendants of the Prophet, and as this is 1300 of the Mahomedan calendar, there may be probably a million Shereefs scattered over the Mahometan world. It confers no privilege but an immunity from blows by the unprivileged faithful. A Shereef joined the artillery as a private at Tangier, he proved to be incorrigibly idle, and all means short of the stick had no effect upon him. No one in the corps could be found to inflict that punishment; and as the English commanding officer would not be his own provost-marshal, the Shereef was discharged.

The Shereefs of Wazau have been independent princes in all but name for many generations, and possessed of great political power. In Mussulman countries there is no permanent political influence unaccompanied by a strict following of the precepts of the Koran, and the Shereefs of Wazan owed their reputation for sanctity to the exactness with which they obeyed the observances inculcated on them. The Mahdi in Egypt is an example; he is first a holy man, then a leader. It is as holy men that the past Shereefs of Wazan have been employed by the past and present Sultans. Living away from the intrigues of court, with an established reputation, who so natural to be the chosen umpire of the Sultan in his differences with his tributaries, or between Mussulmans outside the empire. Ismailism has no spiritual head. It may be put that it was to the cumulative fanaticism of his forefathers that the present Shereef owed his power.

On succeeding to his father, which he did by a pious manoeuvre on the part of his mother (for he was not the natural heir), he showed himself an able and intelligent man, with enlightened views far in advance of his countrymen. Contact with civilisation, however, produced tares as well as wheat.

His marriage with a Christian, although highly romantic to the European mind, must also have further injured him in the eyes of the stricter Mussulmans, and he has now elected to put himself under French protection, with the ostensible hope of reforming Morocco.

Now if so disorganised a country as Morocco can be said to have any backbone that backbone is fanaticism, which if aroused might become capable of resisting the attack of a powerful nation ; but this would be enlisted against France, and the Shereef would not have the power to turn the scale. If the Shereef were to persevere in the course he is now backed in by France, serious troubles and bloodshed would follow, but the Sultan would undoubtedly get the support of all true Mussulmans, who would repudiate the Shereef as one who had adopted European customs and taken bribes from France : and if pushed to extremity there would not appear to be much difficulty in the Sultan setting up one of his elder half-brothers as the true heir of the sanctity of the old Shereef, on the ground of his lapsing from the faith of his fathers.

In his conversation with Mr. Allan the Shereef states that the Sultan in his opinion could put down the slave trade if he chose, that it was contrary to the Mahomedan religion, and that he would support any address forwarded by the British Government with that object. He also said the prisons were a "disgrace to humanity," and expressed his detestation, &c. We have no doubt the Shereef was sincere in saying he would assist in urging on the Sultan those reforms, but who would have to stand the brunt of abolishing the slave trade ? Why the Sultan ; not the Shereef, who is at the present moment only one remove from civil war with his master. The Sultan could do it, but it would be unpopular with the richer classes, who are the principal slave holders ; and it can hardly be contrary to the Mahomedan religion, as the law of master and slave is laid down most minutely in the Koran, and it can scarcely be illegal to acquire what the law legislates for. I must now diverge to the interview Mr. Allan had with our minister, Sir John Drummond Hay, on the subject of slavery and prisons, in which our minister told him plainly "that England had never done anything whatever for that country, and this he argued was why she had no right to demand of Morocco that she should put down her abominable slave trade, or that she should prevent her wretched prisoners from dying of starvation."

Now this seems to go to the bottom of the whole matter, although Mr. Allan does not see the force of the argument.

Richardson estimates the number of slaves sold annually in Morocco at about 5,000.

"Boys at the age of nine or ten years sell the best, female slaves do not fetch so much as male slaves unless of extraordinary beauty. The ordinary price of a good slave is 80 dollars—£16. 10,000 have been imported in one year, but the average number brought into Morocco is perhaps not more than half that amount."

Other authorities put the number at from 3,000 to 4,000. Taking

the number imported at 5,000, and the average price at £12 a head, the total value would be £60,000, which, taking the Government tax on the sale at 10 per cent., gives a revenue of £5,000 per annum.

Whatever view Englishmen may have of the traffic, the Sultan and his people look upon it as a perfectly legitimate one, and to ask them to give up a source of revenue and run the risk of great unpopularity as well without any equivalent would be expecting more than one would obtain even from European human nature. Now what equivalent does Mr. Allan propose to offer, political or material? The horrors of the prisons are a reflex of the misery, squalor, and starvation of the people at large. Something might be done if another Howard came forward to devote money and time to the purpose, but I cannot see how foreign intervention can compel a nation to regulate the manner of dealing with its criminals in jail according to their views any more than it can compel them to try the accused by their laws. At Rabat I gave the prisoners bread on each Sunday for a month; it was no great tax, bread was so cheap. My servants went on Saturday night to know the number of prisoners in the two prisons, took it on Sunday morning and delivered it to the prisoners themselves. The numbers rose from 120 on the first to 184 on the last distribution. Whether there was a rapid increase of crime I cannot tell, or whether half a loaf was enough to induce a man to go to prison for a day. In the large towns the beggars at sun-down go round their beats with their plaintive cries in great numbers and few well-to-do Moors fail to give them bread. The misery is incredible.

On the 16th of June a letter from Tangier appeared in the *Times* descriptive of an interview the writer had with several of the foreign representatives, from which the following extract is taken. The Italian minister thus apostrophizes the writer in reference to England and her Minister :—

“Rouse your Minister and tell him to rouse us all, and see if some improvement, however slight, may not be effected. Your own minister can do much—in fact, he can do anything he likes. It is not necessary that the Moorish Government should be done away with. It can and ought to be reformed, and the sooner the reformation is begun the better. England must take the initiative. She has already two-thirds of the entire commerce of the country, and it is she above all other countries who is interested in improving and maintaining the present Government of this land. Englishmen ought to be induced to come here and apply their capital and energy in developing the best resources of this dormant dominion, and a change for the better would soon be observed. We next called upon the Minister for Germany, who reiterated the opinions and sentiments of the Italian Minister, and added that the soundest policy England could pursue would be to encourage English enterprise in rebuilding the sea-wall (erected, and then destroyed by themselves 200 years ago), to form landing quays and improve the harbour, and construct railways to Tetuan, Fes, Mequinez, and Mogador, with branches to Rabat, Mazagan, Saffi, and all the ports with lines of telegraph, &c. We then called upon the

Spanish Chargé d'Affaires, who said it was England who ought to take the first steps to improve the position, and that the time had come when the stipulations of the Treaty of Madrid should be practically applied."

The *Times* itself has far more power to disperse the malarious vapours than any Minister that can ever represent England in Morocco. If Signor Scovasso had said, "Rouse your *Times* ! rouse your press ! rouse public opinion !" he would have been far nearer the mark. As to what our Minister is to be roused to he is judiciously silent. The German Minister, not so reticent, among his first practical proposals suggests re-building the Mole as a good investment for English capital.

The estimate for that work is over £100,000 ; the whole export and import duties of the port are about £40,000 a year. This is hardly an attractive scheme. Morocco to-day wants a change far more radical than the enforcement of the Madrid Convention of 1880—the suggestion of the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires, which is a dead letter and differently read at each legation. This paper is already too long, but a notice of Morocco would be incomplete without a reference to our Minister. Sir John Drummond Hay is credited with holding great influence in the councils of the Sultan. The services which he has rendered his country in carrying out a policy decided upon by the Foreign Office are, and have been, fully appreciated by different Governments under which he has served, and those who attack the line he has carried out, strike at a man whose hands as a public servant are tied. Would it have been advisable for him to have taken the public into his confidence on every occasion when the reforms he had urged or the advice he had pressed upon the Sultan was disregarded ?

His influence, whatever may be its weight, is not the result of threats or visitations of fleets, but because more than one Sultan has known his honesty of purpose and that he would evenly hold the scales of justice. Such a government as Morocco requires as frequently holding back from evil courses as it does spurring on to good, and a power to restrain is not necessarily accompanied by a corresponding one to force forward.

The Italian Minister, who bears testimony to the influence of our Minister, as compared with that of the combined legations, has been sixteen years at Tangier, and had a powerful fleet in Tangier Bay not many months ago to enforce his demands on the Moorish Government.

Spain has fought, France has bombarded, Italy has manifested, and still England, who has proceeded to none of these extremities, is admitted to possess most influence. The period of the retirement of Sir John Hay is drawing near, and if the Morocco question could be closed during his tenure of office it must be for the benefit of

England. Let us summarise the various wants of those interested, and endeavour to formulate them into some practical conditions. The people want food, and are willing to work. The Sultan is well aware that allowing the general sale of lands, making roads, building bridges, in fact civilising the country, which is the only means by which the people can have food, means losing his empire unless the European powers guarantee its integrity. France wants a rectification of her Algerian frontier. Spain and Italy object to French aggression, not to the opening of the country. The views of Germany, as indicated by her Minister, are solely an improvement in the welfare of the people. The interests of England have been already shown, added to which is the deep repugnance to the existence of slavery, which goes to the heart of the country if once stirred; thus: (1) Rectification of Algerian frontier; (2) Revision of Treaty of Commerce, all produce to be allowed to be exported from Morocco, including corn and cattle, at the present duty of 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; (3) The sale of Government waste lands to be settled by joint commissioners, and no impediment of any sort to be thrown in the way of foreigners acquiring uncultivated Government lands at a fair rate; (4) The Sultan to undertake to appoint commissioners to consider and report in conjunction with a mixed commission of the European powers the most effective mode of putting a stop to the slave trade in his dominions, a decision to be arrived at, and to take effect within twelve months of the signing of the Treaty; (5) The Sultan's present rights in Minerals to be reserved; (6) Joint Consular Courts to be established at Tangier and Mogador; (7) Protection to be granted to the Moorish subjects by the joint Consular Courts only, to Moors who are partners with Christians for *bonâ-fide* purposes of trade, commerce, or agriculture; (8) In consideration of these concessions, the integrity of the dominions of the Sultan to be guaranteed to him by the powers of Europe.

The alternative of some settlement is a state of things shocking to humanity, and leaves a constant source of irritation between the countries whose interests are most concerned. Mons. Tissot, than whom no more able Minister ever represented the interests of France in Morocco, was credited, I know not with what truth, with having said that the Morocco question would never be settled until all Europe was Republican, as the jealousies of monarchies would prevent any agreement.

Let us hope he was deceived, and the good sense of European nations may, without waiting for the arrival of one common form of Government, join their hands in opening, for the purpose for which the Almighty created it, one of the most fertile districts to be found on the face of the globe.

FRED WARREN.

OUR OBLIGATIONS IN EGYPT.

THAT which is called the Egyptian question is an enigma to many, and a perplexity to all who approach it. The means of knowledge on the subject are not readily accessible in a compendious form. The history of our interference is intricate and obscured by the fierce controversies of partisans, each struggling to show that his own friends are not blameworthy. And the whole situation is so entangled by financial embarrassments, treaty rights, rights of conquest, and traditional interests of foreign powers, that a rare degree of diligence and impartiality is requisite in order to arrive at a just opinion. Under such conditions the Egyptian matter has almost of necessity become a party question, a mere topic for satire and mutual recrimination. I desire in this paper to present a few considerations as to the policy which at this critical period should be supported as being the least unsatisfactory that the case admits. And as to the measure of praise or blame attaching to the policy which has resulted in the present predicament, it can be dealt with at leisure. The pressing question is what we should do now in regard to Egypt proper.

The first essential is to understand clearly that our sole permanent interest in Egypt consists in the maintenance of a free and secure passage for our ships of war, transport, and merchandise through the Suez Canal. One method propounded for attaining this end is for the British forces to remain in Egypt, and British administrators to govern the country for a period which for the present generation is equivalent to perpetuity. It is, in short, a policy of annexation. But its advocates are a great deal too cautious to call it by that name. It is remarkable with what dexterity the national feeling in all its phases has been played upon by those operators who are endeavouring from the four winds of heaven to force us into a permanent occupation. The foreign press taunts us with cowardice and vacillation, while our own press repeats the taunt with well-feigned humiliation. There is indeed no chord of national feeling, from the thirst for fame down to the lust of dominion, from the love of money up to the loftiest sentiment of pity for a downtrodden race, that is not touched in the attempt to foist upon Great Britain this priceless inheritance of the Pharaohs.

Now comparatively few persons in this country dream that this comedy, for comedy it is, is being played mainly in the interests and by the procurement of the creditors of the Egyptian Government. It is of the utmost importance that the British public should understand that the foreign press is in great part under the influence of

stock exchanges, syndicates, financial rings, operators for the rise or fall, commission agents, *et hoc genus omnes*. Roughly speaking, there are creditors to the extent of a hundred millions sterling. These people in the main lent their money on the most speculative of all securities, and for many years they reaped the usual harvest of speculative investments so long as they last, namely, an exorbitant rate of interest. The miserable inhabitants of Egypt writhed under the burden till at length even the dungeon and the lash seemed unable to extort from them enough to pay this annual tribute. Thereupon the astute creditors conceived the idea of obtaining through the intervention of the European Powers security for their investment which had never been stipulated in the first instance. It is needless to detail the successive interpositions of Lord Beaconsfield's Government in favour of the bondholders. In the result they had indeed to submit to some abatement of their interest, but received a large security, and have since then claimed and enjoyed about forty-five per cent. of the total revenue. All this was partly procured by judicious appeals to the patriotism, self-interest, humanity, and other fine qualities of the Conservative Government, whose hearts, presumably better than their heads, led them into a fatal interference with the internal affairs of Egypt. It is sad now to read the history of their original reluctance, their timid and unofficial beginnings, proceeding by degrees to avowed official interference and ending in a virtual dictatorship over Egypt. It is equally pitiful and more instructive to recall how step by step they were encouraged and led forward by that portion of the press which is under the control of the capitalists or financial corporations of this and other countries. The same game is being played still, and the fury of the Egyptian creditors at the prospect of their bonds being depreciated by the departure of the English troops is one of the chief elements of heat in the discussion: Unhappily we have been, and they desire that we shall continue to be, tax-gatherers for their benefit.

The dangers of such a course as the annexation of Egypt are so grave that they may well appal the most reckless statesman. It would literally mean a defiance of the Continent of Europe. To begin with France. The existence of the Canal is due to French enterprise, obstructed, be it always remembered, by the shortsighted policy of Great Britain. The French have also a very strong traditional interest in Egypt, sentimental perhaps, but not to be ignored by men who know that the world is not governed by logic. And they have, too, a practical interest of a limited kind arising from their colonial stations in the East. But far beyond that they have a very deep and very real interest by reason of their extensive commercial relations with Oriental countries. And, what is more serious, they have this interest in common with the entire Continent. Austria,

Italy, and Spain receive merchandise from the East, nearly all of which passes through the Canal. Germany and Russia, though not extending to the littoral of the Mediterranean, receive goods through the same route in large quantities. Turkey has not only an interest in but a sovereignty over Egypt. Is it possible that these nations would endure to see Great Britain permanently ensconced in a position which would place absolutely at her mercy the entire traffic between the East and the continent of Europe? Let any man who doubts look at the map, and assuming the utmost complaisance on the part of the Great Powers, ask himself whether he would not despise any French, Italian, Spanish, Austrian, German, Russian, or Turkish statesman who should counsel his countrymen to tamely acquiesce in a prolonged occupation of Egypt by the British forces? It may be said that the Powers would not declare war for such a point. I am by no means sure of it. But admitting that they would not declare war, what sort of peace should we enjoy? It would be an armed peace. A large force would be required to hold Egypt, where the national aversion to foreign control would be stimulated by the intrigues of our rivals. And Egypt could not afford to pay for the cost of a large force. The burden would fall on the shoulders of the British taxpayer. In the humour of resentment and jealousy which would ensue, other incidents of difference between us and foreign Powers, small in themselves, would be swollen to inordinate proportions. Sooner or later we should probably have to choose between an European war without allies or an abandonment of our hold on Egypt under circumstances in which the world would impute to fear a withdrawal which now they would regard as due to loyalty and respect for public engagements.

It may be said that these are craven scruples, unworthy of a nation whose position has been won in face of the hostility of the world. Whatever may have been our achievements in the past, there are few statesmen in the present day who would dream of encountering again the hostility of the world, except in a case of clear necessity and for a good cause. If it were necessary for the maintenance of our route to India and were also compatible with national good faith that we should annex or establish a protectorate over Egypt, an instinct of self-interest might lead us to disregard the feelings of our neighbours and the rights of the Egyptians themselves. But the fact is that no such step is necessary for that purpose, and so far from being compatible with good faith, such a step would be in shameless violation of our pledges, repeated over and over again, and relied upon with confidence by the European Powers.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that our countrymen will resolutely set their faces against any prolonged occupation of Egypt, under whatever name the true nature of the occupation be con-

cealed. Strenuous efforts are being made by the creditors to force this policy upon us, and the bias of modern Toryism in favour of national aggrandisement lends a further stimulus to the movement. But every feeling of honour, every consideration of self-interest, is opposed to such a proposal. It would be robbery towards the Egyptians, treachery towards the Continental Powers, and ruin to the just reputation for good faith and national honour hitherto enjoyed by Great Britain. Lastly, it would necessitate our either repudiating the Egyptian debt in whole or in part, or calling on the British taxpayer to make good Egypt's annual deficit.

Assuming, then, that we shall not be so foolish as to harbour the idea of annexing Egypt, whether under the guise of protectorate or otherwise, the next consideration is to determine what alternative policy is open to us. It is impossible, at the present moment, to quit the country altogether, as a man would leave an hotel which he finds disagreeable. If we were forthwith to retire, we should leave behind us no Government worthy of the name, no army or reliable police, no money in the treasury, no security for the life or property either of native or European. It would be an abandonment of the people to the mercy of the first comer. Manifestly it is necessary that we should at least put the Government on its legs again before we quit the country. Indeed, there is no party in the State, or no appreciable party, that would approve of the instantaneous evacuation of Egypt. The very idea could not have occurred to any man's mind except as a last desperate shift to escape from a labyrinth from which no other possible exit could be found. A statesmanlike alternative is indeed hard to find. It is certain that no policy can be adopted which will not incur strong opposition, for the conflict of interests is so far-reaching that, whatever course is resolved upon, some are sure to be disappointed or angered. Sacrifices will have to be made on all hands, and there will be consequently some resistance on all hands. It is necessary to dwell briefly on the salient features of the present situation in Egypt in order to judge what is practicable and prudent to be done.

The financial condition of Egypt is one of insolvency. In order to make both ends meet a sum of at least a million annually is needed. There is no possibility of increasing the revenue. The only chance is to diminish the outlay. About 45 per cent. of the revenue is now applied to pay interest on the debt, called by courtesy a national debt, but which was contracted by a reckless despot, spent in part in paying interest on previous loans, or in extravagance, luxury, and corruption, and saddled upon the helpless industry of an enslaved people. To pay the interest on this debt the country was pillaged and oppressed; and, by the consent of the Powers, Egypt alone of all the nations of the earth has been put

in commission for the purpose of extracting from her treasury the money required to pay this interest. The method by which Egypt was put in commission deserves notice, because, unlike other States, she has been made the subject of certain international engagements regarding her payments of interest, and consequently an international sanction, if not necessary, is at least desirable, before any modification of the rights of creditors is introduced. In 1862 there was no public debt worth speaking of in Egypt. The Khedive, it is true, owed some few millions for which he was personally responsible, but the debt was a mere personal obligation. Between 1862 and 1876 the vast total of ninety-one millions of national debt was fixed upon the shoulders of the Egyptians. Of this vast sum only a portion was received by the Egyptian treasury, and a still smaller portion was expended in a profitable or productive manner. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the corruption by which the assent of Turkey, the suzerain Power, was obtained to this monstrous financial extravagance. The interest on this debt swallowed up the greater portion of the Egyptian revenue.

The pressure of this burden simply strangled the industry of the people. Parliamentary Blue Books contain repeated and abundant evidence of the misery entailed by the raising of taxes required to meet this charge. The whip and the bastinado were freely used to compel the miserable fellahen to pay their taxes. The employes of the Government were left without pay and dismissed wholesale; and, by the admission of competent judges, a spirit of discontent and deep-rooted hatred of their European masters sprung up in the country, hitherto friendly to all nations, and particularly to the English. It is not the purpose of this paper to deal with these matters; it is sufficient to say that early in 1880 there could be no question that Egypt was no longer able to bear the weight that had been placed upon her. Between 1876 and 1880 a vast amount of unofficial and official pressure was used by the British Government and other Governments to compel the payment of the interest on this debt and to procure security for its payment. And at length Lord Salisbury, having previously procured the deposition of the Khedive and the enthronement of his successor, joined in the appointment of an European commission to decide what should be done in the financial deadlock that was imminent. The five Great Powers signed a collective declaration whereby "the contracting parties reciprocally engaged to recognise as binding the decisions of the Commission of Liquidation." That commission elaborated a scheme called the "Law of Liquidation," by which the interest on the debt was properly reduced to 4 per cent. on the nominal amount of the loans, and certain other alterations of very doubtful equity and expediency were agreed to.

The wisdom, however, of the Law of Liquidation is not in point. The important thing for the present purpose is to appreciate what it is. It is not a treaty between Egypt and the Powers. So far as Egypt is concerned, it is merely a municipal proclamation or enactment repealable by the Egyptian State. But the collective declaration of the five Great Powers binds those Powers to respect it as between themselves, unless all concur in altering it. The international effect of the transaction is that Egypt enacts that the interest shall be 4 per cent., and that certain specified securities shall be applicable to pay that interest, and the Great Powers by a separate instrument solemnly bind each other to respect this law. That any such undertaking regarding the debt of another country should have been entered into between the European Powers is, indeed, a matter of regret. So far as I am aware, there has never been a like instance of an entire nation being held in bondage by the concert of Europe for such a purpose as the discharge of mere financial obligations. But the compact was made, and it flows as a consequence that Egyptian finance is now an international question, for dealing with which by any independent Power otherwise than in accordance with the Law of Liquidation the consent of all the Great Powers is indispensable. Unquestionably comparative relief has been felt by Egypt since this law was passed. More money has been available for home expenditure. Still the annual account has not been squared. The accumulated deficits of 1881-82-83-84 leave her now eight millions to the bad, irrespective of the standing debt. Thus there is at the present moment not only a vast annual drain on the Egyptian resources, caused by the large annual interest payable to the bondholders, but also an immediate deficit. A large portion of the revenue is impounded as it is received, in order to pay the bondholders their interest. The remainder of the revenue is not sufficient to meet the annual necessities of the State. There is no money to pay the cost of the British occupation. The condition of things is that a lump sum of eight millions is required, and arrangements to reduce the annual outlay by one million sterling are indispensable. Whether an annual reduction of one million is sufficient to square the account is indeed very doubtful. But it is certain that no smaller reduction will suffice.

Turning from finance, her political and military situation is equally deplorable. There is danger lest the Soudanese may invade Egypt, or at least foment, by their example, a native insurrection, and replace by barbarism such civilisation as there exists, which, at all events, is preferable to savagery. And the Egyptian army is about as fit to resist inroads as the Bengalis are to resist the domination of the English. Unless, therefore, they receive some assistance from one of the Great Powers, the Egyptians run the risk of

exchanging a state of bankruptcy for a state of complete collapse. Let me consider, then, how these circumstances affect the policy of Great Britain, always bearing in mind that the ultimate aim and object of that policy is to maintain the freedom of navigating the Suez Canal. For the moment I will treat it as though we were at liberty to adopt a purely selfish policy, unaffected by any sense of duty to the Egyptians arising out of the conquest of Egypt by British forces. The subjugation of Egypt by savage tribes would unquestionably make the navigation of the Canal dangerous. Therefore we cannot allow that catastrophe to occur. Again, if we refrained from safeguarding Egypt ourselves, another Great Power might afford that security, and thereby establish herself in Egypt. And that would be almost as dangerous to our free use of the Canal as the establishment of the Mahdi. Therefore that also is out of the question. The sole remaining alternative is that we should see Egypt through her dangers of to-day; and this is a cardinal point to which our policy should be directed. It follows that if possible we must suspend our departure from Egypt for a brief period, at all events until the insurrectionary movement has subsided or has been quelled.

But this involves further consequences. If we are to remain in Egypt for a few years we must face the financial difficulties of that country. While we are the paramount Power in Egypt can we sanction the repudiation of her debt unless all other resources fail? It is sufficient to say that such an occurrence under our flag would most seriously injure our national credit, and, owing to the international engagement referred to, would bring us into direct conflict with the other Powers. Very likely the Egyptians might hereafter at their leisure repudiate part at least of their debt, but while we remain there to defend her we cannot be expected to permit a course which would embark us in the most serious embarrassments, if not in breach of treaty obligations, for no advantage of our own. Repudiation therefore is, at any rate for the present, not to be thought of. If that be so it is a corollary of our occupation that we must devise means to meet the financial difficulties of Egypt. She cannot pay and she cannot repudiate. It remains that she must be financed. Perhaps this is the most painful of all the evil consequences of the British occupation. It is impossible not to feel that in enforcing heavy taxation in Egypt the British forces are playing a very odious part. When one reads of the sufferings of the miserable peasants it is not a pleasant reflection that their distress is caused by a crushing load of taxation collected from a half-starved people under the shadow of the Union Jack in order to pay interest on a vast debt contracted in the most abandoned contempt of the welfare of the country. Yet we cannot leave the country at present lest even worse befall it and us.

Hitherto I have argued the necessity for a brief period of British occupation, and the corresponding necessity of financing Egypt, from the purely selfish point of view of British interests. But that is rather cold-blooded. We owe a first duty to ourselves. Do we owe no duty to Egypt also? A few words will suffice to show the depth and extent of that duty. Necessarily only a few words, for to enter upon the subject controversially would entail a very long inquiry. The duty springs from the policy we have adopted of active interference in the internal affairs of the country. In an unhappy hour the British Government combined with other Powers to establish that interference which has deprived the Egyptian Government of the power of managing its own finances. We forced on her the Law of Liquidation. And prior to the Law of Liquidation we forced on her the application of her revenue to meet the interest on her debt, and insisted on the payment of that interest, whatever sufferings it entailed on the people. That was what made Arabi's movement possible, by reason of the misery and distress that prevailed. Then came the bombardment and the loss consequent upon it, the indemnities for which have in part occasioned the insolvency of the country. Then we crushed the uprising and destroyed the Egyptian army. The conscience of the nation would hardly be free if after all this we left the Egyptians in the lurch.

What, then, is to be done? In order to find the eight millions required immediately one of the great Powers must step in. Capitalists are not likely to come forward with money on reasonable terms. There are only two Powers who would think of advancing the money. One of them is France, who would gladly lend the sum, and thereby acquire a fresh interest in Egypt, which would place her in a very strong position for an interference which she is only too anxious to commence. Clearly it is out of the question that we should allow France to occupy this coign of vantage. The other Power is Great Britain, upon whom rests primarily the duty of carrying this business through. At first sight, and viewed without a regard to history and surrounding circumstances, the advance of a large sum to a foreign Power is a step repugnant to our traditions. It is quite certain to be misrepresented. Further, it is objectionable on many grounds, and, indeed, wholly unjustifiable except under very peculiar circumstances. The great question is, whether or not in this particular case it is justifiable. Is there any other course open to us? Is the loan well secured? These are the considerations to which I would draw attention.

It is impossible to leave Egypt to herself. It is impossible, except in the last resort, to allow a repudiation of her debt while we remain in Egypt, not only from general reasons, but also because we are parties to the Law of Liquidation. It is impossible to allow France

or any other country to be the lender, for that would give that country an advantage in Egypt of a most dangerous kind. It is impossible to get capitalists to make the advance except upon terms so usurious that all the monetary benefit would be swallowed up in an increased burden, and no relief be in reality afforded. What alternative is left except that we should make the advance ourselves, if the rest of the scheme be accepted as well? The security is of such a kind that, held by a Power like Great Britain, it is practically safe. It is proposed that the interest on the advance and an annual sum for a sinking fund should be secured as a first charge upon all the revenues of Egypt, taking priority over the payment of interest on the national debt. Thus the best railways, telegraphs, port dues, and the taxation of the provinces will all stand pledged to Great Britain in preference to any other charge. When a creditor in the position of Great Britain holds such securities for an advance of comparatively so small a sum there is practically no risk in the investment.

For these reasons, then, the advance, or which is the same thing, the guarantee of a loan of eight millions to meet the pressing necessities of Egypt, is justifiable and prudent. It would, however, be merely folly to cast so large a sum into the yawning gulf of Egyptian insolvency without taking care that concessions are also made in other quarters which shall provide the annual saving of the million sterling, and thereby afford a permanent relief to the finances of the country. Accordingly the occasion must be seized to require from the bondholders an abatement of the interest on their loans, and this is the principal work of the Conference. Little argument is necessary to refute the clamour of those blind and furious advocates of the bondholders who protest against the reduction of the interest on the loans. Apart from the moral considerations which render it doubtful whether an enslaved people can justly be required to recognise debts contracted by a despot beyond the sums of which the people themselves have received the benefit, considerations of a purely business character justify the proposed reduction of interest. The bondholders would lose everything if the finances of Egypt were not rehabilitated. Next only to the miserable people of Egypt themselves, they are the persons who primarily suffer from financial disorders in that country, and inasmuch as the present rate of interest cannot be maintained without ruining the country, it is for the advantage of the bondholders themselves that an abatement should be made. If their violent remonstrances were to prevail they would merely be enabled to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. It is proposed to reduce their interest and arrest the action of their sinking fund, which would provide the required relief.

The political part of the proposed arrangement is of a less technical

kind. Mr. Gladstone's Government has always resolutely adhered to the principle that British occupation is an evil to be dispensed with as soon as possible, in the interests alike of Egypt and of Great Britain. To define exactly the period at which it shall cease would require the gift of prophecy. The special interests of this country do not necessitate our occupation to be prolonged beyond the time when some stable Government can be established. At present we are detained by the Soudan insurrection, by the financial embarrassments, and by the necessity of effecting reforms without which order can never be more than a fitful interlude. One of the most important considerations is to establish in the other Great Powers a real confidence that we intend to act loyally by them and to fulfil our pledges. This is all the more imperative since no little alarm has been caused by the attitude of considerable statesmen and writers in the press whose advice has been freely offered to this country in favour of a policy of virtual annexation. The declaration of Lord Granville that we are willing to limit our occupation to the end of 1887, with a proviso that it may be further prolonged only in the event of the Great Powers concurring in that necessity, has undoubtedly given great satisfaction on the Continent. Further, it leaves, so far as can be seen, sufficient time for the re-establishment of a sound Government in Egypt. It is not pretended that in so brief a time, or indeed in any time short of practical perpetuity, we can reduce government in Egypt to the same measure of stability that we enjoy ourselves. But enough can be done to give to Egypt a better Government than she has yet enjoyed, and a fresh chance of working out her own destiny unfettered by insuperable financial difficulties. And certainly enough can be done to make the people of that country some reparation in the shape of internal reform for the injuries which have been done in the long course of European interference, culminating in their unhappy invasion by a British army.

The last and most important aim of British policy is to secure, with such prospect of permanence as the case admits, the safety of the Suez Canal. It is on every ground to be trusted that all the Powers of Europe may concur in the neutralisation of the Suez Canal and of the entire Egyptian territory. This will indeed be a masterstroke of policy. It is to the interest of all nations, and principally of Great Britain, that Egypt should be neutral ground. The claims of bondholders, the difficulties of the Egyptian treasury, are of great importance to Egypt and the individuals who hold her debt. But the free navigation of the Canal, to which the freedom of Egypt from the domination of any European Power is essential, is the object of supreme moment to every country in the world. If this cardinal point be firmly established it will relieve Great Britain of one of her most serious causes of anxiety, and put an end to that constant apprehension of French intrigue on the banks of

the Nile which has been a fruitful source of uneasiness and jealousy between ourselves and our neighbours.

British policy in Egypt, then, has two objects in view. The one is temporary, namely, the re-establishment of the finances and the restoration of order in Egypt. The other is permanent, namely, the effectual maintenance of a free navigation through the Canal. There are two methods of accomplishing this policy. The one is by virtually annexing the country, at a vast cost of money to the British taxpayer, at the risk of an European war, and with the certainty of alienating the goodwill of Europe, and incurring that universal condemnation which attends a nation that has broken its plighted faith. The other method is to summon all Europe to the Council, and after providing for the pressing necessities of the hour, to declare by a solemn international act that henceforth Egypt shall be neutral territory and the Canal shall be under the protection of Europe. No Liberal politician will doubt that the latter policy alone is either honourable or wise.

The danger at the present moment is that the projected policy of her Majesty's Government may be baffled by the refusal of the other Powers of their assent to the reduction of the interest on the Egyptian debt, or by the refusal of the House of Commons to sanction the advance of the eight millions required. Either event would require us to reconsider our position. The breakdown of the proposed settlement would certainly bring Great Britain face to face with a serious dilemma. Either we must find the annual deficit ourselves, or we must permit Egypt in part to repudiate her obligations. The latter course is impracticable, for it would involve the necessity of the Egyptian Government forcibly diverting the revenue appropriated to the payment of the bondholders' interest under the Law of Liquidation. While our forces are in fact the masters in Egypt such a step could not be taken without our acquiescence. On the other hand, it is intolerable that British bayonets should be used to enforce the payment of foreign creditors while the remaining revenue is entirely insufficient to pay the necessary expenses of internal government. If the other Great Powers are so unreasonable as to place us in this dilemma, the only course available is to find the money for, say, one year's further occupation, supplying for that year the annual deficit; to summon the leading men in Egypt, and inform them that in a twelvemonth we shall evacuate the country, and employ the remainder of that time in organising the best native Government we can get together. This step should be accompanied with a public declaration that we shall not interfere further in Egypt, limiting ourselves to guarding the Suez Canal, and that we shall not allow any other Power to interfere either. There can be little doubt as to the result of such a policy. As soon as the Egyptians were left to themselves

they would of necessity repudiate either the whole or part of their debt. No man could foretell the consequences of such a step. It might lead to an attempt on the part of France to invade the country, for the French have always allowed themselves a greater latitude of interference than ourselves on behalf of such of their citizens as have lent money to a weak State. This would lead to war. On the other hand it is more probable that prudence would deter the French from so risky an enterprise, and the only sufferers would be those very bondholders whose blind cupidity and selfishness is at the bottom of the intrigues at this moment being directed against the proposed settlement of the question. If this settlement should be defeated by a vote of the House of Commons the consequences would indeed be deplorable. Such a disaster would probably lead to a change of Government, and if Lord Salisbury were to have the management of the affair we know from his own utterances and from the rhetoric of his supporters that the departure of our forces from Egypt would be indeed a vision of the future. The policy of virtual annexation, with all its vast and ruinous responsibilities, would entail upon us sacrifices in the future in comparison with which our present and past troubles are wholly insignificant. No greater calamity could befall us.

It would be easy to point the moral of this Egyptian business. Interference in the internal affairs of other countries, especially in their financial affairs, sooner or later leads to trouble. We have verified the truth of this maxim with a rapidity hitherto unprecedented. We now find ourselves in a position of incredible perplexity, unable with safety either to remain in or to retire from a country in which there is a bankrupt exchequer, an oppressed people, and a formidable insurrection, while a host of foreign creditors are clamouring for the last farthing of their bond, and an alert and ambitious Power stands by ready, if she dares, to step in and establish a military despotism. One duty remains. So long as British forces continue in Egypt earnest efforts ought to be made to carry thorough reforms. It is the least we can do in atonement for what we have done. The time may be short and success may be doubtful, but sincere exertions should be made to ascertain the grievances and wants of the people. This can hardly be done with full effect by our officials, honest and zealous though they be. It would be easy and safe to convoke the Notables. We English are apt to rate too high our own capacity to govern, and to rate too low the capacity of a subject people. Whatever be the result of the Conference, we are in duty bound to use the remainder of our period of occupation in strenuous exertions to better the laws and the government of Egypt. And if we can succeed even in a small degree, it will be something to set off against the load of misery which, however much against our wish, we have been the instrument of causing to that unhappy country.

R. T. REID.

COMPULSORY TEMPERANCE.

As every virtue has its corresponding vice, so the besetting sin of the humanitarian is a fussy dogmatism. The wish to lighten the lot of those who labour, by eradicating from the catalogue of national crime the vice of drunkenness, is the praiseworthy aspiration of philanthropy; but the endeavour to accomplish this end by an Act of the Legislature, imposing fines, and penalties, and vexatious restrictions, is worthy of the doctrinaire rather than of the practical philanthropist. Yet the apostle of temperance preaching from the platform of the United Kingdom Alliance has no other policy to recommend, by which to arrest the spread of a social evil, than the appeal to Parliament for extraordinary powers of compulsion. He desires nothing less than that public-houses should be closed, the liquor traffic suppressed, and total abstinence enforced by a decree of the Legislature.

Of course every one deplores the prevalence of drunkenness amongst the less educated classes of our fellow-countrymen, and the desire for a remedy is universal. Whether that cure can be best provided by an act of the Legislature is an open question. That there are alternatives every one must admit. The last division in the House of Commons on the Local Option resolutions of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, points to the conclusion that the sentiment of the present House is in favour of legislation. But if expression is to be given to this sentiment, it is to be hoped that, forsaking the guidance of Sir Wilfrid Lawson for that of a more Liberal leader, the House of Commons will frame its legislation in harmony with the traditions and feelings of the age. For notwithstanding his pronounced Radicalism, Sir Wilfrid Lawson evidently retains an affection for precedents and history. It is to the early days of the fourteenth century that one has to revert in order to find a counterpart to the legislative machinery which he now desires to introduce. In the reign of Edward III. there was enacted a statute of which the preamble ran: "Whereas through the excessive and over-many costly meats which the people of this realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened by which many evils have occurred to body and soul, therefore be it provided that in no house shall more than two meats be served at dinner or supper, or more than two kinds of meat in such course." In this fragment of the sumptuary laws—a form of statute dear to autocratic rulers—one may recognise the familiar features of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's proposals. The Act of Edward III. is perhaps more par-

ticular as to points of detail, but in either case the principle of indifference to the freedom of domestic life is the same. Yet the sumptuary laws, as we know, vanished before the dawning era of liberty. It is a singular anomaly that their revival in our day should be a conspicuous article in the creed of certain Radicals. But it is urged by those who desire to impose upon us their re-enactment that, however objectionable these edicts may be in principle, they are excellent in practice; and that we ought to be ready to make any sacrifice of the comforts and of the freedom of life in order to reap the harvest of moral advantages which will accrue from their application. Happily the value of these opinions can be tested by experience. For in a modified degree the Sunday Closing Acts—a species of sumptuary legislation—are already in force in Scotland and Wales, and have had a partial trial in Ireland. From the results of their operation in these parts of the United Kingdom we can form some estimate as to what we might expect were the Acts to be extended to England, and as to whether the benefits we should derive would compensate us for the loss of liberty, of comfort, and of revenue which this extension would entail. In Scotland the public-houses have been closed on Sundays for many years past, through the instrumentality of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, and the admirers of this Act are in the habit of describing as the most striking success, a diminution in the consumption of alcoholic spirits. But it is obvious that, even if this phenomenon is due to the Forbes-Mackenzie Act—a disputed point—it offers no evidence as to the influence of the Act in reducing drunkenness. The condition of sobriety in any given neighbourhood cannot be determined by the gross amount of alcoholic liquor that is swallowed by its inhabitants, inasmuch as the cause of inebriety is not the ordinary consumption of alcohol, but that excessive consumption which in individual instances converts the moderate drinker into the drunkard. A repressive measure therefore that claims as its solitary success a reduction in the use of a manufactured article, which, when temperately taken, is to the multitude a source of nutriment and to the revenue a source of profit, affords a poor reason for its existence.

A more direct proof of the inability of a Sunday Closing Act to fulfil the promises of its framers is supplied by comparing the number of arrests for Sunday drunkenness in that part of the United Kingdom where the Act is in force, with those in the rest of the country. Thus, according to Parliamentary Returns, in the year ending September, 1882, there were in Scotland, out of a population of 3,735,573 persons, 2,530 arrests for Sunday drunkenness, or 1 out of 1,476. In England and Wales, where no Sunday closing at that time existed, the number of arrests for the same period out of a population of 25,968,286 was 15,931, or in the proportion of 1 to 1,631.

Again in England, during the six years from 1877 to 1882, there has been a decrease of convictions for Sunday drunkenness of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while in Scotland there has been an increase of 10 per cent. It appears therefore that, despite the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, England is more sober than Scotland, and that the inconvenience to the public and injustice to the publican, which is the necessary consequence of this form of legislation, has been a profitless and needless infliction. In the case of Ireland a variety of statistics have been adduced by both parties to the controversy to illustrate the result of the working of Sunday closing during four years. The following return has been often quoted, and it certainly is significant. During the last year before the Act came into force—1877—there were arrested in the area to which it subsequently applied 77,922 persons. In 1881 that number fell to 56,677, or a decrease of 27 per cent. Five cities were, however, exempted from the conditions of the Act, and during the same periods the number of arrests from drunkenness in this area of exemption dropped from 32,981 to 21,906, or 33 per cent. This superior improvement on the part of the area of exemption is shown still more clearly by comparing the number of arrests for drunkenness in the two years of 1872 and 1873, with those of 1882 and 1883, a comparison that was instituted by Mr. Warton in a recent debate upon the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and the accuracy of which has passed unchallenged.

In 1872 and 1873, over that portion of Ireland which is now subject to the Sunday Closing Act, the number of arrests was 118,291. In 1882 and 1883 this number had increased to 137,385, at the same time that the population was diminishing. But in the five exempted cities during the same period the number of arrests decreased from 60,621 to 39,638.

Again, in regard to the arrests that were made for Sunday drunkenness, the five cities of Ireland, comprising what is called the exempted area, show a steadily improving return. In the year 1878 the number of arrests stood at 2,280. In the year 1882 they had fallen to 1,647, and in the year 1883 they had still further declined to 1,280. So that within a period of five years these arrests, which to the advocates of a law-enforced temperance mark the measure of insobriety, had without the interposition of any Sunday Closing Act diminished by 50 per cent.

These various facts surely testify that causes other and more effective than legislation are discouraging intemperance, and that in Ireland, as in Scotland, Sunday closing has exercised slight salutary effect.

In Wales the Act had been in force for six months only, when the evil result became apparent. In Glamorganshire two inspectors of police issued reports at the close of that period, of which the

following are extracts, and as one of these reports has found its way into the columns of the *Alliance* newspaper, its veracity is not likely to be impugned by the supporters of that journal.

The inspector of the Cardiff police, after giving the following returns for corresponding periods of six months before and after the application of the Act as—

“ Of persons proceeded against, *increase* 40 per cent.

“ „ convicted, *increase* 60 per cent.

“ „ discharged, *decrease* 22 per cent.”

goes on to say that—

“ A larger number might have been arrested had the police interfered with quiet drunkards. Those shown in the return are cases of the worst description, and could not be passed over. The primary cause of the increase is that a number of clubs have been established, and also that illicit drinking has been carried on to a great extent. These clubs do a large trade in selling liquors during the whole of Sunday, but little or no business during the week. . . . Drink purchased during the previous Saturday has been a source of increasing the drunkenness that previously prevailed. . . . I am of opinion that before the Act will satisfactorily answer the purpose its promoters intended the Legislature should place clubs on the same footing as public-houses.”

The inspector of Routh, another Welsh district, reports that—

“ Previous to the Sunday Act coming into force there was very little Sunday drunkenness and illicit drinking. It was very rarely that any annoyance was caused by the people leaving the public-houses. Since the Act had been passed all his energies were required to keep anything like order in the streets. . . . There were ten houses where illicit drinking was carried on on Sundays. There were also four clubs with five hundred and forty-nine members.”

According, therefore, to the reports of these inspectors the effect of the Sunday Closing Act in Wales has been, not to diminish intemperance, but to increase it, and that in a form with which it is most difficult to cope. Later evidence confirms this view.

In Wrexham, only a few days ago, the Mayor observed at the petty sessions that the Sunday Closing Act had trebled the charges of Sunday drunkenness in that district, and the remark was corroborated by the chief inspector of police. In Ruabon a similar experience has been notified; and in both of these towns indignation meetings have been held to protest against the Act, on the grounds of the crime and misery it had created. The teetotallers themselves, impelled by the resistless force of conviction, have joined in the chorus of condemnation. Thus on the 15th of April the proposer of the first resolution at a gathering of the St. David's Total Abstinence Society of Cardiff, after describing the constitution and practices of the drinking clubs that have recently sprung into existence, said :—
“ A more abominable effect of closing public-houses on Sunday, he could not suppose possible ;” and he further made the confession that “ he had signed a petition in favour of Sunday closing in Wales, but his experience had changed his opinion, and he now felt that no Act of Parliament could make people sober.”

The seconder of this resolution, a Roman Catholic priest, speaking with knowledge that was derived from personal observation, said :—
 “These drinking clubs promoted drunkenness amongst young people and caused people to drink who had never drunk before, and the people who did drink before to drink more. If the Act were repealed, and repealed it must be, things would get better. There was more drunkenness, more sin, more iniquity of every kind committed in Cardiff than ever there was before.”

We find therefore that chairmen of quarter sessions, boards of guardians, ministers of religion, inspectors of police, in fact all the recognised guardians of public morals, are united in declaring that as a panacea for drunkenness the Sunday Closing Act has broken down in Wales and that it has redoubled the evils it was intended to cure. While the public-houses were allowed to remain open, during certain hours on Sunday, the wants of thousands, to whom a daily supply of beer or spirits is a necessity and not a luxury of life, could be met ; but now that they are closed, there are only the three traditional courses left : to go without,—no slight deprivation for the classes with whom the comforts of life are an exception, and not the rule ; to store a double quantity on the Saturday evening, with a certain detriment to its quality, and an equally certain inducement to its entire consumption during the Saturday evening ; or to join one of those Sunday drinking clubs, where to exceed is the established custom of the institution. And without attempting to justify one phase of intoxication at the expense of another, it is clear that excessive drinking in a family has a wider opportunity for diffusing mischief than in a public-house ; just as the vice itself is more likely to be cultivated and encouraged by the proprietor of a drinking club than by the landlord of licensed premises.

The suggestion that where they exist the operation of Sunday Closing Acts should be extended to clubs, seems to be both logical and just. If the law prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays in public-houses, it is absurd to allow this law to be evaded by the conversion of a public-house into a club on the mere payment of a few shillings. When, however, the Bill for subjecting clubs to the control of the excise is drafted, it is obvious that the club of the rich must be dealt with on the same lines as the clubs of the poor, and it will become an interesting spectacle to observe the conduct of noble lords and honourable gentlemen when, having cheerfully voted away the liberty of the working man to live as he pleases on Sundays, they are called upon to circumscribe their own privileges. Nor will the spirit of such legislation be altogether palatable to Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his coadjutors. They can scarcely fail to appreciate the inconvenience, at a critical juncture of the fortunes of their campaign, of arousing the active hostility of

powerful interests, which, for the furtherance of their own schemes, they have hitherto lulled successfully into the repose of a fancied security.

An attempt may be made to minimize the discredit which these reports cast upon the working of the Sunday Closing Act in Wales by the assertion that in other parts of the Principality different and more satisfactory results have been obtained. But even supposing such assertions could be supported by trustworthy testimony, they will fail to make good the position of those who defend this Act, and still less of those who clamour for its extension. To justify such a position conclusive evidence must be adduced to show that this Act—vexatious and harassing to the general public—is not merely of negative utility, but is of positive benefit. Experience, however, teaches that the very contrary is the case, and that whereas in Scotland and Ireland it has, without checking intemperance, sown the seeds of ill-feeling and discontent, it has already produced a harvest of crime in Wales.

But amongst the ranks of the total abstainers there are to be found zealots who merely recognise in this fiasco an excuse for severer means of repression. According to them alcohol is a poison, destructive alike to mind and body, and the prohibition of its use by an Act of Parliament, administered with Draconian severity, would immediately produce a national regeneration. If, however, alcohol is a poison, it is a singular circumstance that the races which indulge in it should have existed for the thousands of years that have elapsed since we hear of its use. It is surely time the deadly effects began to tell; but more strange still does it seem that, whenever a contest arises between the races that take alcohol and those to whom it is forbidden by creed and custom, the victory invariably remains with the descendants of a long line of ancestors, who for centuries have been nurtured upon this so-called poison. In the regions of science as well as on the field of battle, in art, in civilisation, in health, and in longevity, the descendants of the races that people the northern and western continents are superior to those of the east and the south, excepting of course Australia, where, as in the former continents, alcohol is a commodity of common use. And the same superiority is to be found in the moral qualities. For even the most bigoted member of the United Kingdom Alliance will scarcely deny in the standard of morality a higher place to the beer and brandy drinking Saxon, than to the teetotal Turk, or to the degenerate, though sober, races of the East.

Nor do the emasculating effects of alcohol become more apparent if we contrast the physical and moral condition of the various nations who use it. The amount that may be consumed by each affords no indication of superior virtues or of criminal excess. The Germans,

for instance, amongst European nations have attained the highest point of military excellence; and the march of their army under the Crown Prince to Sedan was one of the most remarkable feats of physical endurance of the present century. But the Germans are far from being total abstiners. In Berlin during the year 1882, 410 litres of beer per head was the average of consumption; in Strasburg 420, and in Munich 440; an average in excess of the ordinary consumption. So in the case of Great Britain as compared with the other countries of Europe, we do not find that the three hundred millions, which is said to be the capitalized value of its alcoholic production, have produced any degeneracy of a moral or physical or mental character. *Professor Leone Levi has given an effective answer to the statement so often uttered by the orators of the United Kingdom Alliance that the "record of drink is a record of crime." Taking the consumption of gallons per head, and the conviction for crime per thousand, of the population of various countries of Europe, he shows that—

Sweden	2.4	881 convictions per 1,000.
* Spain	7.0	1,012 " "
Bavaria	27.5	654 " "
United Kingdom	31.0	77 " "
France	32.5	413 " "

From the comparison thus instituted it is apparent that drunkenness has no necessary connection with the increase of crime, or that, if it has any connection, the proportion of the one to the other is of an inverse rather than of a corresponding character. The results of an investigation into the Parliamentary returns of convictions for crime and drunkenness in the English counties, which appeared in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* some months ago, points to the same conclusion. Thus, in Essex, where the charges of drunkenness are exceptionally low, the charges on account of other crimes are exceptionally high, and the same remark applies to Surrey. On the other hand, in Durham, where charges for drunkenness have increased from 7.178 in 1879 to 9.124 in 1881, charges for the other forms of crime have decreased from 549 to 426. Similarly, in Northumberland, where only sixty-seven persons, or three per thousand of the population, were convicted of crime in 1881, upwards of two thousand were convicted of drunkenness. Lancashire, Hampshire, Herefordshire, and Hertfordshire supply further instances of this disproportion, as well as the towns of Sunderland, Yarmouth, and Southampton, amongst many other towns and counties in the United Kingdom. So, by a further examination of these returns, the commonly accepted dogma that intemperance is the principal cause of personal violence, receives a like contradiction. At Derby and Northampton,

* Is it really a fact that of 1,000 of the population of Spain there are 1,012 convictions?

where the amount of drunkenness is widely different, the proportion of offences against the person compared with those against property is the same. In the counties of Gloucester and Hereford, however, where the standard of intemperance is identical, the number of the offences against the person differ as from one in seven to one in fifteen. Again, in Berkshire, where drunkenness is much more prevalent than in Buckinghamshire, the offences against the person are about half as numerous; while in Cornwall, the sober county *par excellence*, these offences have the same proportion to those against property as in Durham, where of all the counties drinking is the worst. From these figures, therefore, it is apparent that in England, as well as in Europe, drunkenness has practically no direct responsibility for the growth or commission of other crimes.

If, then, under no condition of circumstances, in either clime or country, can we find that any physical or moral benefit is attached to the practice of total abstinence from alcohol, may it not be fairly asked, what justification can be shown for the demand to restrict its use by legal enactments, which harass the public convenience, sacrifice established rights, and suspend the principle of personal liberty? But this inquiry may be met, as it often is, by another question, a favourite question with those whom the possession of a well-stocked cellar, or a disinclination to stimulants—arising from constitutional weakness or the satisfaction of satiety—renders personally independent of the consequences of their suggestion. If not to repressive legislation, it is asked, to what can you look to arrest the drunken habits of the poorer classes? The reply is easy. There are many remedies to be suggested that are more suitable, more probable of success, and more worthy of English traditions, than that which the Home Secretary, in his days of independence, described as “grandmotherly legislation”—education, sanitary improvements, better dwellings for the poorer classes, and less interference with the publicans. It may be thought that less interference with the publicans is a somewhat anomalous recommendation. But the advantage will be apparent when it is remembered that the order of a neighbourhood largely depends upon the character of the publican; that up to the present, as a body of tradesmen, the licensed victualler is one of singular respectability; and also that nothing is more calculated to degrade the character of any class than the constant persecution of the legislature. For some years past, on the platform and in Parliament, it has been the custom of the temperance advocates to adopt towards the publican the style and language of the Pharisees of earlier date, and to treat him as a pariah, marked out for special disqualifications and disfranchisements, and as a mere object for abuse and taxation. But the chief remedy which those who prefer voluntary to compulsory temperance have to offer against the ravages

of a self-indulgent vice, is the creation of a healthy standard of public opinion, combined with the encouragement of self-control, of self-reliance, and of self-respect. This remedy is one which it is beyond the province or the power of the legislature to apply, and which rests on qualities that are better suited than Acts of Parliament to control a social evil. The evidence of history is, moreover, in its favour. In the days of a crude civilisation the Spartans inoculated the youth of their country with a regard for habits of temperance, by exhibitions of the degrading consequences of excess. There is much in the composition of the English character that resembles the traits which history ascribes to the Spartans. Self-respect, a sense of courage and of honour, and a love of country are prominent characteristics of both races. The details of the system which the Spartans employed to fill their youth with a horror of the features of the drunkard are of course impracticable in our day. But the policy of appealing to the higher instincts, of teaching their youth to fight and overcome, rather than to run away from, the difficulties of life, might with advantage be considered by those who aspire to guide and form the morals of the English people. The records of social life in England prove that this vice of drunkenness can be successfully encountered. Fifty or sixty years ago habits of intemperance were as rife amongst the higher classes of society as they are said to be at present amongst the poorer classes. Excess in the grossest and most repulsive form was the fashion, and fashion it may be supposed was as formidable in its folly then as now. But the change came, and the manner in which it was effected is thus described by the late Dean Stanley, whose knowledge of and sympathy with all classes of his fellow-countrymen give authority to his words.

"The drunkenness of the upper classes in the last century penetrated all the higher society of the land. But when by a few resolute wills here and there now and then, there was created a better and purer standard of morals in this respect, it perished as if by an invisible blow. The whole of educated society has placed it under their ban, and that ban was ratified in heaven. It is this same public opinion which, if it can once be created in the humbler classes, will also be as powerful there. They also have if they will, the same power of retaining, that is of imprisoning, condemning, and exterminating this deadly enemy; by this means alone will it disappear from them as it has disappeared from the society of others, who once were as completely enslaved."

A resolute will, a pure standard of morality, an intelligent tone of public opinion—these are the means on which Dean Stanley would rely to extend amongst the working classes of England the principles of temperance. On the other hand the friends of Local Option and of Sunday Closing and other kindred nostrums, ask us to bend to the gust of passion, to abandon self-control, and to lean on the State for help and guidance. It is not difficult to decide which of these two methods is most in accordance with the English character.

J. T. AGG-GARDNER.

THOMAS HOBBES.

"L'humanité ne nous écoutera que dans la mesure où nos systèmes conviendront à ses devoirs et à ses instincts."—RENAU.

HOBBES' intellectual eminence is as freely admitted as his works are sparingly read. It is as a writer on the science of government that his fame is most widely established, but, although it is from this point of view that his speculations possess for us their chief interest, it would none the less be unjust to him were we to forget that he was also the real founder of that school of Psychology which it is the custom to derive from Locke; and that he was the originator, and the earliest example in English prose, of a scientific and classical style, as distinguished from the ornate and semi-poetical diction of Bacon and Milton and Hooker.

In the interesting scene in "John Inglesant," where his Jesuit friend takes him to Bishopsgate and introduces him to Hobbes in Devonshire House, the latter is represented, with strict historical truthfulness, as a man in whom the feeling of personal loyalty to Charles I. derived additional strength from the conviction that the side of the royalists was really at bottom "the side of law and of strong government."¹ This view is well supported by a passage which we will proceed to quote from Hobbes himself with reference to a certain "little treatise" which came from his pen during the session of the short Parliament in 1640, and to which we shall have occasion again to allude. "Mr. Hobbes was the first that ventured to write in the King's defence, and one among very few that, *upon no other ground but knowledge of his duty and on principles of equity, without special interest, was in all points perfectly loyal.*"² This feature of Hobbes' mind, this sympathy that he entertained for law and legislative power, seems, in addition to his historical importance, to connect him with questions which are now occupying the attention of practical politicians. For, while laws and governments change, the fundamental problems that lie at the root of law and of government remain, like the human nature from which they sprang, essentially the same. It is admitted on all sides that our times are times of transition. In religion and in politics an old order is passing away before our eyes, while the new order is not yet visible. The progress, material, industrial, and scientific, that has transformed the face of the globe during the last half century, is gradually but surely making its influence felt in

(1) *John Inglesant*, vol. i. p. 106.

(2) *Hobbes' Works* (ed. 1839), vol. iv. p. 414.

nearly every department of thought. We who live within this process of development and change can necessarily have but an imperfect apprehension of it as a whole. To those who come after us there will in all probability appear to have been a wider and deeper difference between the earlier and later years of this century than between our fathers and their ancestors of the time of the Great Rebellion. The conflict then was between Prerogative and Parliament. It has now passed within the doors of Parliament itself. The House of Commons is no longer what it used to be called, "the best club in London," and the rules which sufficed for it once have become, in an increasingly democratic assembly, no longer operative. The result has been that party government, government by honourable and public-spirited compromise between the two great parties into which the body politic was divided, has lamentably broken down. A spirit of wilful and self-interested obstruction, a spirit even of lawlessness, has been masquerading as a spirit of liberty. Rules and customs well adapted for a temperate and reasonable enjoyment of the inestimable right of freedom of speech have been made the vantage ground of practices that if unchecked must end in making all government impossible; and the progress of business has been let and hindered by idle talk calling itself debate.

The view that has been taken above in respect of one main element in Hobbes' political system, receives some further confirmation from the modern history of his works, which is in itself not a little remarkable. No writer who can at all be compared with him, either in point of style or of power, has been so unpopular and so neglected. Buried beneath the avalanche of obloquy which his views on government, religion, and morals drew down upon him, he lay for a hundred and fifty years and more after his death in 1679 invisible save in the all but measureless impulse whereby, in the history both of ethical and political science, his startling theories served to quicken and stimulate the thoughts of thinking men. It was not until 1839 that any fully complete edition of his writings appeared. In that year they were published by the late Sir William Molesworth, at his own expense, with a dedication to his political and personal friend, George Grote. Now Molesworth, as we well know from J. S. Mill's autobiography and other sources, was a man of some prominence among the "philosophical radicals," whose organ was the *Westminster Review*. But Hobbes, as has been seen, was a staunch royalist, and his name is most commonly associated with that vain imagination known as the "social contract." At first sight therefore it is, to say the least, in the nature of a surprise to find that this sturdy supporter of the Stuarts, this spinner of metaphysical cobwebs, after a prolonged banishment from all respectable society, should have been indebted for his re-appearance

(and this too at a time like 1839 of great political fermentation and excitement, of restlessness, riots, and reform bills), to the admiring sympathy of a robust Parliamentary.

A study, however, of Hobbes' own writings reveal to us something very different from that dread "Spectre of the Brocken," to which, as seen through the distorting mist of traditionary prejudice, he may be likened. Our surprise, too, at finding a pronounced reformer in his company, is lessened when we become acquainted with the cardinal doctrines of his political faith, viz., that the origin of all power is in the people, that the final cause of all government is the good of the governed, and that its mainstay is their political education. It disappears altogether when we have come to appreciate in him that quality of universality, the power, that is, of penetrating to the very heart of his subject, of disengaging what is permanent and universal therein, from what is accidental and transitory, by which, in the sphere of political science, his analytical genius is distinguished. When, early in this century, under the influence of writers such as Adam Smith and Bentham, men's minds were applying themselves to those primary principles which are involved in the very idea of law and government, principles to which contemporary events on both sides of the channel were giving a very direct and practical interest, the real value of Hobbes' speculations could no longer escape attention. The positive and utilitarian bent of his mind, his intellectual fearlessness and independence, his marvellous acuteness of observation, his power of sustained reasoning and of perspicuous exposition, his thoroughness and his suggestiveness, were all qualities which, when once he came to be impartially studied, could not fail to establish his true position in the temple of Fame. A great man, in the highest sense of that term, Hobbes was not, for he lacked some of those moral qualities from which true greatness is inseparable. But as a scientific thinker his place is indisputably among the greatest.

Thomas Hobbes was born in Westport, an outlying parish of Malmesbury, on April 5th, 1588. His father, the vicar, was, as Aubrey tells us, a man of very poor means, and one who "valued not learning as not knowing the sweetness of it." In his quaint autobiography, written in Latin elegiacs when he was eighty-four, Hobbes calls himself "Fear's twin," and says that his birth was premature owing to his mother's fright at the impending invasion of the Spanish Armada. "This" (he goes on to say) "is methinks the reason why I detest my country's foes, being a lover of peace and of the Muses and of pleasant friends." The autobiography from which we have quoted is the more interesting from the fact that it was never intended for publication, and it is worth noting how, in thus looking back in his old age to the traditions of his child-

hood, Hobbes strikes at once the key-note of his natural disposition, as being a man of literary and sociable instincts with a nervous horror of strife and war.

After passing through the Malmesbury Grammar School with such success, that before he was fourteen he had translated the "Medea" into Latin iambics, he was sent to Oxford through his uncle's generosity, and matriculated early in 1603 at Magdalen Hall. "As a boy," says Aubrey, "he was playsome enough, but withall he had a contemplative melancholiness: he would gett him into a corner and learn his lesson by heart presently." Of his undergraduate days we know but little. The university curriculum of Theology and Aristotle does not seem to have been to his taste, and though he loyally mastered his "Barbara, Celarent," he says that he liked better to prove things in his own way. His two favourite occupations were catching jackdaws in cunningly devised snares, and strolling into bookbinders' and stationers' shops to "gape on maps and charts." That his attack on the Universities in the *Leviathan* and elsewhere was not more violent than their condition warranted, the testimony of contemporary writers proves. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, indeed, gambling, smoking, and drunkenness were the order of the day at Oxford. In February, 1607, Hobbes took his degree, and on the recommendation of the Principal of his college he was offered and accepted the position of private tutor to the eldest son of Lord Hardwick, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, a lad of nineteen, just Hobbes' own age.

James I. had now been four years on the throne, and events were hastening on the crisis which in the next reign was to plunge the country into civil war. Elizabeth may, no doubt, have believed in the divine right of princes, but her real strength had been derived from her unerring political tact, and from the enthusiastic loyalty which was evoked by her national policy, her proud assertion of the divine right of England to be England, and not some dependency of Spain or Rome. The latent animosities of Protestant and Catholic were thus temporarily held in solution by that sense of national oneness of which the great Queen was at once the personification and the symbol. But James's conspicuous want of dignity, both as a man and as a king, his offensive assertion of his divine right, his reckless extravagance, and his policy of trimming disgusted both parties, and as the throne became more and more identified with prerogative, the country, that new people created by the English Bible, became more and more identified with Parliament, and Puritanism passed rapidly into patriotism. Already during Hobbes' Oxford days, the abortive conference at Hampton Court between the King and the Puritans, followed soon after by the explosion of Catholic fanaticism in the Gunpowder

Plot, had sufficiently made it evident that the policy of compromise was fast breaking down.

In 1610, the year of the assassination of Henry IV., Hobbes went abroad with his pupil through Germany, Italy, and France. During this tour he both acquired a considerable knowledge of French and Italian, and had his mind opened and stimulated by the 'natural influences' of travel and by that spirit of intellectual restlessness and inquiry which was at this time affecting all Western Europe. On his return he put on one side the logic of the schoolmen and of Aristotle, which he had found greatly discredited on the Continent, and began diligently to read the poets and historians of Greece and Rome, and to acquire a clear and forcible Latin style. Among historians Thucydides soon became his favourite author. By translating him into English, Hobbes hoped, he tells us, to inspire his countrymen with a wholesome dread of faction and strife, as exhibited in the quarrels of the Greek States, and with a distaste for democracy as illustrated by the fate of Athens; for "the object of history," to quote his own words, "is to instruct and enable men by the knowledge of actions past to bear themselves prudently in the present and providently towards the future." This translation was first published in 1628, the year of the fall of Rochelle, of the assassination of Buckingham, and of the memorable "Petition of right." Hobbes was now forty years old.

The years between 1608 and 1628, which he spent as tutor in the Cavendish family, were the happiest, he tells us, of his whole life. He seems to have been treated with great kindness, and to have received every encouragement in the pursuit of his own studies, for which purpose the Chatsworth library was at his disposal. The prominent position, moreover, which Lord and Lady Cavendish held in the London world and at the King's Court, could hardly fail to be of great advantage to him in bringing him under the personal notice of the leading men of the day. Accordingly it is during this period that we find him becoming acquainted with Bacon, who "loved to converse with him," and many of whose essays Hobbes translated for him into Latin; with Ben Jonson, who revised his Thucydides for him; with Falkland, with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and with the Queen's Secretary, Sir Robert Ayton.

A great change was now to come over Hobbes' life. In 1628 the young Earl of Devonshire, his patron and friend of twenty years' standing, died after a very brief enjoyment of the title, having lost his father only two years previously, and the family affairs became involved in pecuniary difficulties. Partly to distract his thoughts, for he seems to have felt this sudden blow most acutely, and partly from the breaking up at Chatsworth, Hobbes accepted an offer of a travelling tutorship, and was abroad, principally in Paris, till 1631.

Aubrey gives a lively account, which may be referred to about this period, of Hobbes' accidental introduction to geometry. "I have heard say that 'twas a great pity he had not begun the study of the mathematics sooner, for such a working head and curious witt would have made great advancement in it. Being in a gentleman's library in —, Euclid's Elements lay open, and it was the 47 Prop. Lib. I. So he read the proposition. 'By God,' says he, 'this is impossible!' So he made the demonstration of it, which referred him back, *et sic deinceps*, till at last he was convinced demonstratively of that truth. This made him in love with geometry." We know, at any rate, that during this foreign trip he began seriously to study Euclid, purely out of admiration, as he says, for the perspicuity of the method and the cogency of the demonstrations. In 1631 Lady Devonshire sent to invite him to return to England and to take charge of her boy, the young Earl, then a lad of thirteen, and this charge he retained until 1640. This circumstance alone is sufficient testimony to the estimation in which Hobbes was held by those best able to judge of what he was. Lady Devonshire had known him in her own domestic circle for nearly twenty years. What stronger proof could well be given or be required of her trust and respect than that she should beg his return from his engagement on the Continent in order that he might again take up his old quarters at Chatsworth, and be the same friend to her young son that he had been to her late husband?

From 1631 to 1634 Hobbes remained at Chatsworth, instructing his pupil in various subjects, and among others, in the principles of law. From 1634 to 1637 they were travelling together in France and Italy. These three years form, from one point of view, the most interesting period of Hobbes' life, for it was during them that he came gradually to formulate in his mind that comprehensive philosophical system which was to base social and political science on psychology, and psychology on the properties of body and on molecular motion.

The conception of motion in nature, which he speaks of as "the gate of natural philosophy," was becoming, as his autobiography tells us, his dominating thought. His great anxiety now was to discover "what sort of motion that could be which caused sensation, understanding, ideas (*phantasmata*), and the other properties of living beings." Similarity of studies and interests brought him into close and very friendly relations with that coterie of scientific men, who at this time gathered in Paris round the Epicurean philosopher Gassendi and the Franciscan monk Mersenne. Richelieu, whose fame and power were now at their highest pitch, had but recently founded the French Academy, and it is very possible that Hobbes derived valuable hints in the perfecting of his style from the example of those eminent writers who were then building up the goodly

structure of French prose. Continuing his travels from France to Italy, we find him at Pisa in daily converse with the aged astronomer Galileo ; and thus, during this eventful tour, he came, in his own phrase, to be "numbered among the philosophers."

On his return, in 1637, Hobbes found his country "boiling hot with questions concerning the rights of dominion and the obedience due from subjects, the true forerunners of an approaching war."¹ There had been no Parliament since 1629. In quick succession came Hampden's trial for refusing to pay ship-money, the revolt of Scotland at Charles's attempt to force upon them Laud's liturgy, the formation of the Solemn League and Covenant, the advance of the Scotch army, and, in 1640, the meeting of the reluctantly summoned Parliament. It was in the brief session of this Parliament, during part of April and May, that "Mr. Hobbes wrote a little treatise in English, wherein he did set forth and demonstrate that the said power and rights were inseparably annexed to the sovereignty, which sovereignty they did not then deny to be in the king, but it seems understood not, or would not understand, that inseparability."²

We have Professor Robertson's authority for stating that an MS. copy of this "little treatise," written in Hobbes' own hand, and dated May 6, 1640, has been preserved among the Hardwick papers, which identifies it with the treatises *De Naturâ Hominis*, and *De Corpore Politico*, that appeared ten years later in an English version under the title of *Fundamental Elements of Policy*, and *Elements of Law, Moral and Political*, and that now form the fourth volume in Molesworth's edition. It thus follows, as Professor Robertson has well pointed out in his article on Hobbes in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that, two and a half years before the outbreak of the Civil Wars, he had not only framed his political theory, but had based this theory on his analysis of human nature and of the motives of conduct. That which in his mind was logically last, was thus, as he says, "plucked" from him first by the pressure of political excitement and the last link, whereby human nature itself was to be explained in terms of matter and motion, had to be kept back until 1655, which is the date of the publication of the *De Corpore*, or *Elements of Philosophy*. Hobbes states that, had not Parliament been dissolved, this little treatise, of which, though not printed, many gentlemen had copies, had brought him in danger of his life. What its principles were we shall see presently. The Long Parliament came together on November 3, 1640, and Hobbes, "doubting how they would use him," fled to his philosophical friends in Paris, where he was sure of a warm welcome, and did not return to England for eleven years, i.e. not until the winter of 1651, the year during the summer of which Evelyn tells

(1) *English Works*, ii. xx.

(2) *Ibid.* iv. 414.

us how he saw from Hobbes' window Louis XIV., then only fourteen years old, going, "like a young Apollo," in gorgeous procession to Parliament to assume the monarchy. These eleven years that he spent in Paris were the season of his greatest intellectual activity. We find him critically employed on Descartes' *Meditations*,¹ writing on Optics, sitting as a referee in an important mathematical dispute, sending out a private issue (in 1642) of that political tract to which he attached such high merits, the *De Cive*, acting in 1648 as mathematical instructor to the future Charles II.; and finally, as his royalism grew more and more pronounced under the influence of his personal relations with the Prince and of the embittered exiles who streamed into Paris from England, producing his crowning work in the *Leviathan* (published in the self-same year (1651) with Milton's *Defensio Populi*), in which, though the main positions remain unchanged, all his previous doctrines are seen, as it were, expanded and intensified through the feelings that had been excited in him by the terrible tidings of the outcome of the Civil War and of the execution of the King.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were emphatically centuries of war. Both the outer and the inner worlds, the world of action and the world of thought, were passing through the agonies of reconstitution. The great religious schism, which we call the Reformation, involved as its essential principle the assertion of spiritual freedom, or, in a word, of individuality. The mediæval order was superimposed from without. The modern order was to be developed from within. Authority and tradition were to give way to reason, and the crumbling fabric of Church and State was to be reconstructed and founded on logic as upon a rock. Especially notable in the great thinkers of the seventeenth century is this vivid consciousness of intellectual power—the desire to know, accompanied by an unbounded belief in the possibility of knowledge. The consolidation, moreover, of independent States had a twofold effect, viz. : a natural tendency to direct this spirit of inquiry into a political channel, and to intermingle religious questions with national issues. These separate communities into which the "Holy Empire" had been dissolved, what were they? On what was their independent identity based? What principle of order was it that gave a corporate unity to the political aggregates that seemed, as it were, to have derived a merely accidental existence, owing to the disruption of the old Catholic Monarchy? Such were among the natural problems of speculative thought in the sixteenth century; and while its famous scholars, the Lambins, the Scaligers, the Casaubons, busied themselves with exploring and deciphering the practical wisdom that lay enshrined in the rediscovered literatures of

(1) Paris, 1641. The *Discours de la Méthode* appeared in 1637.

Greece and Rome, men of affairs, men like Machiavelli and Bodin, Loyola and Calvin, Sir Thomas More and Buchanan, were investigating, each in accordance with the bent of his own mind, those primary questions as to the principles of political society or government which were soon to receive so striking a treatment in England at the hands of Thomas Hobbes.

In 1618, just ten years before he published his *Thucydides*, the Protestantism of Germany, upon whose fortunes the eyes of Puritan England were ever intently fixed, had plunged headlong into the Thirty Years' War. It needed not Hobbes' sagacity to interpret the bearing of the struggle on the Continent upon the smouldering religious and political disaffection at home. As a tutor at Chatsworth, however, or as a travelling companion to a young nobleman, or in the great houses of his aristocratic friends in London, he would know nothing save by hearsay of that burning sense of personal injury and wrong which the King's arbitrary raids upon the national purse, and his contempt for Parliament, were kindling in towns and villages throughout the length and breadth of the land. To a man who was pecuniarily dependent on a royalist patron, and whose inclinations disposed him to a quiet literary life, the "noises" (as Milton calls them) of sects and parties, foreboding the breaking up of the very foundations of social order, must have been as obnoxious as they were alarming. The centre of political gravity seemed to be lost, every man's hand to be against his neighbour, and the whole world either to be, or to be becoming, a prey to confusion and to war.

Actuated, like his great predecessor and friend, Bacon, by a genuine desire to come to the relief of man's estate, and to find some remedy for the wretchedness of his condition, or some fixed principle of order, profoundly observant of contemporary events, a philosopher among politicians and a politician among philosophers, in what direction may we reasonably conjecture that Hobbes' thoughts would turn? Amid the intolerance and the animosities of a Babel of sects, of Calvinist and Arminian, Presbyterian and Independent, Anglican and Papist, Puritan and Jesuit, Hot Gospeller and Laudist, men far more impartially, far more religiously disposed than Hobbes, might well have thought it vain to seek a centre of stability in any form of ecclesiastical supremacy. But if the basis of order was to be secular, if a security against general anarchy was to be sought in the sovereignty of the State, on what model should that sovereignty be framed? The logic of accomplished facts would be pointing him, during his residence in Paris, to Richelieu (that minister who was what Strafford wished to be), and to the absolutism by which the throne in France was crushing out all subordinate independencies, churches, parliaments, feudal nobles, local liberties. In what

significant contrast to the desolation of Germany and to the threatened anarchy of England upstood this Leviathan of the Continent! The aristocratic associations of his life, and his instinctive dislike for popular power would incline him in a similar direction. Might not reason and experience be made to join hands, the gravitation of events towards the consolidation and centralisation of monarchical power be exhibited as a deduction from the principles of human nature, and "dominion" be thus installed upon the vacant throne of speculative politics?

If man and nature be looked at side by side, the question at once arises whether they are both under the same laws, and have both the same essential constitution, or whether there is a radical difference between them. With the intellectual fermentation of the seventeenth century this ancient controversy is opened up afresh in the investigation of the origin of our knowledge. At the head of the Materialists is Gassendi, and it is worthy of note that both he and his opponent, Descartes, were Catholics. Between Gassendi and Hobbes there existed the closest and warmest friendship, and a sincere reciprocal admiration. Differing from Descartes' fundamental principle, viz., that thought is not resolvable into sensation but is *sui generis*, and that, as a thinking being, man has something in him which the physical world has not, Gassendi and Hobbes consider man to be part of nature, distinguished from other animals mainly in possessing a more cultivated organ of calculation and a livelier sensibility to pleasure and pain. Hobbes defines philosophy as the knowledge, by ratiocination, of phenomena, or effects, from the causes that generated them, or, *vice versâ*, the knowledge of such causes as may be knowable through their observed effects. Philosophy, therefore, "excludes theology, or the doctrine of God, eternal, ingenerable, incomprehensible, in whom there is nothing to divide or compound, nor any generation to be conceived." The divisions of philosophy follow the divisions of bodies. Natural or physical philosophy deals with the properties of natural bodies. Civil philosophy deals with the properties of bodies artificially formed into a commonwealth by the wills and agreement of men. This branch may be subdivided into "Ethics," which treat of the dispositions of men and the qualities which concern social peace and unity, and "Politics," which treat of the civil duties of subjects. The end of all knowledge is power. The object of all philosophy is to better human life. The sciences of measurement, of astronomy, of navigation, geography, architecture, &c., have, in the physical sphere, greatly benefited man's estate. If science had only been equally clear and precise in the sphere of civil society, the calamities that harm and destroy it might have been avoided, and mankind have had a true and certain rule of

conduct, and so have "*enjoyed immortal peace.*" That, therefore, which Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, Gassendi, and Mersenne had done for natural philosophy, Hobbes would do for moral philosophy, including the science of politics. "Natural philosophy," he says in the dedicatory epistle in the English version (1656) of his *De Corpore*, "is but young; but civil philosophy yet much younger, as being no older (I say it provoked, and that my detractors may know how little they have wrought upon me) than my own book, *De Cive.*"

Let us now follow the generation of Hobbes' *Leviathan* from his analysis of the facts of human nature. From men's passions arise three chief causes of strife, viz., the desire of gain, the desire of glory, and the sense of mutual distrust. In "the state of nature" there is no such thing as justice and injustice, right and wrong, *because there is no obligation or law.* Every one has an equal right to everything. But as, taking one thing with another, men of mature age are fairly matched except with regard to their passions, this right to everything is turned in the general *mêlée* of the egoistic rabble into a right to nothing, with an unceasing disposition in every man to snatch what he can, how he can, and for as long as he can. The result of this "dissolute condition of masterless men" is that life is rendered "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." (*Lev.* ch. 13.) To attribute the origin of society to any associative instinct is to mistake human nature. It is their fear and dread of each other's rapaciousness and violence that prompts them to unite for the sake of peace. The consequent desire of peace is, in Hobbes' phraseology, the first "Law of Nature," or rule discovered by reason as a means of self-preservation. These rules, or means of peace, or laws of nature, are the moral virtues, and the science of them is moral philosophy, which means the science of what is good and evil in the conversation and society of mankind. The second law of nature follows from the first; it is that a man should lay down his natural right to everything on condition that others do the same. The natural right, however, of self-defence is inalienable, inasmuch as the very object of alienation is life and peace. The third law is that men shall fulfil their covenants. Until rights have been alienated, and transferred, there is neither justice nor injustice, for these relate to the performance of covenants. The origin of property is to be similarly derived. Having gone through some score of these laws of nature, Hobbes observes that they are not properly called laws at all, since law implies a command creative of a duty, and with a force behind the command that can secure obedience. It was for the creation of such a force that men contracted each with the other that he would be governed in such and such a manner if the other would agree to be the same. Each individual transferred his power and authority

to a central representative, a central will, and this is the sovereign. The sovereign may either be one man, or may be an assembly of men, and Hobbes himself admits that his preference, on certain grounds, is for the monarchical form, but, in either case, it becomes, in virtue of this reduction of the wills of all to one central will, a "commonwealth." The sovereign thus generated is the great Leviathan, or "mortal God, to whom, under the immortal God," man owes peace and defence. His power is absolute, indivisible, unlimited, and cannot be revoked. The bond of allegiance may not, however, be held to survive the power of the sovereign to guard and protect the citizens, and if the latter cease to exist, the bond is thereby dissolved. He wields the "two swords;" the sword of war against enemies, and the sword of justice against such as disobey the laws. He cannot do *injustice*, but iniquity he may do, if so be that he violate the laws of God or of nature. In him are peace and war, taxation and finance, the making and the administering and the interpretation of laws. From his fiat property itself derives its existence. He is sole judge of what shall be taught or publicly expressed. Above all things is he in all matters, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, the ultimate supreme authority and judge, for it is fatal to order if one and the same action may be commanded under penalty of death, and forbidden under penalty of damnation. In a Christian State there will be no difficulty, for the body politic is only the body ecclesiastical under another aspect. If, however, the State is not Christian, and commands what a Christian citizen cannot obey, he will probably, if he be sincere, welcome the deliverance that martyrdom affords. The sole and sufficient principle on which the sovereign is to govern is "*salus populi suprema lex*," including in the term "health" not merely security, but all that goes to make life pleasant, prosperous, contented, happy, since it was for this end that the sovereignty was set up.

Such, in outline, was Hobbes' philosophical and political creed, and it is not difficult to understand the extraordinary impulse which its publication gave to speculative inquiry. It set all reflecting men a-thinking. To minds tossing in a sea of perplexity and doubt it offered the irresistible fascination of certainty. It appealed to the wide-spread dislike both of Puritans and of priests. It offered a safeguard against the dangers of insurrections and the horrors of civil war. Its fearless appeal to reason as the principle of civil obedience, and to the good of the governed as the end of government, the marvellous acuteness of its analysis of our most puzzling mental conceptions, the charm of a style unrivalled in directness, pithiness, and perspicuity, its vigorous self-consistency, its exhibition of physical, moral, and political phenomena as a necessary evolution from the primary laws of matter, all these qualities would

tend in their several ways to compel attention, if not to command admiration. Moreover its fixed positions were in close relation to principles in which the age was profoundly interested. In Hobbes' low estimate of the "natural man," in his view of the Divine Will not as a moral agent but as an omnipotent power, in his denial of the freedom of the human will (which he defines as the last appetite in the deliberation that precedes action), he was in harmony with the Puritan and Jansenist belief in universal depravity, in the stern terrors of the "Law," in the impotence of man save as a vessel for the inpouring of the divine grace; and it is by no fanciful analogy that we may call him the Calvin, as from another point of view he might be called the "Thorough," of politics. To those, again, who held to the old belief in a pact between prince and people, as well as to those who were supporters of "Divine right," his theory offered the attractive combination of an absolute authority in the sovereign based on an original covenant of the subject. Finally, by the growing Epicureanism that marked the reaction of average humanity against the extravagance of Puritan asceticism, he would be hailed and welcomed as guide, philosopher, and friend. On the other hand, conclusions so utterly destructive of men's cherished beliefs, conclusions that reduced human nature to a mere clever piece of mechanism set in motion by the anarchical principle of self-love, and only to be kept in order by external constraint; that explained morality by explaining it away into positive law; that rudely severed the ancient alliance between theology and philosophy; that subjected every religion and sect alike to the jurisdiction of the temporal power; that proclaimed the omnipotence of God, but remained ominously silent as to his morality and righteousness, making him a terror for the vulgar, and for the wise man a metaphysical abstraction—could not but excite, both in moralists and in theologians, an intensity of opposition that overflowed alike from press and from pulpit in a controversial flood. Hobbism created a spiritual wilderness and called it peace. In order to make life safe against violence and disorder it robbed life of all that made it worth the living.

Thus, whether it be in the part which the theory of the social contract has played in political speculation from Locke to Rousseau; or in the reaction from the *a priori* method to the historical spirit of Montesquieu; or in the inheritance which came down from the *Leviathan* to the analytical jurists of our own century; or in the sudden springing to life of the Cambridge Platonists and the great seventeenth-century theologians, Leighton and Taylor, Cudworth and Barrow; or in the development of moral science and psychology, on the side of "experience," from Locke to Hume—everywhere we seem able to trace the same stimulating influence, and to catch

the reverberating echoes of that mighty voice that stirred an astonished world as with the blast of a trumpet.

The *Leviathan* was published in England. No sooner had copies of it been circulated in Paris than Hobbes found it necessary to fly for his life, so violent was the animosity that it excited in Catholics and Anglicans alike. In the winter of 1651, two years before Cromwell's Protectorate, he reached London, and having made his submission to the Council of State, he took up his abode in Fetter Lane, and there finished his *De Corpore*, or *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, which came out in Latin in 1655. The winter of 1659 Hobbes spent at Chatsworth, and in 1660 he came up to pay his respects to his royal pupil at Court. "It happened about two or three dayes after his Majesty's happy returne, that as he was passing in his coach through the Strand, and Mr. Hobbes was standing at Little Salisbury-house gate, (where his Lord then lived,) the King espied him, putt off his hatt very kindly to him, and asked how he did. About a week after he had oral conference with his Majesty and Mr. S. Cowper, prince of limners, where as he sat for his picture he was diverted by Mr. Hobbes' pleasant discourse. His Majesty was always much delighted in his witt and smart repartees. The witts at Court were wont to bayte him; but he would make his part good, and feared none of them. The King would call him *the Beare: Here comes the Beare to be bayted*. He was marvellous happy and ready in his replies as to witt and drollery. He would say that he did not care to give, neither was he adroit at, a present answer to a serious quære: he had as lieve they should expect an extemporary solution to an arithmetickall problem, for he turned, and *winded*, and compounded in philosophy, politiques, &c., as if he had been at mathematicall worke; he always avoided, as much as he could, to conclude hastily."¹

From 1660 to 1675 Hobbes spent the greater part of his time in London, at Little Salisbury-house, "contemplating and inventing in the morning but penning in the afternoon." In 1665 we find him consulting with Aubrey as to how the King might be persuaded to grant some land in order to endow a free school for the town of Malmesbury. His biographer adds, however, that "the Queen's priests, smelling out the designe, and being his enemies, prevented this public and charitable intention." Meantime there is ample evidence in his controversial writings of about this date that he was the object of continual attacks on account of his opinions; and in October, 1666, when a wide-spread feeling of superstitious terror had been excited by the ravages of the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, the House of Commons drew up a Bill against atheistical books, and empowered a Committee to receive evidence about such

(1) Aubrey.

books, and in particular about "the book called the *Leviathan*." "There was a report (and surely true) that some of the Bishops made a motion to have the good old gentleman burned for a heretic, which, he hearing, feared that his papers might be searched, and he told me that he had burned part of them."¹ Hobbes was now nearly eighty, and though the Bill came to nothing, it doubtless gave him a great fright, or at any rate, it drove his practical mind into an investigation of the law of heresy, the results of which he published in 1680. From 1675 up to his death, at the great age of ninety-two, in December, 1679, Hobbes lived with the Earl of Devonshire, either at Chatsworth or at Hardwick, studying and writing until the very end. Among his latest labours were comprised a History of the Civil Wars, a Dialogue on the Common Laws of England, an Autobiography in Latin elegiacs, and a translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, of which latter, as a poetical work, Pope says that "it is too mean for criticism." Like his other poetry, however, on the wonders of the Derbyshire hill scenery (*De Mirabilibus Pecci*), it has great indirect interest for all who wish to understand the character of his mind, as showing the entire absence in him of that emotional sensibility, reverential wonder, and imaginative sympathy with nature, without which a man can never rise in the domain of poetry above the level of an observant versifier. Bishop Kennet, in his *Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish*, gives a lively picture of Hobbes' mode of life at Chatsworth. "At his first rising he walk'd out and climb'd any Hill within his reach, or if the weather was not dry he fatigued himself by some exercise within doors. After this he took a comfortable Breakfast, and then went round to wait upon the Earl, the Countess, the children, and any considerable Strangers, paying some short addresses to all of them. About 12 a Clock he had a little dinner provided for Him which he eat always by himself. Soon after Dinner he retired to his Study, and had his Candle, with 10 or 12 Pipes of Tobacoe laid by him; then Shutting his Door he fell to smocking, and thinking, and writing, for several Hours. He had very few Books,² and those he read but very little, thinking he was now only to digest what formerly he had fed upon. His Friends who had the liberty of introducing Strangers to Him made these Terms with them before their Admission, That they Should not dispute with the old Man, nor contradict him." We learn from Aubrey that, in his youth, Hobbes did not enjoy strong health, but that after his fortieth year he "grew healthier, and had a fresh, ruddy complexion." He stood six feet high. "His head was of a mallet form, his face not very great, ample forehead, yellowish reddish whiskers³

(1) Aubrey.

(2) "He was wont to say, that if he had read as much as other men, he should have continued still as ignorant as other men."—(Aubrey.)

(3) i.e. moustache.

which naturally turned up; below he was shaved close, except a little tip under his lip, not that nature would have afforded him a venerable beard, but being mostly of a cheerful and pleasant humour he affected not to look severe. He considered gravity and heaviness of countenance not so good marks of God's favour as a cheerful, charitable, and upright behaviour, which are better signes of religion than the zealous maintaining of controverted doctrines."

"He had always bookes of prick-song lying on his table, which at night, when he was a-bed, and the dores made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a good voice), but for his health's sake;—he did believe it did his lunges good."

It would be pleasant to add to these few biographical details, for in this case the man is no less interesting than the thinker, and much light may be thrown upon Hobbes' philosophy by the study of Hobbes' philosophising, but our space is nearly exhausted, and it is time to bid our author farewell. We have endeavoured in the course of this article to give prominence to some of this eminent man's most conspicuous merits, and it remains now to notice the qualities in which he is as conspicuously deficient. Of the four sources from which it was open to him to draw materials for his study of human nature, viz. consciousness, history, observation, and comparing notes with other men, his idiosyncrasies misled him in his deductions from the first, and his overweening self-confidence led him to neglect the last. As an observer of contemporary events no praise can well be too high for his acuteness; while, as to history, it must be remembered that in the seventeenth century it had not begun to be scientifically treated. He shows a tendency moreover to read into history that which his theory or his sympathies require him to find there. Pre-eminently is this the case in his selection (after the current custom of contemporary writers) of Scripture texts with a view of reconciling his *Leviathan* with Jewish history. In this respect his audacity is quite-extraordinary. It is evident also that the human nature which he conceives of as a universal type is the human nature of a particular and, fortunately, of an exceptional period. A corrective might perhaps have been easily found in the Greek and Roman classics, or, nearer home, in Shakspeare, but the literary spirit in Hobbes is as nothing compared with the absorbing interest that he takes in the political phenomena of his day. Finally, with reference to his own idiosyncrasy, while he was richly equipped with the intellectual qualities most needed in a philosophical analyst, he was by nature deficient in imagination, and in the faculty of throwing himself into an opponent's ideas and endeavouring to sympathise with them. He was emphatically a "one-eyed man." A stranger almost both to sickness and to sorrow, conscious of great abilities, free from pecuniary

anxieties, unmarried and independent, selecting his friends among men of affairs like Falkland and Vaughan, men of latitudinarian sympathies like Chillingworth and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, men of science like Gassendi, Mersenne, and Harvey, his mind presents itself to us as marred by a one-sidedness, a want of catholicity, that causes him to form an inadequate and, therefore, an untrue estimate of human nature. He sees, and no man has seen more clearly, the mechanical side, the wheels and the machinery; but the spiritual side, which is the realm of the imagination, escapes him altogether. His attention is concentrated on what is practical and what is useful. Art, beauty, taste, do not seem to touch him, for the higher emotional sensibilities to which they appeal are wanting in him. And this narrowness of vision has the effect of rendering some of his definitions paradoxical. The infinite complexity of human life is stretched on the Procrustean bed of simplicity, and truth is thereby sacrificed to system. Beginning from inadequate premises, unable or unwilling to credit human nature with social as well as with self-regarding instincts, he is forced by the very self-consistency of his logical intellect into conclusions that prove to be irreconcilable with the facts of a more universal experience. In these respects Hobbes resembles Bentham, as in his cynical pessimism he resembles La Rochefoucauld. His genius and tone of feeling have been compared with Swift, but there appears to us to be more point in the contrast than in the comparison, for Swift's temperament was passionate, and his blood red-hot, while Hobbes is always phlegmatic and cold. The one despises, the other hates. Hobbes' adversaries are cut asunder as with a steel edge, Swift's are burnt up as with a consuming fire. Nowhere in the former's life do we come across a Stella or a Vanessa, nor, even if all Hobbes' private papers had come down to us, should we have been likely to discover such an entry as this of Swift's: "Only a woman's hair." It would be difficult to quote any trait from his biographies more characteristic of him than his selection of his own monumental inscription: "This is the true philosopher's stone."

H. W. HOARE.

WHAT IS JUDAISM? A QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

THE anti-Semitic agitation which for more than five years has exercised a disturbing influence in Continental politics, appears at last to be subsiding. Discredited by the sanguinary logic with which the Russian peasantry gave effect to its teachings, disgraced by its connection with the monstrous conspiracy of Tisza-Eslar, it recently received in England something very like a *coup de grâce* in the shape of the Montefiore Centennial festivities and the refusal of the Lord Mayor to allow its leader, Herr Hof-Prediger Stöcker, to take part in the Luther Commemoration at the Mansion House. He would, however, be a very hopeful person who should profess to think that the final chapters in the history of Judeo-Christian differences have now been written. I am not so subjectively Jew as not to have long seen in anti-Semitism something more than a mere spasm of moral atavism; and I think the time has now arrived when it may be confessed that if the form the agitation assumed was reprehensible, its nature was far from unworthy some measure of philosophic analysis. It is, I believe, quite as much in the interests of Judaism as of Christianity that an inquiry into the origin of anti-Semitism should be now encouraged; nay, it is of importance in the interests of the future peace of the world.

To my mind the primal cause of all agitations against the Jew is to be sought, not so much in the passions stimulated by theological differences, as in the irritating mystery of the persistence of Judaism, notwithstanding the assurances of Christianity that Judaism has long been moribund. According to all Christian belief—and to this extent the records of Christianity receive an unquestioning assent from those who have ceased to accept its dogmas—Judaism was only a rude precursor of the so-called universal religion of Jesus, and consequently should long ago have passed away. But the Hebrews to-day constitute everywhere a social force. In every country of Europe their influence is felt, and there is no small amount of truth in the anti-Semitic assertion that in Germany, at least, the national aspirations “are stifled by an overmastering Judaism.” Is it extraordinary that this mystery should irritate men’s minds, and that there should be violent outbursts against a domination which is not merely foreign but almost phantasmic?

The outbursts have, fortunately, passed away, but the mystery remains. Thoughtful minds continue to be exercised by the question, What is Judaism?—not merely the Judaism of the synagogue, but the principle by which the Hebrew people has lived, the principle

which actuates its phenomenal history, and is represented to-day in all lands and all societies by so remarkable a vein of humanity. It can hardly be otherwise. No honest attempt has been made to solve the question. The synagogue, now passing through a transition period, cannot authoritatively answer it, and even if it could it would hesitate, when persecution is still only of yesterday, to accept the responsibility of putting forth an explanation that must necessarily be polemical, and might involve invidious pretensions and comparisons. The Church dares not compare its traditional hopes with the facts of every-day life. Nothing seems left but conjecture. The more hopeless conjecture becomes the greater its fascination; and hence the longer the question, "What is Judaism?" is left unsolved, the more must the relations of Jews and non-Jews be fraught with danger.

One of Professor Goldwin Smith's articles on the Jewish Question contains a passage which has often struck me as coming very near solving this bewildering problem. Indeed, were it not that Mr. Smith is so dominated by the traditional view of the relationship of Christianity to Judaism, he must, when the leading idea of that passage was suggested to him, have considerably altered his estimate of Judaism. The following is the passage to which I refer:—

"There is between the modern Jew and the compatriot of Luther a certain divergence of general character and aim in life connected with religion which makes itself felt, beside the antagonism of race. Judaism is *material optimism*, with a preference to a chosen race, while Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, is neither material nor in a temporal sense optimist. Judaism is *legalism*, of which the Talmud is the most signal embodiment; and here again it is contrasted with Christianity and the Christian ideal, which is something widely different from the mere observance, however punctual, of the law. *In the competition for this world's goods it is pretty clear that the legalist will be apt to have the advantage, and at the same time that his conduct will often appear not right to those whose highest monitor is not the law.*"

It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Smith that the simple meaning of all this is that the Jews must be the possessors of a system by which they are enabled to adapt themselves more completely to the conditions of life than would be possible were they adherents of Christianity; that if their "legalism" enables them to "have the advantage in the competition for this world's goods," the reason must be that that "legalism" is peculiarly adapted to the conditions of the competition; and that if Christians fail, in consequence of the nature of their "highest monitor," to achieve as much as Jews in mundane things, the reason must be that that monitor does not satisfy the requirements of natural law as completely as that of Judaism. To talk, then, about the conduct of the legalist in this world's strife—where all who elect to take part in it must be bound by the same rules—as not commending itself to "those whose highest monitor is

not the law " is very like "damning the nature of things"—deprecating intelligence and skill merely because they succeed where, according to the dogmatic assumptions of Christianity, they ought to fail. The argument virtually says that Christianity is perfect, and that if it is not quite successful in satisfying natural law that is not its fault but the fault of natural law.

Mr. Smith has, however, chanced very near the truth in bracketing "material optimism" and "legalism" together as important elements in Judaism, although he has failed to estimate them at their true value, or to detect the connection between them and the conclusion at which they point. I am desirous of showing in these pages that Judaism is really a system of "material optimism," expressing itself in a minute "legalism"; that it is a positivistic system, differing only from the latter-day Positivism of Auguste Comte in the respect that it has operated during some thousands of years with results which raise it altogether out of the region of empirical philosophy. The definition to be extracted from Jewish history I would express thus: Judaism holds that the possibilities of human knowledge are limited to the visible world. Mankind is consequently taught that temporal happiness is the goal of existence and the whole aim of action. Liberty is ideal happiness, and its ultimate test is progress; and this ideal is developed by the conquest of the lower propensities by the higher intellectual faculties. Progress is, in fact, founded on a basis of Natural Law or Justice, and the resultant liberty is the highest achievement in temporal happiness possible within the limits of immutable law. The conclusion I would formulate is that the Jews, by their practical observance of this teaching, have acquired a special adaptability to the conditions of life and a peculiar capacity for making the most of them. This enables them "to have the advantage" of which Mr. Goldwin Smith speaks.

A clear discrimination between the essential and the accidental in Judaism is requisite in order to understand this definition. The test of the essential in Judaism is its coherent survival amid transient and adventitious accessories, and its consistency, as between cause and effect, with the uniform developments of Jewish character. In other words, the proper method of ascertaining the nature of Judaism must be, not by a collation of Biblical texts, but by an induction from the phenomena of everyday experience. This is rendered necessary by the fact that in Judaism the religion and the race are almost interchangeable terms. The rigid observance during long centuries of a "peculiar" legalism by a peculiarly exclusive people has necessarily resulted in the people becoming the manifestation of its laws. Its physical and historical character is the creation of these laws, and consequently in the developments of this character we must re-

cognise the form of essential Judaism. I adopt this method, too, because it is the fairest in view of the recent controversy.

The most striking phenomenon in Jewish life is the survival of the race. There is no more remarkable fact in the whole history of mankind. Other races have managed to protract their separatism, but the Jews have, to all appearances, perpetuated theirs. They have outlived the Golden Ages of all the great nations of antiquity and the decadence of the empires of the Middle Ages; they have survived a persecution the like of which no other people could have endured, and in an age of culture, which boasts its superiority over all the civilisations of the ancient world, they, notwithstanding the drawbacks of their history, prove still to be superior, physically, mentally, and morally, to the races with which they come in contact. This permanence of the race is no mere caprice of nature; it is to be exclusively attributed to the discipline of the artificial system by which its life has been regulated. In the gradual process of the formation of the people there must have occurred a period when it became distinguished for a high degree of strength and vigour. Such a period is observable in the history of all great nations, but in every case, with the exception of the Jewish, it was permitted to slip away. The strongly-marked optimism of Judaism, the high intelligence of the people, and particularly the contrast presented by the teachings and habits of other races, no doubt induced the Hebrews to prize their superiority more highly than any other people. The natural impulse to reject all further infusions of alien blood, as soon as the consciousness of superiority was reached, found every support in their national legends and traditions, and became accentuated by the hostility of their neighbours. Then their exclusiveness became legalised, and on its basis a perfect code of laws was constructed, providing for the unaided progression of the physical capacities of the race, and embodying every dictate of their higher civilisation which might be calculated to maintain their superiority. In short, at a crucial period of its history the optimism of Judaism expressed itself in "legalism." How far the system thus formed has succeeded is illustrated by the extraordinary condition in which the Jews have survived to the present day.

It is too little known that the Jews are as a race really superior, physically, mentally, and morally, to the people among whom they dwell. The facts substantiating this view have been frequently quoted. As far back as 1837 it was noticed by Hoffman in his *Sammlung Kleiner Schriften wissenschaftlichen Inhalts* that the Jews presented biostatic phenomena differing materially from those of other races. Four years later Christopher Bernoulli, in his *Handbuch der Populationistik*, followed up Hoffman's data, with the result of showing that the Jews are a superior race, inasmuch as they increase at a more rapid rate than the indigenous races, that they

have less still-births, that they lose a smaller number of children in their first year, and that they live very much longer. Subsequent inquiries have not only confirmed these discoveries, but have added to them others, enlarging considerably the scope of the conclusions they suggest. The moral superiority has, too, been illustrated over and over again by an examination of criminal statistics and the statistics of illegitimate births. As for the notorious intellectual superiority, the figures of public education and professional and public life, in every country show an immense predominance of Jews. I regret exceedingly that considerations of space forbid my reproducing here the statistics themselves.

It must suffice to say that at a rough estimate these figures may be summed up as expressing a general superiority of the Jews over their neighbours of other races and creeds of between 30 and 40 per cent. The significance of this fact cannot be over-estimated. It not only proves Judaism to be still a living force, but it shows that such has been its wisdom and power in the past that it has been enabled to accomplish of itself a distinct step in the history of the human species. A superiority of 40 per cent. can, I imagine, be characterised as nothing less. I believe that the importance of the superiority of the Jews consists precisely in the circumstance that it constitutes almost a stage in evolution, and certainly one in which the factors are no longer so indeterminate as in all the earlier processes. For here, for the first time, we find the intelligence of man acting as a distinct factor in evolution, and achieving progress not by the natural gravitation of blind instinct, but by a discretionary adaptation to the conditions of life; not by the accidents of external forces, but by a subjective comprehension of natural law. Similar phenomena—that is to say, similar in their effects but radically differing in their causes—are not unknown in other spheres where the teachings of Judaism are far from exerting themselves. The English aristocracy, for example, is almost as exclusive as the Jewish people, and it is well known that, proportionately at least, it possesses a similar intensity of life. But here the cause is not, as with the Jews, a deliberate law of exclusiveness promulgated with the object of conserving the natural advantages arising from a more highly disciplined life, but it is the natural instinct of a superior class guided by a haughty desire to conserve its traditions, and not by any practical design of perpetuating its physical and mental superiority. And yet the result is the same: a race of men and women distinguished above their fellows for longevity, beauty, and mind.

The assertion that the phenomena of Jewish life are to be solely attributed to the influence of the peculiar "legalism" of Judaism, however, must be submitted to the test of a comparison with the character of the "legalism" before it can be regarded as proved.

The intermediate objections are few and unavailing. The conten-

tion that the characteristics of modern Jews are a mere nine days' wonder, destined to pass away shortly with the people themselves, is disproved by the whole of the marvellous history of Judaism, which these characteristics now enable us to judge in a clearer light and with more precision than formerly. The other two objections are equally unconvincing, as has been shown by one of the most eminent of modern statisticians. "The avoidance of hard work," says George Frederick Kolb, "and the temperate habits which may be deemed a peculiarity of the race, are not sufficient to account for the superior intensity of life which characterises the Jewish people. Nor can it be said that this is a speciality of Semitic races, as the Phœnicians and Carthaginians have entirely disappeared from off the earth." There are certainly Semitic races that have survived; but why do they not show the same capacity for progress as the Jews? They are derived from the same great stock, and, since the time of Mahomet, have, ostensibly at least, professed a faith in the same monotheism; but still the fact is undeniable that they are among the rotting branches of the great tree of humanity. Here we find the issue before us narrowed to its true proportions, for here we are enabled to judge what is really the living principle of Judaism. Mahomet, in his rough selection from Judaism, took only the God idea, which, if not quite of inferior importance, was of far less practical value than the educating "legalism." The result was, as with Christianity, a people with a religion but without a system of life. An admirable illustration of the difference in this respect between the Hebrews and other Semites is furnished by the history of Semitic learning. Brain-power we know to be exceptionally developed among the Semitic races. We have it on Professor Chwolson's authority that "there are fewer stupid individuals among the Semites than among the Aryans;" but the Jews are to-day the most able of Semitic races. Although the Assyrians had colleges before Europe had learned its alphabet from the Phœnicians, and, long anterior even to the period assigned to Abraham, had established libraries for the study of Akkadian classics, all that to-day remains of Semitic culture is centred in the Hebrew. And why? Because the Jew first applied law to study. His ancestors had had crowded colleges and princely libraries, but he first made the education of the young compulsory. There is then nothing left to us but the peculiar legalism of Judaism to account for the peculiar phenomena of Jewish life. Let us see then how far this "legalism" accommodates itself to this view.

I have said that it is necessary to discriminate between the essential and accidental in Judaism in order to understand the conception of that teaching as here set forth. There might be some doubt in my mind as to the validity of this theory did it require for its illustration that I should pick and choose more

or less arbitrarily among the doctrinal features of every period of Hebrew history. This is, however, not at all necessary. In the Mosaic law we have a clear and harmonious system in which the essentials of Judaism alone figure, and which has survived intact to the present day. Throughout many changes in the externals of Judaism, its general character has been conserved, its leading principles consistently developed, and its details strengthened, and to its influence alone may be traced the formation of all those distinctive features in Jewish character which may now be said to have rendered Judaism a living social force. I adopt this conclusion irrespective of the questions of date or authorship raised by modern Biblical criticism, as it is quite sufficient for my present purpose that during the period extending from the time of Ezra to that of the Maccabees the teachings of the Law satisfied the highest Jewish conception of life.

A fundamental principle of the Mosaic dispensation is, that racial separatism is necessary for the perpetuation of its teaching. To all but the most hopeless fanatic this principle must be perfectly intelligible. Jewish separatism, or "tribalism," as it is now called, was invented to enable the Jews to keep untainted for the benefit of mankind not only the teachings of Judaism but also their physical results as illustrations of their value. Of this universalist meaning of Jewish separatism there can be no doubt. The Biblical account of its inauguration gives us no idea of a "tribal" people; quite the reverse. Abraham is pictured to us not as setting himself above all other peoples, but as revolting from the prevailing idolatry and immorality. The reward promised him is significant. "I will bless thee," says the Supreme. "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is on the sea-shore. . . . And in thy seed shall *all the nations of the earth be blessed*, because thou hast obeyed my voice." The fidelity with which the Jews have adhered to their separatist law yields in its history the most remarkable instances of self-denial. The Jews are frequently taunted with bloodthirstiness because of the extermination of the Canaanites alleged in the Bible. From a purely philosophic point of view—as Dr. Arnold has eloquently pointed out—the substitution of such a people as the Hebrews for the bestial Canaanites would not have been a subject for regret even at the cost of a wholesale butchery; but Kuenen and other Biblical critics have proved to us that this massacre never could have taken place. The Hebrews only subjected themselves to hardships for the promotion, or rather perpetuation, of their peculiar principles, as witness the extraordinary purification of the race which took place at the instance of Ezra and Nehemiah—a colossal sacrifice forming a fitting historic counterpart to the mythic slaughter of the sons of Ham.

The "legalism" which by this means has been handed down to

countless generations is worthy of the loftiest sacrifices. Its comprehensiveness is astounding as its wisdom. It legislates even for the child yet unborn, and with singular boldness and thoroughness, seeks an element of physical well-being in a wise regulation of the sexual relations. The legislation on this subject has been much neglected by naturalist students of Mosaism. Dr. Richardson attributes to carefulness in the rearing of children "much of the Jewish" resistance to those influences which tend to shorten the natural cycle of life. The Jews are certainly model parents, but I believe the superior intensity of life characterising their offspring is, in a greater degree, attributable to the lengthened observance by their ancestors of the Mosaic and Rabbinical laws for ordering the sexual relations than to post-natal care; that is to say, that the Jewish infant is already *born* with an exceptional capacity for resisting life-shortening influences, and is not wholly endued with it after birth. This, at least, seems to have been the purpose of the laws on the subject. Neither Biblical nor Rabbinical law, for example, refers to women except in relation to the marriage tie. That is to say, that the law only takes cognisance of women where their *rôle* in the history of the race commences; for it is only in the married state that their actions are calculated to influence future generations. An unchaste woman was liable to be stoned if she got married. Seduction entailed marriage unless the victim refused; but then, being unchaste, she came within the scope of the first-mentioned law, and could never get married. Marriages within certain degrees of consanguinity were prohibited. Males were liable to be stoned for intercourse with non-Jewish women, and adultery was also punished by death. Thus, as unchaste women could not marry, and men were practically bound to marry the objects of their illicit passion, sufficiently stringent precautions were taken to ensure healthy parents. From what we now know of the innate morality of the Jewish race it is presumable that prostitution could not have existed among them on a very extensive scale, and hence illicit intercourse became almost impossible. This, together with the reprobation of celibacy included in the law, will doubtless account, to no small extent, for the early marriages which still take place among Jews, and which have hitherto been regarded as a relic of Oriental custom. This class of laws is now no longer operative, except in so far as they accommodate themselves to the laws of the various countries in which Jews reside. Their work in the training of Jewish instincts has, however, not been fruitless if the modern practice of marrying early among the Jews and their general continence mean anything. But if these laws are now comparatively obsolete, there are others of equal importance which, not being amenable to the restrictions of a sovereign legislation, have been enabled

to survive. These are the remarkable regulations for ordering the more intimate relations of husband and wife. No less than three kinds of separation are ordered, and these, when they have run their course, are only terminable with the performance of certain prescribed ablutions. In the first place ordinary sexual intercourse renders both parties impure for a whole day and an evening; then the menstrual period involves the strictest separation during the "days of the issue" and the seven subsequent days; and in the third place there is the separation at childbirth, which is forty days for a boy and eighty days for a girl.

The scientific value of these laws was duly appreciated by the Rabbins. A whole tractate of the Talmud, entitled *Niddah*, is devoted to their amplification, and with a rough but conscientious medical science deals exhaustively with every circumstance of the conjugal relationship. In one curious detail it adds to the Mosaic law. Regarding the condition of the body previous to menstruation as unnatural and calculated to injuriously affect the offspring, it prohibits intercourse during the two preceding days as well as the succeeding seven, thus extending the Mosaic separation to twelve or fourteen days. The object of these laws is evidently, on the one hand, to conserve a high degree of virility by the prevention of excessive indulgence, and on the other, to insure procreation only at a time of perfect health. That this object was deliberately contemplated is proved by the fact that a child born of intercourse during the menstrual period was prohibited by the Mosaic law from entering "into the congregation of the Lord even to his tenth generation." It is but too little known that these laws—the results of which may be traced in the inferior infant mortality among the Jews—are faithfully observed by the majority of Jews and Jewesses even at the present day. The ablutions on the part of the female which must terminate all prescribed periods of separation were bound, of old, to be performed not in private, but at public communal baths. By this means the authorities maintained a certain control over the observance of the laws themselves. At the present day there is no Jewish community without its public bath especially consecrated to this purpose, and these baths are happily well attended. There are, of course, a goodly number of Israelites who, in their superficial study of what they are pleased to call "the spirit of the age," condemn the far-seeing wisdom of their ancestors, and, *inter alia*, no longer practice the regulations of *Niddah*. But unfortunately for them, while they rise so "superior" to these ordinances they cannot escape the prescribed penalty of their laxity. They are as surely "cut off from their people" as though they were still under an independent Hebrew rule. Jews or Jewesses who cease during their lifetime to observe the physical laws of Judaism must also cease, either in their own

persons or in the persons of their descendants, to have any portion in the physical well-being of their co-religionists. By their non-observance of health-maintaining laws they are *prima facie* calculated to relapse into an inferior state, and are bound to transmit to their offspring a transitional physical condition, insensibly but surely leading to total defection.

These considerations apply with equal force to the dietary and hygienic laws. The physiological importance of these laws requires no emphasis from me, for it has already been amply recognised by scientists of the highest authority. While the laws for regulating the conjugal relations were evidently intended to insure the continuous reproduction of strong and healthy Israelites, the dietary and hygienic laws were as obviously designed for the maintenance of their health and strength and the protection of their bodies against disease. Thus we find included among the prohibited sources of food all carnivorous animals, the rodents, the carnivorous and carrion-eating birds, reptiles, amphibia, and mollusca; a list comprising a complete group of beasts, such as the swine, the mouse, the rat, the cat, and the dog, &c., known to be perfect foci of *trichina* and other parasites. The communicability to man of parasitic diseases from animals used as food has long been placed beyond all doubt, it having been established that the parasite is simply transferred from the flesh of the beast to that of the man, in which it develops with frequently fatal results. The prohibition of mollusca and crustacea is also of considerable prophylactic value. Not a few shell-fish, such as the common mussel, and even the oyster, are at times capriciously unwholesome and even poisonous; and the crustacea are not merely the foulest feeders, but their flesh is certainly hard to digest. The explanation of the prohibition with respect to scaleless fish—that is, fish of the eel type—has only recently been rescued from the speculations of the student of comparative theology and taken in hand by the scientist. The result has been its complete vindication. Mr. Reade having bred some eels in a pond which had accidentally become polluted by sewage matter, found the flesh so strongly tainted in consequence as to be quite uneatable. Struck by this fact, he turned some eels into a stream into which the refuse of gas-works flowed, with the result that the eels had a decided flavour of gas. Further experiment demonstrated that, owing to the absence of scales, the eel became a positive absorbent of noxious gases, more particularly of the noxious effluvia of decomposing and, therefore, poisonous matter. The danger of such food has always been duly appreciated by Jewish teachers, and in the special mention of the snail by Moses there is evidence that the lawgiver was not unmindful of the probable unwholesomeness of poison-consuming animals. The Rabbins, too, fully recognized the distinction between the flesh

of cattle rendered "unclean" by specific disease and that which becomes unwholesome through poison, a Mishna ruling that if an animal swallows a poison or is bitten by a venomous snake, its flesh is forbidden, not because it is thereby rendered "unclean" according to the law, but because it has become a dangerous nutriment. The prohibition of the hare has been explained, too, by the fact that it eats many vegetable poisons, such as the bark of the mezereon.

The dietary laws are not confined to a mere division of all animals into two classes, the "clean" and the "unclean." It is another instance of the searching character of Jewish "legalism" that it prescribes even how much of the bodies of permitted animals may be consumed as food. Thus the use of blood is emphatically and repeatedly forbidden. This prohibition and the importance evidently attached to it harmonise so exactly with the lessons of modern science that it is impossible to regard them as motivated by any consideration other than the public health, especially when the three circumstances are considered that the Mosaic dispensation is the avowed enemy of all superstitious symbolism, that it was endeavoured by its means to break off sharply from all foreign traditions, and that its chief characteristic is its secularity.

The possibility of the blood containing disease germs not immediately affecting the quality of the flesh is not the only circumstance tending to disqualify it for food. There is, as has been pointed out by a writer in the *Journal of Science*, the more conclusive fact that the blood in its normal condition almost *invariably* contains noxious elements. From the very nature of the double office of the circulatory system this must be so, for while, on the one hand, the blood serves to renew the various parts of the system after their ordinary wear and tear, on the other it has to carry off the natural waste of the tissues. This waste or refuse is ultimately eliminated by means of the kidneys, the sudiparous glands, &c., and then appears in its avowed character of excrementitious matter; but it must always be, to a certain extent, present in the blood, and in the event of any derangement of the action of the kidneys, accumulates in considerable and highly poisonous qualities. It must, therefore, be evident that the blood is always an undesirable article of food, especially as it is impossible when an animal is slaughtered to separate the arterial from the venous blood, which would be the only means of overcoming the difficulty. "We contend," says the writer in the *Journal of Science*, "that to use the blood as food approximates very closely to drinking urine, and is not merely loathsome but *pro tanto* unsafe. That, like liquid and solid excrement, it is valuable for plant food, and that it serves as a *fabulum* for certain classes of animals, is no proof that it is fit for human consumption."

The prohibition of blood has been reiterated with much emphasis

by the Rabbins, and at the present day both in the Jewish method of slaughtering animals and the domestic treatment of the meat it is rigorously obeyed. The strict enforcement of the Mosaic injunction by the Rabbins is extremely curious, for it would seem to show that they had already a pretty clear idea of the inherent unfitness of blood for food. That they had at any rate a knowledge of the nature of blood far in advance of their times is proved by a recommendation of Rabbi Judah in reference to the slaughter of animals. He suggested that, in addition to severing the trachea and esophagus, the blood should be poured out from the vessels of the neck; this at a time—some seventeen hundred years ago—when arteries, as the name implies, were believed to contain only air. But besides this there is evidence that the Rabbins specially suspected the alimentary value of blood in the prominence they gave to its elimination in their system of slaughtering and preparing animal food. One of the most important features in this system was an elaborate examination (*Bedeka*) of the carcass before it could be declared fit for Jewish food; but in no case—however healthy the tissues—was it permitted to forego a thorough removal of its blood.

The examination of carcasses prescribed by the Rabbins, and faithfully carried out at the present day, is of an extremely rigorous and subtle nature, and completes the system by which the selection of animal food is governed. We have seen that certain animals are absolutely forbidden and that in all cases the blood is prohibited. There still remains, however, the flesh itself of the permitted animals to be dealt with. The conditions on which alone this is allowed to be eaten are singularly minute, and, as Dr. Henry Behrend has said in a pamphlet on the communicability of diseases by means of animal food, "it is not saying too much to assert that these laws, carried out in their integrity, render the consumption of meat affected with specific maladies practically impossible." The authorised communal killer is trained not only to kill in accordance with Jewish laws, but also to make a sufficiently careful inspection of the pathological state of the beast after death, and he is bound to declare it unfit for food if it show the slightest blemish. The lung is specially ordered to be examined and tested, so that pleuro-pneumonia, tuberculosis, bronchitis, and pulmonary maladies generally have little chance of escaping detection. So severely may this investigation be pursued that the lung is frequently submitted to inflation while under water for the purpose of ascertaining whether a perforation exists. "The extreme care of these early students of physiology (the Rabbins)," says Dr. Maurice Davis, "in their examination of the lungs seems to point to the dicta of modern science which indicate the air passages, with their moist mucous membranes, as highly probable inlets of the morbid particles floating in the

atmosphere." The value of *Bedek*, even though carried somewhat to excess, is indisputable. Dr. Behrend tells us that the animal diseases transmissible to man through ingested meat are seven in number, viz., cattle-plague, swine-typhoid, pleuro-pneumonia, foot-and-mouth disease, anthracoid disease, erysipelas, and tuberculosis. By the observance of Jewish dietary laws it is impossible for animals affected by any of these diseases to be eaten. On the other hand, under non-Jewish systems these diseases are broadcast with criminal recklessness. Dr. Carpenter stated some time ago in the *British Medical Journal* that an inspector of the Metropolitan Meat Market had declared upon oath that 80 per cent. of the meat sent to the London market had tubercular disease; and a letter addressed by a Mr. Jenkins to the *Times* a few months ago, calculated in reference to this same fact, that "at least 375,000 of the inhabitants (of London) annually run the risk of being tainted with consumption and of transmitting it to their unborn children." What wonder then that tuberculosis has so many victims? "If the seriousness of a malady," says Dr. Koch, of Berlin, "be measured by the numbers of its victims, then the most dreaded pests which have hitherto ravaged the world—plague and cholera included—must stand far behind the one now under consideration. One-seventh of the deaths of the human race are due to tubercular disease, while fully one-third of those who die in active middle age are carried off by the same cause." One more quotation, and I have done with the Jewish dietary laws. It is from Dr. Behrend's interesting pamphlet, and runs as follows :—

"I am myself decidedly of opinion that the care bestowed upon the examination of meat for the use of the Jewish community is an important factor in the longevity of the race which is at present attracting so much attention, and in its comparative immunity from scrofula and tubercle, to which Dr. Gibbon, the Medical Officer of Health for Holborn, has so markedly alluded. Naturally such cases do not produce an immediate effect, but their transmission through innumerable generations must eventually bring about a decided result and exercise a considerable influence in building up the mental and physical toughness of the Jewish people, which has been so long an object of wonder, and which, in conjunction with their steadfastness, cohesion and valour, Goethe considers to be their chief claim before the judgment-seat of nations."

We now come to the hygienic laws—the "legalism" by which the external conditions of health are defined. These are also very minute. The Mosaic regulations on the subject of personal cleanliness apply to an extraordinary number and variety of circumstances. Again and again we read, "He shall bathe his flesh in water," and not only his flesh but also his garments, household utensils, and everything he touches while in an unclean state. It has been justly observed by a modern writer that "in the ancient Israelitish community few persons would be able to pass a week without an entire washing." Under the Mosaic government cleanliness was

literally regarded as akin to godliness; and yet until comparatively recently the very contrary was the case in Europe, both in theory and practice. It is not surprising that in the Middle Ages the Jews, with their frequent ablutions—not to speak of their superior constitutions—should have escaped epidemic diseases to which the unwashed non-Jewish communities fell an easy prey. Not only did the monks endeavour to afflict their souls by a deliberate avoidance of soap and water, but the general public seem to have avoided washing from inclination. The filth in which people then elected to live must have been frightful, when we find that even the wealthy and high-placed were frequently eaten up by vermin. Moquin-Tandon, in his *Zoologie Medicale*, gives a list of historical personages whose lives paid the penalty of their uncleanness—a list comprising such names as Philip II. of Spain, Cardinal Duprat, and Bishop Foucauau. Substantially the Mosaic laws of personal cleanliness are still observed by Jews. It is often made a subject of remark that the ghetti, in certain towns, appear dirty and unwholesome, yet there cannot be the slightest doubt that the classes of Jews inhabiting them are infinitely more cleanly in their personal habits than the classes of non-Jews inhabiting similar squalid lanes and back-streets. The truth is that the Jews so situated have not and never have had any authority beyond their own thresholds, and it is only now that public sanitation is beginning to utilise that “legalism” for purifying the public thoroughfares which the Mosaic code taught thousands of years ago. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the different features of that “legalism,” inasmuch as the Jews have so long been debarred from taking advantage of it. Suffice to say that its general system anticipated the modern dry method of disposing of sewage; that in its laws of disinfection we find a complete prototype of the regulations laid down by Sir James Simpson in 1848 for stamping out small-pox, and now generally followed, and that the principle of small “cottage” hospitals at present being everywhere adopted is one clearly set forth in the Levitical laws. The strict observance of this hygienic system during their national existence must have formed in the Jews a special capacity for resisting zymotic diseases, and this capacity they have no doubt been enabled to preserve under less felicitous circumstances by their observance of the more personal details of the system which were within their control. To the general value of the whole system of Mosaic hygiene Dr. Carpenter bore suggestive testimony in an address delivered before the Sanitary Congress held at Brighton in 1881. He said, “Obedience to the sanitary laws laid down by Moses is a necessary condition to perfect health, and to a state which shall give us power to stamp out zymotic diseases. If these laws were observed by all classes, the zymotic death-rate would not be an

appreciable quantity in our mortality list"—would be less, in fact, than among Jews at the present day.

The moral superiority of Jews is to be accounted for by a reference to the same "legalism." I have entered so much in detail into the physical "legalism" of Judaism that I feel it unnecessary to do the same with the moral code, not only because it would unduly lengthen this article, but because the physical laws suffice to illustrate the practical nature of Judaism. I may then confine myself to a general view. The moral "legalism" closely approximates to the physical not only in its stringency and minuteness, but also in its guiding principle. The former is based on a naturalistic appreciation of the paramount importance of natural law, and this, transmuted into its ethical equivalent, is Justice. The spirit, then, of the Jewish moral law is a spirit of the most uncompromising justice. It teaches not only the sublime principle, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," but it even prescribes a treatment of animals which, within the limits of human necessities, is not inferior to the treatment prescribed for one's fellow-man. The domestic animal is to enjoy the same rest as his master, his food and lodging are to be cared for, his work is not to be made too burdensome, and he is to be protected against mean and ungenerous restrictions. We are not to hunt or torture even the wild beast for our pleasure, and in slaughtering for food we must employ every expedient that shall render death rapid and painless. Everywhere we are taught not that we have rights to claim but that we have duties to discharge. We are all fractions of one universal whole, with responsibilities bounded neither by species nor time. When the physical laws bid us take every advantage of God's great gifts—to avoid both asceticism and excess—it is not for the benefit of individuals, but in deference to the trust by which every individual is responsible to the community and posterity. In the same way the moral law recognises the indissoluble links which bind mankind to all God's creatures, and enjoins upon us the extensive practice of good not to promote a personal welfare beyond the grave, but to advance the general welfare in this world. This ideal of justice carries with it, in the domain of civil and criminal law, a law of expiation and reparation contrasting strongly with the Christian injunction of repentance that grows out of the Christian ideal of Mercy. And in this Judaism, as in everything, is strictly logical. There can only be one form of justice, and if mercy does not accommodate itself to that form it is injustice. To pardon manifest iniquity is not mercy but injustice; on the other hand, to take a conscientiously appreciative and enlightened view of extenuating circumstances, and, when the occasions require, to rise superior to the mere letter of the law, is not mercy but justice. Thus punishment is not always considered sufficient, and in cases of theft

restitution is ordered even at the expense of personal slavery. In the political system we find this ideal of justice translating itself into a perfect democracy. Everyone is equal before the law—even the priest has no power, being only, as M. Darmesteter has pointed out, *l'homme du culte et du sacrifice*; the franchise is universal, and by the periodical redistribution of property a drastic but characteristic attempt is made to solve a social problem that has never ceased to puzzle statesmen. The application of so specific a "legalism" to moral duties cannot but have had a powerful influence in moulding the moral character of the Jewish people. While other religious systems contented themselves with impracticable maxims and lofty but illusory parables, Judaism promulgated a practical and well-defined law. Jews could always be better than their law, but in it they found prescribed a minimum of duty, the discharge of which could not be avoided.

The exceptional mental power displayed by modern Jews is curiously enough not so much the product of special laws of education as it is the, to some extent, un contemplated result of the efforts made to impress the physical "legalism" of Mosaism upon Jewish instincts by way of the Jewish mind. The study of the Mosaic law was untrammelled by any of those restrictions to which other religious systems, in their fear of inquiry, have been obliged to resort. "The law of Moses," says Isaac Disraeli in his *Genius of Judaism*, "can never fall into neglect while the principle of Judaism acts on its people, for it possesses a self-regenerating power. This law is not locked up in a clasped volume, to be consulted only by the administrators of the law, but is thrown open among the people, who themselves deliver it one to another." This may have been partly a consequence of the democratic tendency of Mosaism, by which the priesthood were deprived of all authority, and the people, in this sense, declared to be a nation of priests; but it must have been more particularly adopted as a precaution against the law falling into desuetude. There was nothing in the law that could not be easily understood. It prescribed a simple system of life as a protection against temporal ills, and it promised as the natural reward of its adoption the avoidance of such ills and the accomplishment of "length of days." So simple and easily tested a system had then nothing to fear from discussion, but, on the contrary, everything to gain; and hence it was that the mere injunctions to "teach them diligently unto thy children," and to "talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up," acquired an inherent and undying force in the education of the people and the training of the Jewish mind. The explanation of the law was soon found to comprehend the whole cycle of human wisdom, and consequently the

establishment and maintenance of public schools became early a prominent feature in Jewish society. Nineteen hundred years ago Jewish education was, as a system, as highly developed as the best modern European system. At that period Rabbi Joshua Ben Gamala founded the first system of compulsory education, and in his time a public school was established in every town in Judea, and all the children of the locality were forced to attend it.

This concludes my comparison of the peculiar phenomena of modern Jewish society with the practical injunctions of Mosaism. It will, I think, be regarded as establishing this important fact: that Professor Goldwin Smith's assertion that Judaism consists of a legalistic system of life is true; but beyond this it also shows that this system, so far from meriting the reproach suggested by Mr. Smith, is of great wisdom, and—in its guiding spirit at least—of illimitable application and usefulness. It shows, too, that the prevalent belief among Christians, that Judaism belongs to a perfunctory order of things—that it is a sterile and decaying "boulder of the primeval world"—must be false. This delusion has grown out of the extravagant hopes of Christianity, and been nourished on its guilty fears. Its maintenance is one of the last and most obstinately cherished fictions of the Church, for it is naturally felt that were it once proved that Judaism has persisted in spite of the Christian dispensation, and that it has persisted to the temporal advantage of its disciples, then at least the justice of God as pictured by Christianity must be called into question. There is, of course, always the Christian consolation, so openly hinted at by Mr. Smith, that "my kingdom is not of this world;" but now, with better means of satisfying the cravings of life, this ideal cannot have the attraction it had eighteen hundred years ago, when almost anything was better than to continue the miseries of existence. It only wants the proof that Christianity is not the legitimate offspring of Judaism, that its arrogation of the ancestry and traditions of the most brilliant of historic phenomena is to a great extent an imposture, to give it its death-blow in the minds of millions of its adherents. And this is what the persistence of Judaism is bringing in its train. Now-a-days Christianity cannot stand on its merits—not even on the merits of an asserted superhuman revelation.

The "legalism" of Judaism is, however, only the outward expression of its abiding principle. Let us now briefly inquire what that principle is. If the popular conception of Judaism as a great spiritual religion—the legitimate progenitor, in fact, of Christianity—be correct, then that system is guilty of a glaring contradiction in expressing itself in so practical and material a "legalism" as that I have just sketched. It must be evident, however, that this "legalism" never could have been the product of a spiritual system, and hence

we are forced to one of two conclusions, either that the theory propounded in the Pentateuch is not the one on which the "legalism" was originally founded, or that the popular estimate of that theory is false. It is to the latter opinion that I now address myself. I will endeavour to show that Mosaism is also in its fundamental character the rationalistic system I have described it.

The "material optimism" so obviously animating the whole of the Mosaic "legalism" is, in itself, strong presumptive evidence of the rationalist character of the theory of Judaism. Fortunately, it is not necessary to rely exclusively on a mere argument of this character. A fair examination of the Five Books yields, I think, the suggested result. In its God idea and its attitude towards the problem of a future state the Pentateuch is consistent and sufficiently explicit. In the one case it safeguards itself against all idolatry by refusing to admit anything beyond the fundamentally logical idea of the unity, and in the other it recognises the limits of human knowledge by altogether avoiding an attempt at a solution of a problem humanly speaking insoluble. This virtual assumption that the limits of human knowledge can extend no farther than those of the visible world appears to me to be the central idea of Judaism. We have as a consequence a presentment of the Deity which is almost entirely that of a great ethical abstraction—the principle of morality and justice at the root of all social well-being; and we have also as another and strictly logical consequence the teaching that temporal happiness is the goal of existence, and the whole aim of an action that should be regulated in accordance with the justice, *i.e.* the workings, of nature.

The purely ethical character of the Mosaic God idea is apparent in the context of all there is of systematic teaching in the Pentateuch. Professor Wellhausen, one of the most painstaking of modern Biblical critics, seems to have been much impressed with this fact. In a recently published article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he thus describes the conclusion at which he has arrived:—

"The religious starting-point of the history of Israel was remarkable, not for its novelty but for its normal character. In all ancient primitive peoples the relation in which God is conceived to stand to the circumstances of the nation—in other words, religion—furnishes a motive for law and morals; in the case of none did it become so with such purity and power as in that of the Israelites. Whatever Jehovah may have been conceived to be in His essential essence—God of the thunderstorm or the like—this fell more and more into the background as *mysterious and transcendental*; the subject was not open for inquiry. All stress was laid upon His activity within the world of mankind, whose ends He made one with His own. Religion thus did not make men partakers in a divine life, but contrariwise it made God a partaker in the life of men; life in this way was not straitened by it, but enlarged. The so-called 'particularism' of Israel's idea of God was in fact the real strength of Israel's religion. It thus escaped from barren mythologising, and became free to apply itself to the moral tasks which are always given and admit of being discharged only in

definite spheres. As God of the nation, Jehovah became the God of justice and of right; as God of justice and right, He came to be thought of as the highest and at last as the only power in heaven and earth."

This, I think, fairly accurately expresses my idea, and I quote it as the deliberate opinion of one who has devoted almost the labour of a lifetime to the collection of the materials on which his conclusions are based, in order to obviate the tedious task of recapitulating a lengthy collection of texts and other evidence here. Sufficient proof for my present purpose of the soundness of this theory may be found in the evidence that the silence of the lawgiver in respect to a future life was not accidental, was in short the result of a deliberate conviction that "the subject was not one for inquiry." In the conclusion of the 30th chapter of Deuteronomy this question seems to me to be placed beyond all reasonable doubt. Even in the faulty translation of the authorised version we are told distinctly that the law is a secular law, designed exclusively for the temporal welfare of the people. It involves no question of immortality, but only a choice between "life and good, death and evil." It is to be observed in order "that thou mayest live and multiply;" but in the event of it being neglected "ye shall surely perish," that is to say, "ye shall not prolong your days upon the land," as it is subsequently explained. . And then in a noble exhortation to "love the Lord thy God," and "obey his voice," we are told, not that He is essentially the focus of a spiritual existence, but that "He is thy life and the length of thy days." In brief, having recognised that the world is governed by the operations of unvarying law, and not by incessant divine intervention, the Mosaic teaching deified this principle of law or justice as the highest power within the reach of human apprehension. This done, it could know nothing of a future life, and there was consequently no reason whatever to deal with the question, not even in order to show its insolvability. At the same time so sensible was the lawgiver of the moral dangers of all superstitions of this character that he prescribed the severest punishments for soothsaying and witchcraft, and any jugglery in short which might tend to impair human self-confidence by the suggestion of a dæmonic control of human destinies. Further, though not absolutely necessary, light is shed on the nature of Mosaism by that conclusion of the Leyden school of Biblical critics which, in effect, regards the law as of later date than the prophets. This theory introduces an order into the history of Jewish thought which must commend itself to the experience of historical students, inasmuch as it founds rationalistic views on the subsidence of spiritism, and abandons the improbable suggestion that the latter was the offspring of the former.

The substantial difference between Judaism and Christianity is, then, that the one desires to teach us how to live, the other how to

die. Judaism discourses of the excellence of temporal pleasure, the divinity—if I may be permitted the expression—of length of days; Christianity, on the other hand, emphasises the excellence of sorrow and the divinity of death. The practical tendencies of modern Christians are, needless to say, diametrically opposed to this ideal teaching—it could hardly be otherwise where it is sought to guide the human by the superhuman—but its evil effects make themselves none the less felt whenever its votaries, or, I should rather say, its victims, necessarily unarmed for temporal conflict, are, in their pursuit of temporal happiness, brought into competition with a people who during long ages have elaborated a discipline having for its sole object the attainment of this very form of happiness. Judaism, the materialistic teaching, is then found to have resulted in Judaism, the physical force; and if to-day it is only in its subtler operations a preponderating force in social life, the reason is that on every occasion that its dominating tendencies have manifested themselves to the material disadvantage of Christians the latter have immediately taken refuge in the force of their numerical superiority, and, in contradiction of the leading principles of their faith, or rather in unconscious recognition of the inadequacy of these principles, have attempted to achieve a prohibited material prosperity by an equally reprobated persecution. In this way a certain brake has been imposed upon the influence exerted by the Jews on the world; but their decimation and oppression never at any time constituted a victory over Judaism by Christianity.

The direct negation of the Christian ideal involved in the persecution of the Jews was alone an overwhelming testimony to the weaknesses of Christianity; but, more than this, the persecution itself, encouraged by the Church under the impression that it was a chastisement for persistent heresy, was in reality no chastisement at all, but only a despairing rebellion against the permanence and indestructibility of Judaism, and at that not even successful. The force of Judaism is to-day unimpaired by this persecution. It is still the same consistent and persistent force as in the days when, alone among the nations, the Jews refused to tremble before the climax of Roman power typified in the worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The Roman Empire has passed away, the Capitoline god has been broken up and thrown into the crucible of theological evolution, but Judaism still remains. Is it possible that it can have survived only as a stationary and unproductive force? We know that such a phenomenon would be contrary to all natural law; and indeed a correct appreciation of the undercurrents of history will show that ever since it changed the whole tendency of the complex mythologies of the pre-Christian world, it has been silently engaged in that further Judaisation of mankind which is the sole ideal of its singularly practical teaching.

LUCIEN WOLF.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE preamble of nearly every Act of Parliament since the fifteenth century has included the enactment by the Sovereign, with the advice and consent of the Lords and Commons. Earlier phrases were, the advice and assent of the Lords and the special instance and request of the Commons. The expressions indicate the traditional and constitutional position of the Lords, that of advising the Sovereign on matters of policy and legislation. But the cases, in early constitutional history, in which the Lords initiate legislation or withhold their consent to the petitions, requests, or parliamentary action of the Commons are rare indeed. A survival of the ancient attitude of the lords is the right possessed, as we are told, by every peer of Parliament, and, as is said, occasionally exercised in later times, of seeking audience of the Sovereign and then claiming to tender advice on the urgent affairs of the realm.

Every schoolboy who learns history knows that the House of Lords is the descendant of the great council of the realm, in which all tenants holding lands directly of the crown were present as of duty and not of right, that in course of time the absence of the less opulent tenants was condoned, and the attendance of only the most considerable was claimed, and that the persons thus summoned were reluctant in their attendance. The king directed his writs to whom he pleased. He rarely omitted any great lord, for as absence without leave was construed as a sign of disaffection, it was not likely that any powerful subject would be excused from waiting on the king. The presence of the opulent ecclesiastics, bishops and abbots, was similarly an obligation, which some tried to evade, setting up charters or other evidence of exemption from attendance. But the issue of a writ to other great tenants of the crown was at the pleasure of the Sovereign, or even dependent on his caprice; for there are no two lists of units alike in the annals of Parliament during the times of the Plantaganet Sovereigns. In order to insure attendance, the king took securities from the absentees, under the name of proxies, who were sureties for their fellows, and responsible for their action. In course of time what was intended to be a personal liability, and a serious one too, was made the foundation of a most irrational and mischievous privilege.

Outvoted largely, if the assembly ever came to a vote at all, by the bishops and the heads of religious houses, who were far more numerous than the temporal lords, and much more regular in their attendance, the Lords relinquished to the Commons at an early

date not only the practice of petitioning for redress of grievances, and for legislation, but the initiation of grants for the service of the crown, and the habit of doling out supply as popular demands were satisfied or disappointed. It was the Commons and their leaders who, at their risk, curbed the prerogative of the crown, and extended popular rights, in a rough and clumsy fashion, but with indisputable intentions; for the statute 7 Hen. IV., cap. 15, under which the largest county franchise was accorded, a franchise not even conceded by the bill which has passed the lower house, was enacted at "the grievous complaint of the Commons." The Lords have never, except on one occasion, when the country was unanimous, ever vindicated public liberty, or taken guarantees against arbitrary government, but have almost invariably been timid in the defence of public right, though eager and unscrupulous in maintaining and enlarging the privileges of their own order.

When the religious houses were dissolved, the temporal peers became a majority in the House of Lords; but they either cared not or dared not to withstand the royal prerogative. Even the privilege of free speech was secured at the instance of the Commons, though Stroud's Act was not declared to be a general Act till a century or more after its being passed. It was in the Commons that the spirit of resistance to arbitrary government was matured during the reign of Elizabeth, to be translated into action during the long period between the accession of James, when speaker Phelips took the lead against the court, and the election of the Long Parliament, when the king and the greater part of the aristocracy were marshalled on one side, and the vigour, wealth and conscience of the nation on the other. Indeed the only opposition in the Lords came from those of the Lords who, like Salisbury and Southampton, Warwick and Holland, Manchester and Denbigh, with others, had grounds of personal quarrel with the Stuarts.

In the second parliament of Charles I., the king withheld his writ from the Earls of Bristol and Arundel, perhaps for other reasons than those which he alleged, the latter having been also imprisoned. Parliament met on February 2nd, and on March 22nd Bristol petitioned the House of Lords to the effect that they would mediate between the king and himself, so as to procure the issue of his writ. The Lord Keeper, on the presentation of this petition, told the Lords, that he was commanded by the King not to send any writ of summons to the Earl. The Lords, on this, remitted the case to their Committee of Privileges, which on March 30 reported that after "diligent search, no precedent has been found that any writ of summons hath been detained from any peer, that is capable of sitting in the House of Parliament," and added "that it will be necessary humbly to beseech his Majesty that a writ of summons be sent to this

petitioner, and to such other lords to whom no writ of summons hath been directed by this Parliament." But the statement, like most assertions by the Lords about their privileges, must be incorrect. For example, in 1305 writs are issued to 75 abbots and 94 barons; in 1306, to 15 abbots and 63 barons; in 1307, to 48 abbots and 86 barons, in the same year to 54 abbots and 71 barons, and in the following year to 12 abbots and 47 barons; and it must be perfectly clear that a wide discretion was exercised by the crown in the issue of writs to the heads of the regular clergy and those nobles who were under the degree of an earl. But a writ is not even uniformly issued to earls. Thus in the year 1310, the Earl of Surrey is summoned, in 1311 he is not summoned. In short, an examination of Dugdale's writs of summons would prove the case conclusively, that the issue of a writ was a matter of discretion with the crown, and not a matter of right with the individual peers, and that the report of the committee on March 30, 1626, is like many other such reports of the peers, inaccurate or untrue. Of course the list of writs issued from the chancery to the peers is a different document from the roll of the peers, which was copied after the journals commence into that series.

Towards the latter end of the session of 1626 and just before the dissolution, the peers voted that they would not transact business till Arundel was released. In the next parliament it appears that writs were issued to all the peers. The king was about to enter on an increasingly acrid dispute with the Commons, and was not disposed to quarrel with both houses at once. But in the case of a house, the whole of whose privileges, legislative powers, and authority is a mass of self-assertions, grounded on no action of the legislature whatever, precedents gathered from the ancient relations of the crown and the lords are of importance and may be of supreme use. A law may take all meaning out of a precedent. The Commons during the Tudor and Stuart times, constantly determined at their own discretion with whom the Franchise resided in the boroughs. Since the Acts of 1429 and 1432 the House of Commons has been disabled from deciding at its discretion on the County Franchise, and since 1832 on that in the boroughs also.

In 1649, the House of Lords fell with the monarchy. The Commons voted that "the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The next day a similar vote was passed as regards monarchy. But in effect, it must have been in the minds of the Commons that the writs to the peers had been issued by the authority of the Crown, and that their vitality was lost with that of their origin.

The Peers assume a new and very different position after the Restoration. The struggle with the Crown as to the right of Parliament

to impose taxes was over, and the king had no reason to regret that he had relinquished the claims of his father. But the peers set up the most preposterous claims to independence and authority. They wanted to challenge the right of the Commons to the custody of the public purse. They claimed an original jurisdiction in suits, and in various appellate judgments they delivered grotesque and scandalous decisions, which lawyers declined to report. They carried the doctrine of *scandalum magnatum* to an absurd extent. They strove to carry a bill for many years under which the trial of persons of their own order was to be regulated, a bill which the Commons regularly rejected. But their most audacious act was the resolution of June 18, 1678, by which they asserted, in defiance of numerous precedents, that a peer could not by deed relinquish for himself and his heirs, a title which had been conferred on him, or on his ancestors. There were persons living who remembered that Lord Stafford had so surrendered his barony in 1640, and many similar deeds were quoted by the Attorney-General in his defence of the instrument by which Viscount Purbeck was allowed to relinquish his dignity.

The Lords had much to do with the Revolution of 1688, and a majority of them remained Whigs till the Treaty of Utrecht. During this time they formulated the reign of the families, which was continued till the revolt of George III. and the Administration of Pitt. Meanwhile the number of peers—160 at the date of the Scotch Union—had greatly increased. They had become the owners of the small boroughs, and almost administered the affairs of the whole nation. Since 1832 they have been in the main in opposition, for a party in the House of Commons, which deprived them of their influence a generation and a half ago, has on the whole served the country, and has attempted legislation, though always under the difficulties of having to deal with a permanent opposition in another place, and with a distinctly avowed determination on the part of the majority of the peers to mutilate or reject whenever they can venture on doing so.

The House of Lords is now a body of over 500 persons, most of them having been ennobled in comparatively recent times, out of lawyers, military and naval persons, and opulent country gentlemen. If these persons commit felony they are triable by their own order only, and in case the trial takes place during the session of Parliament, by the whole order. If they commit treason they are, by a statute of William III., conceded at last with great difficulty by the Commons, always triable by the whole of the body. As, however, Parliament is now constantly kept sitting with intervals of prorogation, and a new Parliament is also elected immediately on the dissolution of its predecessor, it is probable that any felony committed by a peer would be triable by the whole body, and that all

the 500 odd would be summoned to the function. Since they have been tried by what is practically the whole of their own order, only one has been capitally punished, viz : Lord Ferrers, in 1760 ; though not a few scandals have been created by the virtual impunity which so monstrous and absurd a court accords, as, for instance, the acquittal of Lord Mohun, in 1693, for oge murder, and his pardon in 1697 for another.

In point of fact, the privilege amounts to an immunity, for it is not easy to conceive that the court of the High Steward could or would be readily called into activity. Nor is it obvious how it could be stirred. The ordinary machinery of justice is mechanical, and its claims are open and regular. But the summons of five hundred persons to sit on a criminal charge is not secured by any agency. In Ferrers' case the grand jury of Lincolnshire found a true bill, and action was thereupon taken by the Crown. But it is probable, even if the grand jury presented a noble offender, that the judges would decline, on the plea of privilege of Parliament, to take cognisance of the fact.

The privilege of trial in the court of the High Steward, which the Lords possess by custom, is a survival of a franchise anciently enjoyed very generally. The charters of the two English Universities confer on them the privilege of holding courts, in which a high steward presides, or is supposed to preside, and whose functions are those of holding trials for felonies and all analogous offences committed by scholars. In point of fact, the court of the Lord High Steward of England and of the peers is in principle the same as the courtleet of a manor, in which offences were presented and offenders punished. The course of civilisation and the development of a central judicial system has rendered these local jurisdictions obsolete ; the privilege of Parliament and an impression that the Courts of Law could not conveniently come into collision with the House of Lords have kept this grotesque system alive in the case of the peers.

The decisions which the Lords have come to as to the heritable character of peerages conferred by writ, a theory which the writs in Dugdale would show to be a late opinion, their assertion in the Purbeck case, already alluded to, as to the inalienable character of a peerage, and their resistance to all legislative action touching their own order, have practically disabled them from exercising any discipline over any of their own members, however scandalous such conduct may be. The House of Commons, sensible of the mischief which would arise from the retention of persons within its walls, who, though not legally disabled from sitting, are nevertheless a discredit to it, has always expelled certain offenders. It did so for bribery, as in Speaker Trevor's case ; it did so for perjury in Atkinson's. But Lord Macclesfield, though his offences were as scandalous as

those of Trevor, was allowed to retain his peerage, and, by an equality of votes, was still allowed to hold office, place, or employment. He even had' the advantage of a remainder to his heirs female in his patent, and therefore gained and kept a perpetuity to his honours. The virtual acquittal of Sheffield Lord Normanby by his peers in 1695 was more than a scandal. His elevation to a dukedom eight years afterwards made the matter worse. It may be, as the peers may give testimony on their honour, but they are not liable to the penalties of perjury.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of high-handed action on the part of the Lords, in the heyday of their power during the reign of Anne, was their resolution of December 20, 1711. The Duke of Hamilton was created an English peer by the title of the Duke of Brandon, and his name as an English peer was entered on the roll which was supplied to the Lords by Garter King-at-Arms. The Lords determined on excluding him and all other Scottish peers, and refused to consult the judges as to the legality of the course which they were pursuing. They then affirmed that no patent of honour granted to any peer of Great Britain who was a peer of Scotland at the time of the Union can entitle such peer to sit and vote in Parliament, or to sit on the trials of peers. It is possible that when a Tory majority was created in the Upper House, they would have reversed the resolution in favour of their champion and favourite, but Hamilton fought a duel with Mohun less than a year afterwards, when both were killed. But the resolution remained, and for more than seventy years Scottish peers admitted to English titles were disabled, till the judges decided that no disability such as that alleged in the resolution was created by the Act of Union, and the Lords thereupon reversed their decision, a remarkable but by no means a solitary instance of the audacity with which the Lords have asserted and maintained their interpretation of their own privileges and rights.

Not long ago a peer of Parliament was proved to have committed forgery. He had done it so frequently that the patience of the relative, on whose good nature and unwillingness to expose him he had long trespassed, was at last exhausted. He was not committed for trial, nor did the peers take steps to deal with so scandalous an offence. Their law as to forfeiture on conviction for felony seems to be contradictory. But it seems impossible to doubt that the Lords, if they cared for the reputation of their own order more than they do for the theory that a dignity is inalienable, would have dealt with such a case on its merits.

A majority of the House of Commons has several times affirmed that it will not allow a particular member to take the oath of admission. I do not pretend to discuss the constitutional signifi-

cance of this line of action, but no one has doubted that it is competent for a majority of the House to suspend or expel any of its Members from the duties of attendance, and that such a person has no remedy against the House in its collective capacity. It has also accepted the law that persons convicted of felony and others, notably clergymen and Roman Catholic priests, are ineligible for seats in the Commons. But I am not aware that the Lords could or would pretend to exclude any of their order for notorious unbelief, or for such offences as would disable men from a seat in the Commons. They have never affected to consider that the principle affirmed in Horne Tooke's Act, under which clergymen were excluded from the Commons, could be made to apply to a peer, and, as is well known, there are several active temporal lords who are clergymen. The Lords could not, I admit, dispense with the oath, but with all their zeal on behalf of orthodoxy, I very much doubt whether, under their view of the peerage, they would go behind a man's opinions, or permit that any conduct should induce a disability over a man who occupies so sacred a position as a peer of Parliament.

The most cherished privileges, then, of the peerage, their *incontestable right* to a writ of summons, the heritable character of a writ of summons, the incapacity to surrender a peerage, are self-assertions, unwarranted by any positive law, and contradicted by numerous precedents. The Lords complain that they are bound like Theseus to a rock, from which no Hercules can relieve them. They can be by the sacrifice which the hero made—a surrender of the meaner part of his nature. But I cannot conceive, even if the function of the Lords were extinguished or neutralised, that the other House would allow them to retain their privileges and immunities and admit them to voting and sitting. On the other hand, if they were to recall their resolution of June 18, 1678, I cannot conceive that any member of the House of Commons would be so stony-hearted as to put them into the category of the clergy, and the civil servants of the Crown. It is, to be sure, possible to imagine, that if some of them did not mend their ways, the permission to relinquish the dignity might be refused, and that the Legislature might even adopt the precedent of Florence, and degrade to the condition of nobility those of the Commons who might be found mischievous and inconvenient.

But we should lose the characteristic of an ancient nobility. As far as regards antiquity, there are not half-a-dozen peerages, other than baronies revived by the discretion of the House, and are therefore constituencies of a single elector which the Lords have themselves created, but which date before the Reformation. Every one knows the history of the Reformation peerages, though the representatives of some among these are among the most respectable, and, speaking

historically, the most consistent in our annals. But little good can be said of those which were created in the Stuart period. The most distinguished is that of the younger branch of the house of Cecil, a family which became opulent in the first place by the plunder of the church, a plunder which, when Burleigh was gorged, he was induced to stop. The first noble of the younger stock was the adviser of arbitrary taxation in the reign of James, and gave the earliest occasion for the quarrel which led to the overthrow of the monarchy and the execution of the king. His son became a parliamentarian, and as far as a peer could be, a regicide, for he sat in the Lords till the Commons extinguished it on February 6th, 1649. The fourth earl became a papist, and was associated with the bigotry of James and the crimes of Sunderland. Thenceforward the family became obscure, was duly raised to the marquissate, and is now represented by the reputed leader of the opposition, who has been educated in the House of Commons and by the *Saturday Review*, from the latter of which teachers he has probably derived his incessant and startling inaccuracy, his habitual recklessness, and his lofty contempt for anybody but himself.

The fact is the traditions of the English peerage are every way disastrous. The order is protected against its own vices by secret and mischievous conveyances, which often give an appearance of opulence to members of the body, who are all the while impoverished, and who generation after generation defraud their creditors. The existence even in a moderate degree of a pauper section in the house would be a serious scandal, and in consequence families, as is notorious, are bolstered up by private Acts of Parliament, and even by sinecure offices. The House of Commons is now engaged in mitigating, not without considerable offence and vexation, one of these disreputable jobs in connection with the Middlesex registration court. Nor is a secured position conducive to morality. Perhaps we have no concern with the immoralities of private persons, though even this indifference may be carried too far, but for decency's sake we have an interest, and ought to have an interest, in the personal character of public functionaries. If an official in the civil service were to misconduct himself publicly, the most lenient administration would force him to retire, even though the offence was not malversation in office. Are the most eminent members of the civil service to claim to make laws for us and to do so at their discretion? They have latterly been engaged in an act of legislation, which is so strict in its requirements of personal morality as to be, in the opinion of many, unworkable, and are they to be above criticism? But to deny that there is a vast amount of recklessness and profligacy among the peers, a far larger proportion than in an equal number of five hundred persons who are before the public, would be ridiculous, as it would be to

doubt that, owing to peculiar influences, much does not come before the light. One of the silliest and falsest of platitudes is that of the fierce light which beats on persons in exalted positions. They have every opportunity to screen their doings, every inclination beyond a cynical contempt for public opinion towards doing so, and an abundant array of accomplices and parasites who will aid them in the process. The fact is, the institutions which protect English nobles assist the survival of the unfittest.

The surroundings of a young noble are most unfavourable to the growth of morality and the development of a reasonable judgment in him. With an assured position from his childhood, he is peculiarly open to temptation. He is flattered by the attention of lackeys, and the deference of all the family to himself. The wholesomest part of his education is at a public school, for boys are the most democratic of Tories, though even here, unless all our satirists are in the wrong, he is sure to meet with toadies, who are bidden to especially cultivate his acquaintance and to defer to him. At the University, if he goes thither, though some of the grosser forms of obsequiousness are abandoned, he is privileged. Over and over again, as I have known in my experience of Oxford, noblemen have been condoned for misconduct which would in any other person have involved disgraceful expulsion, if not civil penalties. Over and over again the enquiry into outrages has been dropped, because it was known or suspected that noble youth had been petulant or profligate. And the same leniency extends to other escapades, even in maturer years. If the newspapers tell us what is correct, a peer of by no means juvenile age, has been distinguishing himself by vulgar horse-play in a Midland town lately. In point of fact, the marvel is that so many peers are capable, respectable, and well conducted persons. But it is rather hard on the English nation that they should be subject to the uncontrolled discretion of many who cannot lay claim to one of these adjectives. •

But the situation is eminently unfavourable to the competence of their judgment. It is seldom the case that a peer who has not had a preliminary training in the House of Commons, however considerable his abilities are, is able to be dispassionate, and not always after that. The Duke of Argyll is a very able man, very lucid in speech and writing, very eloquent, didactic, convinced and forcible. But I never heard of any human being, or any human opinion with which the Duke was ever in sympathy. A nation may be driven by oppression into passive rebellion, or open acts of outrage, but the Duke has no regard for any body but the oppressors, if they belong to his own order, or to interests analogous to his. The wrongs of the Irish peasant, the distress of the Scottish crofter, the despairing discontent of the British farmer are met by him with an insistence on the

sacred rights of one kind of property. He has misrepresented the anxious reasoning with which farmers have defended their interests in agricultural improvements. Even when he undertook the easy task of exposing the economical fallacies and the crude inferences of Mr. George, he could not refrain from insulting him. I do not wonder at this. It is the *insita superbia* of a nobleman, who instinctively concludes that any one who criticises him or his order must be in the wrong, and who thrusts into the scales of controversy, like Brennus in the story, his coronet, with the very premature cry of *vae victis*. Even the light-hearted and genial wit of Lord Rosebery is slow to see any but its own humour. Lord Carnarvon cannot superintend the erection of a monument to Falkland, without perverting history, and making the ceremony an occasion of factious declamation. He talks of his political opponents with an acerbity which is always unfair, and is frequently abusive. I do not wonder at it, he has never had the opportunity or inclination for admiring any one but himself, for peers live in a paradise which I do not care to characterise.

No better illustration of the singular mental incapacity of the Lords can be shown than in their late most preposterous demand to dissolve the House of Commons at their will, and to claim a plebiscite from a limited number of electors on the question as to whether a number of other Englishmen should be admitted to the franchise. And here it may be remarked that it is not a little noteworthy that many of those members of the House of Commons who are of recent foreign extraction, and who came here, as Juvenal says, *quo pruna et cottana vento*, are characterised by a vehement passion for a vigorous foreign policy, and a deep-seated distrust of their new countrymen, while they who are by descent Englishmen for centuries, many of whom are descended from members of the House of Commons, have shown a marked and unvarying trust in their fellow-countrymen. In this demand for the plebiscite, formulated by the House of Lords, some Englishmen, and most pseudo-Englishmen, have joined.

The demand is supremely ridiculous. It is to the effect that the majority of five hundred persons, casual beyond description, and incompetent to judge beyond parallel, should arrest all legislation, remit the representatives of the people to the people, and exercise the prerogative which Charles I. exercised till the nation was provoked into the Long Parliament. It would be to go back three centuries, and to substitute for what was, however wrongheaded, an intelligible faith, that in the divine right of kings, an absurd, unintelligent, and impossible faith, that the self-assertion of five hundred accidents is to be taken for something, and is to be meekly submitted to at the instance of the five hundred.

The demand is supremely impertinent. It is to the effect that the five hundred casualties are better judges of how far the popular wish inclines to Parliamentary reform, than the five hundred and more persons who are elected by a more or less popular suffrage, who are in more or less immediate communication with the persons they represent, and who have to consider whether their acts will be in harmony with their past pledges and their future political prospects. But even from a Tory point of view there is nothing to be said for the demand. None of the county members sitting on the Conservative side ventured to say that they would not extend the county franchise, even on the lines of the Bill. It is hardly possible for Lord Salisbury to say that they did not know the mind of their future constituents, however faithfully they may represent the present electors. There is not a Tory member for a county who did not know, if he had divided the House against the second reading, and the Bill passed, that he would lose his seat, who does not feel that by voting for the absurd proposal that reform and redistribution should go together, he might and now has seriously imperilled it, or is particularly easy that he was induced to approve of the action of the Lords.

The demand is utterly hypocritical. The Lords do not want a plebiscite on the Reform Bill. They thought, whether rightly or wrongly, that they might get an advantage out of the Government's foreign policy, and that the English people, who condemned the prodigious recklessness of the late Government, would condemn the over-caution of the present. I venture on asserting that there was not one Tory in the House of Commons, and I almost believe there was not one Tory in the House of Lords, who believed the accuracy of Lord Salisbury's statement, or believed in his own candour when he echoed the statement, that the country had not made up its mind on parliamentary reform, that it was indifferent to the issue, and that therefore it ought to be formally consulted. When politicians veil their real motives by pretended ones, they should be careful about those which they profess, if they wish to save themselves from the charge of dissimulation or worse. One can never trust Lord Salisbury's judgment. He does his best, no doubt unconsciously, to make us distrust his sincerity.

The demand is supremely mischievous. If the pretence of a right to dissolve Parliament is an arrogant assumption on the part of the Lords, and is a more audacious act of usurpation than the dissolutions of the rash and mendacious Charles, so the attempt to elicit the voice of the electors by a plebiscite on a single issue is an imitation, and a bad imitation, of the policy of the Second Empire. Napoleon, called the Third, did occasionally, to the serious mischief of France, invite, by a popular appeal, a vote of confidence in his administration. It was disastrous to his people, it was more disastrous to himself, for it led

him into the fool's paradise of 1870. No enemy of free institutions could devise a scheme more hostile to them than a plebiscite on a single issue, no friend of free institutions could fight too energetically against so hateful a conspiracy. It strikes at the root of that confidence which should be reposed in representatives, till they have betrayed their trust, that of a free judgment within recognised lines, a compact which the most shifty politician confesses to be binding, a breach of which is such bad faith, that the person who commits it is, by the unwritten law of Parliament, bound to retire or seek re-election. A man must be very fond of his seat in Parliament, if he would condescend to hold it on a bargain founded in the answer to a single question; and all experience shows that when men are base enough to take a seat under such a condition, they will be quite equal to the occasion when they find it convenient to ignore the condition.

The demand is conspicuously unfair. The Lords demand that the House of Commons should be dissolved, in order that a verdict should be delivered on the policy of the majority. If the majority is condemned by the country, and no reasonable man believes that it would be on this issue, the Lords would decree that the county voter should not be emancipated, and would mulct the majority with the loss of their seats. If the majority is reinstated, they would have vindicated themselves, though, as was proved, superfluously, and with great loss of private money and labour, and public time. But the wager is wholly unfair. It would be, "Heads I win, tails you lose," as the saying is. The Lords would be none the worse for being vanquished. They would be just as able to pick a quarrel with the new House as they were with the old, perhaps just as willing, and with absolutely no fear for the consequences, with nothing but a rebuff, which they are too splendid to care for, and too thick-skinned to feel, whatever they might do.

But however harshly the demand may be with justice characterised, the motive by which the demand was formulated and was to be enforced was even more grotesque. The Opposition pleaded against extension without redistribution on the ground that the little boroughs might swamp the counties. Who believes them? *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* Who has hitherto kept the little boroughs? Have the Liberal party desired to retain the pitiful villages which send members to Parliament? Are we responsible for Woodstock and Eye, and, to be fair, for Petersfield and Wallingford, though in the former pair the members are nominated, in the latter pair elected against territorial influence? Why we shall next be told that Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was naturalised by the present Home Secretary, instead of that function, one of the highest crimes of the late Government, having been performed by the

wise and farseeing genius of Mr. Cross. To imagine that the peers intend, in the process of redistribution, to institute any real relation between population and representation, is to credit them with a fairness of which they have never given proof. What they wished to do was to baffle the Government and reform by imposing on the former an impossible task, and on the latter a fatal obstacle. They probably hoped that there would be much discontent on one side of the Liberal party if the disfranchisement (not now, it will be remembered, as in former Reform Bills, of individuals, but of localities), were extensive, and much discontent of the other side, if small constituencies remained unduly represented. They wished to stir up the mud of the most ignoble partisanship, and the motives of their zeal are manifest. If any event could discredit the capacity, the intelligence, the patriotism, the foresight, the reputation of the House of Lords, it would be the demand which Lord Salisbury made, and his followers accepted, and the motion which Lord Cairns formulated, and the majority affirmed.

The country, we are told, desires to have a second Chamber, in order to correct the haste of the House of Commons and secure adequate debate. Its utility is further recognised in its reputed position, for, as it is alleged, the Lords are a stable, the Commons a shifting body. I have never found in the whole history of the House of Lords since it became a power, that it did more than one good thing. I allude to the resistance of the Whig peers, during the reign of Anne, to the occasional Conformity Bill, promoted by Nottingham, whose family has greatly fallen, and the High Church Tories. As is well known, the Whigs, in order to hold the power which they felt slipping from them, through the genius and intrigues of Bolingbroke, sacrificed their allies, the Dissenters, and consented at last to the Bill. They got no good by their perfidy, as perfidious people seldom do. But since that time the business of the Lords has been to countenance all oppression, and to resist all justice. They never raised their voice against the atrocious penal codes of the eighteenth century, though most of these bloody laws were passed at the instance of the Whigs and the traders, the latter of whom they cordially detested.

Since the Reform Bill of 1832, and still more since that of 1867, in which they acquiesced readily and cynically, they have busied themselves in mutilating some bills and in deterring others. It is an open secret that much just and necessary legislation would long since have been effected, but for the open and secret tactics of the Lords. They have never resisted one foolish act of the Commons, such, for example, as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. One cannot discover a single act of high political morality in the action of the Lords, and it would be easy to discover and exhibit plenty of acts

conducted in a contrary spirit. Their existence and action is no doubt grateful to indefensible and unjust interests, who recognise in them a reasonable and vigorous sympathy. But they have never helped to bring the English people out of Egypt and the house of bondage, and he would be a very false priest indeed who ascribed such a mission and such a function to the golden calf of the English race.

The Tories desire the aid of the Lords in order to prevent, as Mr. Howorth has told the *Times*, the Liberals from jerrymandering the Redistribution Bill. To jerrymander, I believe, is to do dishonest work, and I well remember how Mr. Disraeli dealt with the redistribution in connection with the Reform Bill of 1867. He clapped, without regard to propriety, county districts on to boroughs which returned Liberals, with the avowed object of neutralising the party. He did so at Oxford as I know, he tried to do so at Birmingham, when Mr. Bright stopped him, and he retreated. But the Liberal party is bound to approximate as nearly as possible to the principle of apportioning representation to numbers, a power which Mr. Howorth and his allies may call jerrymandering, as they may in trade call a fraud a composition. But the redistribution which we advocate we also call fair dealing.

If the English people likes, it will keep the House of Lords and leave it alone with powers strictly limited, or reform it. But it will be vain, if we can judge from the past, to expect that this second Chamber will ever be other than an obstacle, or to imagine that it will give wise counsel or restrain rash action. When it cannot obstruct, its debates and its resolutions are of no more account than those of the Oxford Union. Hence it can only vindicate its existence by obstruction, because it is in this that its only vitality consists.

There is an institution familiar to the people, though unknown to the constitution, as we are told, which fulfils all the functions of a second Chamber. It checks irregular and hasty action, it invites debate, it lives by the popular will. Those members of it who are in the House of Lords are more or less amenable to public opinion, for their term of office depends on it. It can stop all legislation which it deems unsuitable, for the sturdiest private member has never following enough to defy it. It is constrained to be prudent, for if it gets the reputation of success, it bears the ill repute of failure. It is bound up with the Parliament which it controls. It checks its followers by one set of risks, its followers check it by another set of risks. It is called the Cabinet, and in my opinion it is not only the best second Chamber devisable, but the only second Chamber which is necessary.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

NUBAR. .

It was in a manner scarcely flattering to himself that Nubar saw his dearest wish realised this spring, when he was once more clothed with power which he could hardly have hoped ever to wield again. But Egypt is credited with possessing three possible Prime Ministers only. Cherif, pushed to the utmost limits of endurance, had at last revolted, and thrown back in England's teeth the advice which he was ordered to follow. Riaz, curled up on his divan, enjoyed secretly the difficulties which had befallen Cherif, and politely declined to stir. The last resource was Nubar, and he was summoned in haste from his country farm to the Presidency. But even at this supreme moment, such was the distrust felt of the new President, that Sir Evelyn Baring set before him most clearly that, though he was to be Prime Minister in name, he was to do no public or private act in that capacity without first submitting it to her Majesty's representative. Humiliating as these terms were, Nubar did not hesitate a moment, but stoutly took up Cherif's burden, promising to the world anything and everything, and to himself a speedy release from all the engagements he was taking upon himself. The largest items in Cherif's legacy of trouble were the Soudan question, on which he definitively resigned; the police question, involving more or less the whole provincial administration; the prisons question, which had become a quarrel personal and general between the functionaries of the Ministers of the Interior and Justice; and the press question, which had brought the Egyptian Government into direct collision with the French colony, as represented by their newspaper, the **Bosphore Egyptien*. Besides these greater subjects of dissension, Nubar found the whole of Egypt in a state of disorganisation and anarchy difficult to describe. Every man's hand was, against his fellow, and the treasury was nearly empty.

Nubar's pact with England was entered into at a moment when he, in common with the Egyptian world at large, interpreted Lord Granville's message to Cherif as a tacit acknowledgment of something approaching a protectorate. If England was to give advice which she insisted upon being followed, it was only reasonable to infer that she would take upon herself the *onus* of her counsel, and assist the Minister who carried it out. Nubar thus estimated, and then resolved to accept the situation, inwardly reserving to himself the alternative if ever he found himself strong enough, or noticed England's will growing weaker, to throw in his lot with any other party whose support might better suit his own interests. In a very short time he discovered that Baring was a hard taskmaster, and

that his position was growing intolerable, both at the Palace and at the Ministries. He, therefore, determined to coquet with the other side, and to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. The obvious mode of doing this was to attack Clifford Lloyd, whose unpopularity with the Egyptians made him a fair butt. With the Soudan question Nubar refused to meddle. Being in reality a poor diplomatist and nothing of a soldier, Nubar preferred to turn his peculiar talents to account in the field of ministerial intrigue rather than in conflict with France, England, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Mahdi. And here it may be as well to point out that the talents of Nubar, although considerable, are not upon a large scale. All his abilities are of minor calibre. His mind is one which, though quick at seizing a salient point or a happy notion, is entirely incapable of creating broad conceptions. By mixing freely with all sorts and conditions of men, he has every opportunity of hearing a diversity of opinions. He never fails in appropriating those which are likely to be of service to him, and having once procured the germ of an idea, he has a peculiar capacity for clothing it in Nubaresque form and presenting it to the world as his own. A certain veneer of eloquence and epigrammatic terseness has enabled him to gain a reputation for political wisdom by foisting upon his hearers the transformed theories and phrases of others. His adroitness in chaffering and bargaining alike in great things and small have gained him an entirely false name for organising capacity. He will put forward a solitary idea for some scheme, will entrust others to work it out, finally presenting the whole as a triumph of his own genius. All his life he has lived and thriven on the weakness and the strength of others, taking advantage openly where he feels himself the stronger, and silently stealing the sinews of an adversary who is more than a match for him.

In its way his struggle with Clifford Lloyd was a masterpiece of his peculiar style of intrigue. On his accession to power, Nubar found Lloyd master of the situation. He had reduced the Minister of the Interior to a mere puppet, and the Inspector-General of Reform was in reality Minister of the Interior. By the introduction of his new police system he had struck a radical blow at the abuses perpetrated by the mudirs and old provincial police. Acting on the assumption that the maladministration of the governors was the root of brigandage and disturbance throughout the country, he paralysed them by placing his own police officers to act in concert with them, but at the same time ordering them to report directly to him any instance of injustice or tyranny. This system might or might not have succeeded in the end, but in its beginnings it was a failure. The European police officers had neither the experience nor the actual force to carry out their own ideas or Clifford Lloyd's orders without

the assistance of the mudirs. The latter would either work as governors of their provinces or not at all. They would take the whole responsibility for public order if allowed to uphold their authority after their own ideas, but they would not share the task of governing with Lloyd's police. And they said so very plainly, offering almost *en masse* to resign if Lloyd's scheme was to be carried out. This action of the mudirs gave Nubar a very powerful weapon. The increase of disorder, owing partly to the divisions amongst the provincial authorities and partly to the general excitement occasioned by the course of events, was entirely attributed to the new police laws, and this lent additional force to the petitions of the mudirs. Nubar felt that he had found a case which promised well. It was, however, difficult to know at which point to attack him. As Inspector-General of Reforms, he was certainly paid by Egypt, but he was in no sense an Egyptian official. It became necessary to bring him more closely under the authority of the Egyptian Government before complaining of his official acts. Accordingly Nubar suggested that for the better execution of his measures, it would be advisable that Lloyd should be named Under Secretary of State for the Interior, when he would have the whole direction of the Ministry more immediately under his hands than as Inspector-General of Reforms. Lloyd fought shy of the offer for some time, but finally, believing that the change of name would affect his real position only in a slight degree, he accepted. As a matter of fact, Lloyd made no outward change whatever in his conduct of business. But Nubar was content to wait, and even to encourage Lloyd in exceeding the usual limits of action of an under secretary. Meanwhile the mudirs and interior officials began to grow impatient and to fear that Nubar had misled them. The time had not yet come, however, for him to make an open attack on Lloyd; he prepared the way for it by industriously fomenting a quarrel between Sir Benson Maxwell and Dr. Crookshank, Lloyd's Director-General of Prisons. Sir B. Maxwell was instigated by his subordinates to prefer formal complaints against Dr. Crookshank, which were really directed against Lloyd, and finally threatened to prosecute one or both of them for illegality in the code of prison regulations drawn up by Lloyd on which Crookshank was working. The mere fact of Lloyd's being attacked so violently by a high English functionary was manifestly a trump-card for Nubar. Not only did it give substance to the unceasing complaints of Egyptian officials against the English Under Secretary, but the spectacle of two of our highest officials being engaged in the bitterest recriminations, and each calling for the other's resignation, threw considerable discredit on the whole English administration. It was not on this question, however, that Nubar elected finally to join issue with Lloyd, but on

the Municipality Bill of Alexandria. The townspeople for some time past had been clamouring both by petitions and through the public press for a municipality. Lloyd sketched a Bill, which was approved by the Council of Ministers, and with this in his pocket he went down to Alexandria to lay the scheme before them. At the same time he published it in the newspapers. As he went to Alexandria with the full knowledge and tacit consent of Nubar, he was surprised at being suddenly recalled by Sir E. Baring to defend himself against the charge of a gross breach of ministerial etiquette. He found Baring, Sir B. Maxwell, and Nubar together when he went to the house of the Egyptian Prime Minister. Nubar protested that the question was not a personal one, but that it was impossible for him to continue as head of the Egyptian State if Lloyd or any other Englishman were to be allowed to discuss State measures without consulting him and before they had become law. He then went into the other questions of police and prisons. He declared that by the new police scheme the country was being reduced to a state of anarchy which had already necessitated the proclamation of a kind of martial law; that the mudirs had declared to him that they would no longer be responsible for the maintenance of order, and that he must beg Baring to judge of the effects of Lloyd's action. He was quite ready to go himself if necessary; but if he stayed, Lloyd must go, or must confine himself to a much more dependent line of action. On Nubar's side was Sir B. Maxwell, who supported many of his assertions as to the state of disorder in the provinces, and the impossibility and illegality of continuing the existing police and prison régime.

The *coup* was well considered, well timed, and decisively struck. There could scarcely be any doubt as to the result. If Nubar resigned, Baring would once more have found himself without a titular Prime Minister. In fact the choice lay between upholding Lloyd, which meant definitely taking over the whole internal administration of Egypt, or giving in to Nubar, which meant an abandonment of the whole work of the past year in the interior. Baring would have liked a compromise, but none was possible. Nubar had designedly let things go too far. Had he complained sooner or on one small point, the difficulty might have been smoothed down. But he had allowed his griefs to grow, and now he declared, he would permit no arbitrary Englishmen to act independently of him. After a simulated arrangement to save appearances, Lloyd was sent home, and Nubar scored his first great victory. The fruits of it very soon became apparent. One of Lloyd's principal safeguards against injustice had been the establishment of a large staff of English translators, who sent in to him copies of every petition presented to the Ministry. This staff was promptly abolished, and petitions, unless well backed or gilded, find their way, as of old, straight to the waste-paper basket. Having got rid of Lloyd, the next thing to be

done was to remodel the police so as to give satisfaction to the mudirs.

One of the heaviest grievances against Lloyd had been his "martial law" in the provinces against brigandage. As a substitute for this Nubar at once curtailed the powers of the police, handing back the inquisitorial power to the mudirs. But in order to give his action the appearance of legality he joined to the mudirs a delegate of the *Procureur-General* (*Substitut de Parquet*), and a sheikh from each district, thus forming a commission at each chief provincial town. This commission, however, being a special one, has much the aspect of a court-martial. It would take too long to follow the incident and its attendant intrigues from the beginning. It is enough to say, that when the *substituts* and the mudirs, with their satellites, found that henceforth the prisons were under daily inspection, that torture was abolished, and that a man could not be sent to prison without a written order from some one who was thenceforth responsible for his incarceration, nor kept there for years until he paid enough to procure his release, a storm of opposition arose. A sudden philanthropy seized upon Sir Benson Maxwell and his *substituts*. It had never before entered their imagination that the prisons concerned them. Scarcely a day passed now, however, without somebody visiting a prison, and endeavouring to extract some fact which might be twisted into an accusation against the English administration. No device or subterfuge seemed too trifling or mean to gain the desired end. Up to the present all have failed, the only result being that the *Procureur-General* and his staff have been so busied in attempting to find fault with the prisons that they appear to have abandoned their own legitimate duties. Whilst Dr. Crookshank, with the inadequate means at his disposal, does his best to meet the calls upon him, the *Parquet* content themselves with sending in shoals of prisoners day after day, and instead of working off the old cases by trial confine themselves to commitments. The increase in the number of uncondemned prisoners now under detention is alarming. In several prisons there are many more awaiting trial than condemned. At Zagazig, for instance, the returns for the last month show 135 uncondemned as against 53 condemned; at Tantah, 150 to 77; at Damanboor, 93 to 26. These are the three principal towns of Lower Egypt. And it must further be noted that amongst the condemned are many sentenced to hard labour for long terms who should be in the convict prisons at Alexandria and Toorah, where as yet there is not sufficient accommodation. This makes the proportion more disgraceful still, and the prison question is one which must before long be decisively settled, otherwise the late mutinies and revolts show that the prisoners will constitute a serious danger to public peace. On this particular question Nubar has

apparently taken no very active outward part, though his sympathies are undoubtedly with the *substituts*. The rest of the Interior is now purged of English interference; the prisons administration alone remains, like Naboth's vineyard. And since the power of pashadom is not likely to be satisfied with the half when there is any chance of getting the whole; there is great reason to fear that unless he is strongly supported Doctor Crookshank will follow his ex-chief.

The study of the second reign of Nubar would not be complete without mention of the incident of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, a French newspaper published in Cairo. The tone of this journal had at last become so offensive that Lloyd decided to suppress it, and accordingly notice was sent to the French Consul-General to be served upon this paper. As the *Bosphore*, however, was a very powerful engine for sowing sedition broadcast, and especially for throwing the most virulent abuse at England and everything English, the French Consulate refused to have anything to do with its suppression, and Baring, on being applied to, declined to use his influence with M. Barrère. The *Bosphore*, disregarding its own engagements to abide by the Press Laws, and all the threats of the Government, continued to appear as before, a standing proof at once of the treachery of Nubar, the impotence of the Egyptian Government and the ill-will of France.

When I left Cairo in the beginning of July, Nubar seemed most absolutely master of the situation, but whispers were already abroad that his position was not so secure as it appeared. After Baring's departure he had cautiously felt his way towards an understanding with France, and his renewed intimacy with the Palace was a matter of universal comment. Rumours of the Khedive himself taking the Presidency of the Cabinet were the result. Nubar did not deny that he should be pleased to see Tewfik Pasha take a more active part in public affairs. The idea formed by Nubar was probably that by making the Khedive President of the Council, and keeping one of the other portfolios himself, he would retain almost if not all his old power, with the faculty of putting on to the shoulders of the Khedive any unpleasant responsibility. This combination was naturally viewed very differently by different parties. The French supported it, but possibly with a wish to get Nubar out of the way. The Khedive himself, whilst half inclined to accept the temptation of having some little share in the government of his own country, mistrusted the offer and the quarter from which it came. England, without giving reasons, preferred a continuance of the *status quo*, and so for the present Nubar must be content to carry on the work he has begun. This is by no means an easy task. Daily recurring abuses point to the necessity for renewed English supervision. Two new English inspectors have been proposed, but Nubar stoutly combats the idea, which is being resolutely pressed

upon him. Having got rid of Lloyd, it would ill suit him to have a couple of fresh thorns planted in his side.

The results of our experiment with Nubar are little less than disastrous. He has fully realised the weakness and worthlessness of our policy, and has gone over to the stronger. Nubar is now hopelessly committed to all those interests which are peculiarly antagonistic to our own. The Egyptian premier of our choice is at the present moment the trusted ally of France and pashadom. Probably no one is more surprised than himself at his own signal and rapid success. He imagines, doubtless, that his long-cherished dream of Egypt under an Armenian regent is now within a reasonable distance of fulfilment, and he rejoices as a strong man armed. But his strength is more apparent than real; it lies in the known and incurable weakness of his sovereign, in the contradictions and instability of English policy, in the maze of European rivalries which surround him and us, and in the impossibility of most of his competitors. In Egypt, as in all other Oriental countries, everything depends on the character of the real chief of the State. If Egypt possessed a strong ruler Nubar would be a cypher; if England was elected to really govern the country Nubar would be, as long as it suited him, her most obedient servant and the zealous performer of her behests. As matters stand he is, and ever will be, a danger to us. We contemplate with surprise to-day the blind trust we displayed on his behalf only six short months ago. Events in Egypt are marching quicker than diplomacy, and a great crisis is approaching. The action of Nubar will possibly hasten the inevitable catastrophe. When the crisis comes it will concern the future of England just as much as it will affect the future of Egypt. England will shortly have to choose between one of three courses; she must commit Egypt to the care of a really energetic and capable native ruler—to the hands of one before whom Nubar would be a nonentity, and who could with a strong will suppress anarchy within and resist intrigue from without. If she does not do this she must in some form or other annex the country. Egyptian Presidents of the Council will then disappear from the arena of practical politics. The only other alternative will be to leave Egypt to the tender mercies of France. In that case the coming race of Egyptian premiers will be no concern of ours, for our position as a Mediterranean power will have come to an end. Nubar, at any rate, will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has in person given us the most ample proof of the impossibility of the present *régime*, and afforded us a warning which should assist materially in their deliberations those statesmen upon whom the grave responsibilities of the existing Egyptian chaos are commonly supposed to rest.

A BRITISH RESIDENT IN CAIRO.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

I.—POLITICAL.

THE chief events of political importance which have happened during the past month may be ranged under the two heads, Parliamentary Reform and Egypt. The position of the Franchise Bill, and the relations occupied towards it, by the various parties and factions of parties in the State are so well known in themselves, and are treated at such length in more than one article in the current number of this Review, that it is unnecessary specially to dwell upon them here. How can any reasonable or honest critic accuse the Government of having provoked a collision between the two Houses of Parliament? Mr. Gladstone proposed a course, which, if adopted, would have rendered it morally certain that no general election could take place, before the opportunity had been afforded of discussing the Redistribution Bill that the present cabinet is pledged to introduce. Whether this measure would have become law,—whether it would have proved acceptable to Lord Salisbury and the Conservative Peers,—is a different question. The opposition is naturally anxious to deal with redistribution, upon what its spokesmen call sound and equitable principles—that is in a manner calculated to help the Conservative cause. The Conservatives, moreover, have a strong interest in forcing an appeal to the constituencies, as they are, and not as they will be when the gift of full citizenship has been bestowed upon the workmen and artisans who inhabit our rural districts. When, therefore, ministers are taunted with insincerity, dishonesty, and other vices of the same kind, it must be remembered that the Tories, in virtue of their party exigencies and their political demands, expose themselves to an obvious retort.

There is, the Conservatives protest, no reason to believe that the country is strongly in favour of the Franchise Bill, or that, if consulted, it would pronounce for the severance of redistribution from enfranchisement. Exactly; and, therefore, the Lords reject the Franchise measure, and Lord Salisbury insists upon his right to compel the Government to appeal to the country. There are two reasons why it is impossible for Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to do anything which would countenance these pretensions. Ministers have a compact and overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. Is Lord Salisbury a better judge than Mr. Gladstone whether the House of Commons fairly reflects the opinions of the English people? Suppose that the Prime Minister, as a popular leader, were to allow such an assumption, what is the precedent he would set, and what is the far-reaching responsibility he would incur? Simply this: that whenever, at any future time, the peers objected to the policy of a Liberal administration, they would be within their right

in throwing out obnoxious measures and in commanding the Government of the day to dissolve, on the plea, which Mr. Gladstone's concession to the demand, now advanced, would be held to justify—that they (the Lords) were better judges of popular sentiment than the cabinet. The second reason why Mr. Gladstone cannot acquiesce in a course, that might have the effect of handing over the whole business of redistribution to his opponents, arises out of his manifest duty to the two million electors whom he desires to add to the register. No plan of redistribution can be satisfactory or final which does not commend itself to the majority of those who await emancipation. Granted that, before a readjustment of electoral power takes place, there may be an appeal to the enlarged constituencies; is it not probable that the Parliament thus returned, would be more likely to devise a plan of redistribution acceptable to the mass of the new electors than the Conservatives? If this is so, then it would follow that the right which the Lords and the Conservatives together now assert, to settle the whole business of redistribution, is unconstitutional and diametrically opposed to the first principles of political equity and expediency.

Such, upon a general review of the question, appear to be the main issues involved in the struggle to which Lord Salisbury and his followers have committed the country. The Conservatives aim at precipitating a dissolution for party purposes. The Liberals are bound to resist this object, not so much on party, as on national, grounds. The country, there is every reason to believe, adopts this view of the matter, and is anxious to signify its disapproval of the Tory claims decisively, but temperately. Hence the general aspect of the impressive demonstration of which the capital was the scene on the 21st of the present month. Other circumstances no doubt combined to invest the display with the graces of sobriety and moderation. Thus, it may be said, the masses have a consciousness now which they never possessed before, that in the long run their prerogative must prevail against the pretensions of aristocratic privilege, and that there is the less necessity for disorderly ebullitions of their will. Again, the Conservatives wisely abstained from any organized attempts to interfere with the Hyde Park meeting. Had such interference been forthcoming, the crowd would have known how to meet and resent it. But because there arose no emergency and consequently no conflict, therefore Lord Salisbury chose to characterize the business as an attempt at "legislation by picnic." Before Parliament meets again in the late autumn many other such manifestations of public feeling will have been witnessed. Will the Tory leaders denounce these too, as inadequate and unreal, in proportion as they are peaceful? It is their object to convince the opposition that the House of Commons is, as the Prime Minister and

his colleagues insist, the faithful reflection of the judgment of the country. If the Tories continue to deny such to be the case, because there is no breach of the peace, they will challenge the disturbance that they deprecate. The agitation has begun. So far as it has proceeded, its methods have been tranquil and blameless. Will the Conservatives persist in saying that if it remains without reproach it is too insignificant to convey any lesson? In that case they must be prepared for the consequences, for which they alone can be held responsible.

Lord Salisbury notoriously calculates that the affairs of Egypt may help him to force a dissolution; that the Conference now sitting in London will break down; that the Mahdi may advance upon Egypt, and that this combination of sinister contingencies will not only fatally discredit the Government, but will insure their defeat in the country. As regards the future of Egyptian finance, we write at a disadvantage. Mr. Gladstone is not likely to make his decisive statement on the results of the deliberations of the financial experts for some days to come, and meanwhile there are only the rumours that the Conference has failed. Not being, therefore, in a position either to criticise or defend what has been done, we prefer to point out what, in our opinion, may be done. The French plenipotentiaries may accept the English estimate of Egyptian expenditure, but, in obedience to the pressure brought to bear upon them and upon the Government of M. Ferry by the representatives of French finance, may take exception to the other part of the budget, the possibilities of Egyptian revenue. In reply to the English proposal to reduce the interest on the debt, they may insist that an additional £600,000 per annum can be extorted from the fellahs. Such a suggestion cannot be accepted by England. The English Government may not, indeed, deny the possibility of squeezing this further sum from the Egyptian peasantry. All they need say is that they refuse to engage in the attempt to do so, and that, further, they refuse to make our soldiers in Egypt the executioners of such a policy. If, therefore, the French decisions—always assuming that they are final, and that the account which we have given of them is correct—are pressed, the Conference must fail. The English proposal, which is one for a composition, must break down, and Egypt will be left face to face with her creditors. It is not difficult to predict what may happen. The first duty imposed upon her will be that of self-preservation. She must provide for her own existence, and to do this she must take, or in other words, intercept before it reaches the liquidating body, the revenues necessary for the internal administration of the country. Whatever balance may be available can go to her creditors. It will be inadequate, but what can her creditors then do? They may sue their debtor, and even obtain judgment against her, in the international tribunals. But these tribunals will be

without the material force to give effect to their decrees, and it is certain that neither the Egyptian nor the English army will intervene to compel the Egyptian Government to raise from the peasants the sum necessary to pay the debts in full. Let the fact be plainly put, and fairly faced—the Egyptian Government is in the position of a private individual who is hopelessly insolvent, and who offers a choice between composition and bankruptcy. If Europe will not accept a composition, it must accept the bankruptcy, and in this case the creditors will only get what remains after the payment of all necessary expenses.

The most absorbing topic of European interest during the month has been supplied by the outbreak of cholera in France. It has taken precedence alike of the London Conference, of the Franco-Moorish question, of the beginnings of the Clerical Cabinet in Belgium, and the treatment which the German flag received in Paris on the day of the National Fête. In Morocco France has taken a practical step towards retreating from the dangerous position assumed by an official of the same type as Roustan and Tricon,—by disowning his action. Spain, Italy, and England might have objected to a repetition of the Tunisian method in Morocco. Yet the French have got the necessary material—the Shercof of Wazan included—ready for a more favourable occasion. The affair of the Place de la Concorde and the Rue de Rivoli might have proved more serious. Prince Bismarck might easily have magnified it, had he cared to do so, into a *casus belli*. But he had no idea of doing anything of the sort, and independently of his attitude in this matter, he has recently shown himself decidedly favourable to France. His financial adviser at the Conference, M. von Derenthal, has, it is said, consistently supported the counter-proposals of M. de Blignières. As regards Belgium, she is advancing more quickly than was expected towards the clericalising of her institutions. Apart from her Cabinet, she has now a Senate where ecclesiastical propensities predominate. Yet the reappointment of a Nuncio in Brussels does not specifically represent the new direction in her policy, since that measure had virtually been decided under Frère-Orban. There is, however, a project in preparation which aims at the handing over of the schools to the Catholic priests; nor should the fact be unnoticed that, on the 21st instant, the anniversary of the day when, fifty-three years ago, King Leopold I. took the oath of the Constitution, the *Te Deum* was sung in the presence of the bishops and many officials and judges, who had kept aloof since 1880, because the ecclesiastical authorities had condemned the people's participation in the national festival.

To return to the cholera. It was towards the end of June that there arrived reports of the presence of this malignant malady at Toulon: one death had occurred on the 14th, two on the 20th, and ten on the 22nd. Suspicion pointed to the troop-ship *Sarthe*, lately

arrived from Saigon; and that vessel was removed to a distance from the port. This is not the first time that a French troopship returning from Cochin China has had cholera on board; in 1872 the transport *Corrèze* passed through the Suez Canal with a clean bill of health, although there had been sixty cases of cholera in her (thirty of them fatal) since she left Saigon. The first cases at Toulon in June last were mostly among sailors and men employed in the dockyard, and the very large proportion of recoveries (four out of five) raised a doubt whether the disease were of the true Asiatic type. On the 28th of June the first death from cholera took place at Marseilles. In both cities the mortality rose steadily until it reached the maximum of about sixty-five deaths in the twenty-four hours in Marseilles, and about forty in Toulon,—the total for the two cities now being considerably over one thousand. The pestilence has spread to other places in Provence, notably to Arles, where there have been, for some time, about ten deaths a day. The course of the epidemic hitherto has been closely in accordance with the precedent of 1865, so far as that related to Provence; but there is this important difference—in 1865, the pestilence reached the shores of Europe from Alexandria, almost simultaneously at four or more independent points,—Valencia, Marseilles, Ancona, and Constantinople;—its invasion therefore proceeded on distinct lines, and its diffusion became all the more certain. From 1865 to 1874, it was never absent from one part or another of the east of Europe, and from first to last its victims must have been nearly a million. In the present instance there is a certain small probability of the disease being localised in Provence. If it were to follow exactly the precedent of 1865, which began three weeks later in the season, it would appear in and around Paris about the end of September, and spare all the other great towns in France except those originally infected in Provence, and Bordeaux and Brest. In that epidemic the serious invasion of Great Britain was in the year following (1866) at a number of independent centres about the first week of July, the infection having been brought across the North Sea. The total mortality in Marseilles in 1865, from July 23 to October 23 was 1,847; in Toulon the same year, from August 27 to October 22, it was 1,282. In Paris that year the cholera mortality was 6,011 from October 1 to December 3. There has been much panic at Toulon, Marseilles, and Arles, and exodus of all who could get away. The advantage of escaping *en masse* from an infected soil is well understood in that corner of the Mediterranean. The usual machinery of quarantine upon sea and land travel has been set in motion. The greatest danger to Italy is along the Riviera, where there are thousands of poor Italians seeking to return from the infected cities. An incident just reported throws a good deal of light on the policy of crowding

travellers into lazarettos, without the conveniences and decencies of living. At Ventimiglia, a man who had gone through the fixed term of quarantine, was about to leave, when he was seized with cholera and died in a few hours. An English steamer, the *St. Dunstan*, touched at Marseilles on the homeward voyage from Bombay, and cholera appeared among her crew a day or two after she sailed again for Liverpool. Two of them died, and most of the others suffered more or less from choleraic sickness. When the vessel arrived in the Mersey she was detained in the river under the control of the Port Sanitary Authority for a day or two, and is now docked. The novel point in the case of the *St. Dunstan* arose in connection with the recent practice of steamships carrying water-ballast; in this case water from the dock in Marseilles was let into the ballast-tank, and there were strong reasons for suspecting that it was tainted with choleraic matters from the sewage of the town. It was discharged into the Mersey on the ebb tide, and there can be no doubt that, so diluted and oxidised, it would be quite harmless.

II.—FINANCE.

Not since the summer following the stoppage of the city of Glasgow Bank, has the city known a less eventful month. This is scarcely to be wondered at after the exciting times through which the world of credit has passed. Although the startling losses that have fallen alike on institutions and individuals have been borne with a splendid exemption from any approach towards the panics of former days, they have bred a good deal of the distrust which succeeds a crisis of the phenomenal order, and distrust always makes the current of business uneventful. No new enterprises are entered upon because promoters and the public are both afraid of the unforeseen. Money sinks in price until those who possess it begin to deem themselves the unluckiest of mortals. The universal complaint is that enterprise is dead, and men's conversation in places of business resort is much more likely to be of imaginary catastrophes impending than of renewed conquests in the world-wide field of commerce. In one sense we have more of this latter display of the characteristics of distrust at the present time than usually follows the ordinary panic. A panic, it is often remarked, "clears the air." It applies an infallible test to men and institutions. The solvent endure, the bankrupt go to the wall, and after the storm has passed by dealers in money and credit think they know whom to trust. Twice, however, within the past ten years, there have been all the elements of a great break-down in credit visible in London, and nothing particular has come of them. Quidnuncs, therefore, find in the absence of events of a startling character an excuse for the propagation of the wildest reports regarding the credit and stability of the most venerated institution. Now the tale is that a great bank

has lost so much by rogues whom it has trusted that it must either find new capital or succumb. Or you hear that So-and-so has suffered to such an unheard-of extent through speculations in sugar or coffee or wheat that stoppage is only a question of days. And when days and weeks pass without producing the least result the undaunted prophet of evil lays all the blame on the foreigner. Were it not that this, that, or the other foreign banking-house lends its name and its means to firms in distress every day in the week would be signalized by a more or less appalling failure.

This, briefly indicated, is the tone and temper of the money market at the present time, and it explains the position of affairs better than the most elaborate description could possibly do. We are passing through a period of universal distrust which has been aggravated by the absence of any test, so to say, as to who is solvent and who is not. The concrete expression of scepticism as to the solvency of one's neighbour is found in what the city calls "cheap money." There is far more means in the market than can be used, while not a week passes without adding to the list of firms whose drafts or acceptances are put upon the list of the suspected. A position of this kind makes the record of trade and finances uneventful in the extreme. During July, in fact, no events have occurred, nobody failed of any consequence, and no alteration took place in the attitude of the money market toward borrowers. What will be the outcome of this curious dead-lock we, in one sense, do not venture to predict. It may, however, be confidently asserted that, should the autumn and winter pass by with no confirmation of the gloomy anticipations of those who now see credit of all kinds on its last legs, an outburst of speculative activity is the certain consequence of the present apathy. We have not reached the beginning of such a time yet, but, should no signal catastrophe intervene, it is not very far off. But will no such mishap occur? That is just what we cannot be sure of. Our impression—and it is an impression only—is that for the present, perhaps for years to come, the worst is past. The test of universal distrust has not been applied to credit, and therefore no one can say whether its apparent stability under exceptional trials is to be justified by events or not. We lean, however, to the opinion that it will, were it for no other reason than that the assertions of croakers have been already so often falsified. Too little allowance is always made in their statements for the incalculable extension in the facilities for sustaining credit enjoyed by modern civilised nations. Formerly, a house that lost more than it could afford, sooner or later failed; to-day it is "financed," turned into a limited liability company, kept alive somehow till better days return. We see nothing to hinder this from being the course of our financial history now.

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AN ANTIDOTE TO AGITATION.

"Γίγνονται μὲν οὖν αἱ στάσεις οὐ περὶ μικρῶν ἀλλ' ἐκ μικρῶν, στασιάζουσι δὲ περὶ μεγάλων."—Aristotle. *Politics*, viii. 4.

IN writing what follows I have for the moment endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to separate myself from anything approaching to an extreme party attitude, to take, as it were, a bird's eye view of the past, present, and future, of the question of Parliamentary Reform, in the belief that, regarding the dimensions of the subject at issue, the extent and composition of the existing electorate, the unprecedented magnitude of the stakes which both the great political parties in this country have laid down, an honest attempt at impartiality may possibly rise almost to the height of patriotism.

In different parts of the world and in various manners, ministers are now enjoying a holiday which, after a session all the more fatiguing because it was barren, I am unable to grudge them. It is but a brief interval of repose that they can command between the prorogation and the ordeal of the platform which must precede the meeting of Parliament in October. The Cabinet would possibly best consult its dignity and its interests by the consideration of the question as to whether the time could not be turned to better account than by the making of idle and boyish holidays, followed by the exhausting business of stumping declamation. In a couple of months Parliament will reassemble under peculiar circumstances, and with a view to absolute legislation. If certain preliminary steps are taken, and if the Government, without doing excessive violence to their nature, can approach their duty in a faithful spirit it would neither be ridiculous nor unreasonable to observe that the entire subject of Parliamentary Reform might be settled with that amount of finality which would preclude its being raised again during a few generations. To this end it will be beside the mark that Mr. Gladstone should galvanise Midlothian or that his colleagues should faintly illuminate the provinces

and towns of England. Ministers ought to meet Parliament, convened in an extraordinary session, with a definite, a reasonable, a complete programme. The autumn Cabinets ought to begin unusually early, ought to be unusually numerous. A committee of the Cabinet should have remained in, or should almost immediately return to London, for the purpose of drafting the outlines of their Redistribution Bill, in consultation with their learned law officers. The necessity may appear irksome, but governments exist for the good of the governed, and the time of ministers is the time of the people, from whom ministers are not too proud to receive no inconsiderable pecuniary remuneration. There are, however, no signs in Downing Street of the imminence of Cabinet meetings. Nothing is heard of those ministers or officials whom it chiefly concerns, foregoing their vacation and consenting to live laborious nights and days for the exalted purpose that when Reform is once more submitted to Parliament it may be on a scale adequate and lucid. In other words, if anything is certain, it is this: that the Government are engaged in everything else except in the preparation of a Redistribution Bill. I am sufficiently supported in this assertion by the curt replies of Lord Granville to the importunate inquiries of Lord Redesdale, and I am not concerned to occupy your space by the exposition of matters of popular notoriety.

The prospect is discouraging and alarming. If Mr. Gladstone persists in presenting to Parliament a second time what he admits to be merely an instalment of a Reform Bill, the result will be the same as it was in the session just concluded, with this portentous exception, that a far greater and more dangerous amount of political heat will have been engendered. The Whigs may petulantly complain that the House of Lords have acted unwisely in declining to consider the Reform Bill of the Government till it was laid on the table in its final integrity; and some force may be allowed by those, whom hard necessity does not compel to be partizans and nothing more, to the ministerial plea that it was impossible last session to proceed *pari passu* with Enfranchisement and Redistribution. But this plea, whatever it may have been worth when first produced, will be absolutely invalid when Parliament meets in October. The Enfranchisement Bill is cut and dried already. So far as the House of Commons is concerned it may well be taken as read. The Peers, we have no reason to doubt, are prepared to advance it through all its stages, with alacrity, upon conditions which Mr. Gladstone cannot deny are reasonable and forcible. These are, that it shall be supplemented, without the smallest risk of failure, by a Redistribution Bill, which there is now every opportunity for drafting, and for the introduction and passing of which an autumn session is ideally favourable. The principal and indeed only argument, reiterated by Mr.

Gladstone with tedious volubility, against the introduction of such a measure three or four months ago, was to the effect that the time for proceeding with it would have failed. Ministers, he said, would have attempted too much, and would have been properly punished by seeing both their Bills collapse. I do not now care to examine to what extent this argument would have been valuable, under the supposition that the foreign policy of the Government had been so successful as to escape the prolonged watchfulness of the House of Commons, or that no other ministerial measure had been introduced. I remain under the impression that the time which might have been saved under these two heads, and the time which would have been gained had the Reform proposals been of a complete character, added to the time which the prolongation of the present session through the month of August would have given to the Government, might have sufficed for the most exacting minister, and for the most prolix senate. I put these matters aside without in any way damaging my present argument.

During the discussions on the Reform Bill in the House of Commons the Prime Minister accepted with significant amiability a proposal that, to facilitate the more rapid passing of a Redistribution Bill, he should appoint, without loss of time, a royal commission to ascertain the natural boundaries between urban and rural districts. Subsequently, when the Reform Bill was being considered by the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone voluntarily suggested an arrangement which, if the Peers had accepted it, would have pledged him to bring in a Redistribution Bill at the autumn session. In view of these facts, it cannot truthfully or rationally be contended that considerations of time or of needful repose would prevent the Government from meeting Parliament in October with a Redistribution Bill fully drafted. Nor can the guarded action of the Peers release the Government from their honourable engagement—an engagement not confined to one party, but given to Parliament and to the constituencies as a whole—to be prepared at the earliest favourable moment with a complete Redistribution Bill. The non-appointment of a boundary commission, the absence of all the ministers from town, the absolute certainty that not a line of the Redistribution Bill has yet been drafted—all these considerations go far to suggest if not to prove *mala fides* on the part of the Cabinet, to compel the Peers to persist in their legitimate attitude of distrust, to secure for them the sympathy of the public.

The ministerial programme, therefore, is to reintroduce the Enfranchisement Bill *talis qualis* in October, and to supplement it with a declaration that a Redistribution Bill, for which we shall know that ministers have collected no materials, shall be forthcoming at the beginning of the session of next year. That is to say, whereas ministers

are at this moment, if they no longer delay, in a position to make it reasonably certain that a Redistribution Bill as well as a Franchise Bill shall become law before the year is out, they deliberately elect to leave redistribution to the exceedingly doubtful hazard of the session of 1885. Can any politician seriously believe that, if ministers fail to get a Redistribution Bill through Parliament between October and Christmas, they will succeed in doing so between February and Midsummer? If there be such a one, I ask him to consider the numerous advantages which the Government will possess for legislative purposes at the autumn session, and which will be wanting to them during the normal session. A Redistribution Bill is essentially a measure of detail. The minutest discussion of the smallest proposal is not only excusable but compulsory. Chapter by chapter, verse by verse, line by line, it must be investigated, sifted, weighed, debated. It must be looked at as a whole; it must be looked at in part. It must be looked at as it affects the kingdoms composing the empire, as it affects the provinces of each kingdom, as it affects the greater and the smaller towns, as it affects interests, classes, industries. This much, however, is certain, that ministers may reasonably count on making more progress during the eight or ten weeks of an autumn session than during the whole of a normal session. To begin with, in the former there need not I think be any address to the Crown, and consequently no prolonged debate on the general aspect of public affairs. There are no supplementary estimates which must be taken before a certain day. There is no supply to be voted. All the time may without protest be taken by the Government, and the House proceeds *de die in diem* with the particular business which it has been specially convened to consider. I know this *de die in diem* procedure. It soon kills wilful obstruction, and compels the House of Commons to abstain from any frittering away of the public time. During an autumn as compared to a normal session, there is scarcely any excuse for delaying or interrupting the dispatch of the business in hand, except under circumstances of overmastering urgency which I am not now called upon to consider. It would, therefore, be in the power of ministers, always assuming that the measure which they introduce was sound and equitable, to make sure of passing a Redistribution Bill in the autumn, while they could only have a very remote chance of doing so during the spring and early summer of 1885. Some persons may say that the Conservative party and the House of Lords will throw out any Redistribution Bill which Mr. Gladstone may introduce, because they believe that he and his colleagues are determined to handle the re-arrangement of electoral areas so as to forward, however unscrupulously, the immediate purposes of their followers. It may be so. As a party man I am bound not to doubt the vicious intentions of

the Government, but I deny their power. Will any moderate thinking politician, acquainted with the working of the House of Commons and the relation of parties believe that the Government, supposing them to entertain this wish, would have the power to gratify it, and that whether Redistribution is dealt with by Conservatives or Liberals, it will not be dealt with on the same broad lines, based to a great extent on the preponderance of numbers, and approaching more or less boldly the principle of equal electoral districts? In these days of universal publicity, with the ubiquitous and controlling influence of an unfettered public opinion, with a free press and with an almost unrestricted license of discussion both at Westminster and outside, it would be impossible for either party in the State to submit to Parliament, with a chance of success, a dishonest Redistribution Bill. The idea is not reasonable enough for practical politics. The Whig jerry-mandering effected in 1832 is not to be repeated at the present time.

If the programme of the Government is, as has been officially stated, to reintroduce the Franchise Bill pure and simple, accompanied only by a promise that redistribution should occupy the Government in the following session, the immediate issue cannot be doubtful, the ultimate result must from any point of view be serious. By neglecting to be prepared with a Redistribution Bill, by declining to take advantage of what has been shown to be a singularly auspicious period for submitting it to Parliament, the Government are provoking a conflict with the Lords upon ground which, if the English public is possessed of a judicial mind, may place the Lords in a very advantageous position. Mr. Gladstone is pledged to bring in a Redistribution Bill at the earliest possible date, and he may be safely defied to prove that such a date will not have arrived in October next. Delay on his part will expose him to an indictment on the charge of insincerity and even of duplicity. The Peers and their supporters will contend with crushing force that he has broken faith with the country, that he has not only gone out of his way when compromise was easy, to make compromise impossible, by being unprepared with the essential supplement to a Franchise Bill, but that he has so acted in contradiction of his repeated assurances, of the dictates of political expediency, of all his former dogmatic utterances reaching back continuously to his earliest connection with parliamentary reform. Now whatever the Whigs may think of the prudence of the Lords a couple of months ago, the English sense of fair play may be relied on to support the latter in declining to be trifled with on this vastly important subject even by so powerful a minister as Mr. Gladstone. Thus there is by no means an improbable contingency that an appeal to the country taking place on the second or even third rejection by the Lords of the Franchise Bill in its present

state would, the English public having been thoroughly seized of the nature of the case as attempted to be set forth here, give the Conservatives a majority and produce the collapse, division, and annihilation of the present Liberal party.

There is, of course, an alternative hypothesis, and one which it is not unprofitable for Mr. Gladstone and his more moderate colleagues and supporters to consider. It may be that what looks at present remarkably like a futile and abortive agitation against the Peers is destined to gather strength and to escape from the control of the minister who is primarily responsible. It may be that the country will rise in indignation if the Peers continue to distrust Mr. Gladstone, and that there will be heard an irresistible cry for curtailing or abolishing the privileges and prerogatives of the Upper House. Such a cry would be equivalent to a demand for a revision of the Constitution, and if the demand were acceded to no human being could determine where the process would stop. Not only the hereditary chamber but other institutions would be thrown into the Radical crucible. We are bound to believe that Mr. Gladstone would be profoundly and equally dissatisfied with either of these results. We may be certain that the latter result will be peculiarly abominable in the eyes of Lord Hartington and a considerable portion of the Liberal party.

Mr. Gladstone would bitterly regret a policy which alienated from him the confidence of the country and undermined the popular foundations of Liberalism, supposing, as is highly probable, that the popular voice influenced by various considerations declared against the Government. On the other hand, if we are to attach, as we are bound to do, great importance to his smothered protestations against violent agitation, against the intrusion of needless elements of class hatred and discord into the present struggle, against transforming demonstrations for an extension of the constitution into demonstrations for a revision of the constitution, he would as sincerely deplore a sequel which would mark the commencement of a genuinely revolutionary era in Great Britain. It may be in Mr. Gladstone's power to prevent the former result; it is most certainly in his power to prevent the latter. The fall of a Government is of comparatively small moment. The commencement of a revolution is from every point of view in our country an irreparable catastrophe. To the unreflecting it may seem a trifle whether a Redistribution Bill first sees the light in November, 1884, or in February, 1885. Revolutions commence with trifles, but do not result in trifles. The exact day for the presentation of a Redistribution Bill is an affair of detail, but details, unarranged, and neglected, become the source of fierce division, irreconcilable dispute, precede cycles of organic change.

Whatever estimate of the future may be taken by electioneering agents, whether the country is held to be Radical or Conservative at heart, for or against Mr. Gladstone, for or against the House of Lords, the responsibility which rests upon the first minister of the Crown is equally heavy and can be borne by him alone. It is now well within his capacity to secure an equitable, pacific, and, humanly speaking, final settlement of the question of Parliamentary reform. If he declines or neglects to grasp at the golden moment offered by the autumn session for adding strength to our constitution by the enfranchisement of millions, broken up into orderly and symmetrical constituencies, he will either smash his party or will commit the two political parties in the country to a struggle hardly distinguishable from, and possible, degenerating into, civil war. In the former case he will have proved himself for the second time in his career a sorry tactician. In the latter he will have written himself down as an unpatriotic and reckless minister, who, to achieve ephemeral success, called forces into existence which he was unable to repress, or even to control.

Under either alternative, Englishmen who take a legitimate pride in their great men, are justified in speculating at the present moment what position Mr. Gladstone will occupy at the bar of history, what may be the verdict pronounced upon him by the tribunal of posterity. Is it not possible that the Prime Minister is running the altogether unnecessary risk of allowing it to be recorded, that at a moment when the high road of safety and of truth lay open wide before him he elected the bye-ways of danger and double dealing, and that instead of peaceably and honourably terminating a party struggle he wantonly attempted to precipitate revolution and even civil war?

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL.

MODERN MYSTICISM.

I SHALL seem to many readers to utter a paradox if I say that one of the most remarkable notes of this nineteenth century is its mysticism. It is the great boast of a school of writers, claiming specially to represent modern thought, that in this age civilisation has taken the place of Christianity; faith and hope in man, of faith and hope in God; and, no doubt, they have warrant for so affirming. A new age it essentially is, an age which opened with a great revolution not merely in the political arrangements of the western world, but in its intellectual conceptions. The old public order of Europe was, at all events nominally, based upon Christian Theism. The primary position of the old philosophy was that man's knowledge of necessary truths depended upon the immutability of the Eternal. But now we may say, with a deeper meaning than the words bore upon the lips of the Attic poet, that Vortex reigns in the place of Zeus. The centre of thought has been shifted from the unchanging, the self-existent, the Divine, to the mutable, the dependent, the human. When Pierre Leroux offered his article "Dieu" to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, forty years ago, it was returned with the observation, "La question de Dieu manque d'actualité." The voice of the *Zeitgeist* spoke by the mouth of Buloz. But if sensism is written upon one page of the literature of our age, upon another is recorded the great truth, sadly confessed by the late Mr. Mill, that human life is inadequate to satisfy human aspirations. Consider Goethe, the intellectual king of this new epoch, the interpreter to itself of the modern mind, who more than any one else made it realise the revolution which has swept over it. True it is that the poet was among the worshippers of Vortex. The sense of what M. Buloz called "actualité" was fully developed in him; so much so, indeed, that Novalis taxed *Wilhelm Meister* with artistic Atheism. But where shall we find more eloquent witness to the revolt of human nature against the attempt to shut it up within the prison of the senses? Where breathes there more amply that sentiment of infinity which is the very life of mysticism? Now this way of thinking is most strongly marked in European literature from his time to our own, and that not more in the poets and metaphysicians of every school from Wordsworth to Swinburne, from Hegel to von Hartmann, but even in the chemists, the mechanicians, the professors of physical science generally; almost the sole exception being the medico-atheistic sect, considerable chiefly in France, whose occupation of searching for life in slaughter-houses and latrines is not conducive to lofty thought. I need not dwell upon what will be obvious to

every educated man and woman. But I must not proceed farther without setting down what I mean by mysticism. The late Mr. Mill shall help me to a definition. "Whether in the *Vedas*, the Platonists or the Hegelians," he writes, "it is nothing more nor less than ascribing objective existence to the subjective creations of our own faculties: to mere ideas of the intellect." That is the Positivist philosopher's account of mysticism. A Spiritualistic philosopher would call it the direct communion of the soul of man with the Supreme Object, to which neither the senses nor the logical understanding can attain. The mystical doctrine in its essence is that the highest fact in man can hold immediate intercourse with the Highest Fact in the universe. I shall proceed to survey, in such brief fashion as is possible to me here, the four chief systems in which that doctrine has been clothed. And I shall then consider the especial significance of the expression which it has found in modern philosophy.

First, then, let us go back three or four thousand years in the history of our race and look at the primitive wisdom stored up for us in the *Upanishads*, and particularly in the *Katha Upanishad*, the most perfect specimen of mystic Hindu philosophy. The Brahmin Vêgasravasa, desirous of heavenly rewards, surrendered at a sacrifice all that he possessed. Faith entered into the heart of his son Nakiketas and he said, "Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?" He said it a second and a third time. The father angrily replied, "I shall give thee unto death." The rash promise had to be kept, like Jephthah's. Nakiketas goes to the abode of Yama, the Regent of the Dead, and finds there none to receive him. After three days Yama returns, and by way of reparation for his want of hospitality to "a venerable guest, a Brahmin," promises to grant him three boons, whatever he may choose. The third boon which Nakiketas demands is "a knowledge of what there is in the great Hereafter." Yama begs him to ask for something else. "On this point even the Gods have formerly doubted. It is not easy to understand. The subject is subtle. Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years; choose the wide abode of earth, abundant harvests, fair maidens with their chariots and musical instruments." "No," says Nakiketas, "these things last but till to-morrow for they wear out the vigour of the senses. Keep thou thy horses: keep dance and song for thyself. No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth when we see thee? What mortal, slowly decaying here below, would delight in long life after he has duly weighed the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?" And so he presses for his boon. And at last Yama unfolds in mystic language the supreme secret. "The good is one thing: the pleasant another.

The wise prefers the good to the pleasant. The fool chooses the pleasant through greed or avarice. This is the world, he thinks; there is no other. Thus he falls again and again under my sway." And then Yama expounds the doctrine of the Self—*Ātman*—infinite, invisible, divine, life of the world and life of our life; of whom many are not able to hear, whom many, when they hear of Him, do not comprehend. This Self is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. It is not killed though the body is killed. "If the slayer thinks that he slays, if the slain thinks that he is slain, they do not understand: for this does not slay, neither is that slain. Lesser than the least and greater than the greatest, this Self is seated in the breast of every living thing. This the passionless sage beholds and his sorrows are left behind. The sage that knows himself to be the infinite all-pervading Self no longer sorrows. There is, then, as the great teacher, Death, unfolds the mystery, one Reality and only one; and the highest wisdom is for a man to see that he is one with this one Reality, this characterless thought, which like the ether is everywhere, in a continuous plenitude of being. It is *Māya*, the self-feigning world fiction, which has feigned itself from everlasting, that presents the variety of experience, the duality of subject and object, and these melt away into unity on the rise of the ecstatic vision.

But how may a man thus put aside the veil of *Māya*, transcend the illusion of phenomena, and attain to this intuition of the Self? "Not by the *Veda*," Yama teaches, "nor by understanding, nor by much learning; neither he that has not ceased from evil, nor he that is not concentrated, nor he whose mind is not quiescent, can read this Self by spiritual insight."

I have dwelt thus much upon this *Upanishad* because here we have the substance of Aryan mysticism in its most ancient expression: the dominant idea, however variously developed, of all the schools of Hindu theosophy, including the Buddhist. And if from India we turn to Greece, we find the same thought gradually unfolded. Pythagoras is little more to us than a name. Certain, however, it is that he lived chiefly in the memory of his countrymen as the founder of a mystical system derived probably from the East, of which "Know thyself" was the cardinal precept. And what shall we say of Socrates, "the religious missionary doing the work of a philosopher," to use Mr. Grote's happy phrase? That *δαίμόνιον* of his, a divine internal guide, not peculiar to him but, as he taught, apprehensible by all men who piously and holily worship the Gods and preserve their bodies pure and chaste, what is it but the light spoken of in the *Bṛihadāraṇyaka Upanishad*; the light within the heart, which when the sun has sunk, and the moon has set, and all

sounds are hushed, still illumines man, the light of the Self, which is other than the body and the senses. This was the kernel of the teaching for which he witnessed a good confession. It was his great achievement to recall philosophy from the beggarly elements of the physical world to the study of human nature: to maintain, in opposition to the sophists, that the true point of departure is not to be sought in the senses, but in thought, in the mind. And this is the key note of the whole doctrine of Plato, who, in the striking words of Mr. Maurice, lately given to the world, enfranchised men from systems, and sent them to seek for wisdom in the quiet of their own hearts. There can be no question at all that in the Platonic *Dialogues* we have the seeds of the mysticism which attained its full growth in the great school of Alexandria, seeds fated to develop according to the necessary laws which govern the growth of ideas. Plato seeks out, in the multitude of individual, variable, contingent things, their principles, to which they owe what they possess of general, of durable, that is to say, their ideas. These he reaches by stripping finite things of their limitations, their individuality. And above the hierarchy of ideas—the first of them—is the Sovereign Principle, the Supreme Unity, Absolute Beauty, Absolute Truth, Absolute Good, the life of our life and the light of spirits. The Neo-Platonists, going beyond their master, but following logically his method, deny to this Divine principle diversity of attributes, they divest it wholly of finite conditions. They make it uncharacterized, abstract, innominate, a simple undetermined essence—for they agree with Spinoza, “*Omnis determinatio negatio est*”—transcending existence and not cognisable by reason. It is in the soul's intuition of this Supreme Reality, in apprehension of unity with it, that Plotinus, the greatest of his school—“*magnus ille Platonicus*,” St. Augustine calls him—places the *summum bonum*. Half dust, half deity, he deems, is man, but the soul, divine in its nature, a portion of the Divinity imprisoned in this house of clay (just as, according to the similitude of the *Upanishads*, the light shining in many houses is one with the sun) is the real Self. To deliver it from the prison where it languishes, expiating the sins committed in former existences, is the one true end. And the way to attain to it is a *Via Purgativa*, a way of purification from earthly desires, of complete abstraction from phenomenal things, which leads to annihilation of self, to abolition of consciousness, until in the transcendent state of ecstasy (*ἔκστασις*) the distinction between the intelligent subject and the intelligible object ceases: the Supreme Perfection is seen, not without—ὅς ἐν ἄλλῳ—but within, and unity is gained. This is precisely the ecstatic vision of Vedic theosophy which they who enjoy lose themselves in the one and only Self, as rivers lose themselves in the sea. It is not substantially different from that attain-

ment of perfect indetermination, utter impersonality, called by the Buddhists *Nirvāna*, a bliss, we must remember, which according to the *Book of the Great Decease*, a man "while yet in this visible world may bring himself to the knowledge of, and continue to realise, and see face to face." Death does but set the seal to this union with the Unconscious Absolute. "I go," said the dying Plotinus, "to bear the Divine within me to the Divine in the universe."

These words of Plotinus might no less fitly have been uttered by a Moslem mystic than by a Vedic theosophist or a follower of Gotama. The late Professor Palmer held Sûfism to be really the development of the primeval religion of the Aryan race. Certain it is that its root idea is identical with the root idea of the *Upanishads*. The spiritual life is usually described by the Sûfite writers under the allegory of a journey, the goal of which is union with God. But at the outset, we meet with a paradox. It is one of their maxims that there is no road from man to God, because the nature of God is illimitable and infinite, without beginning or end or even direction, whereas the perception of man's understanding, "the intelligence of life" as the Prophet calls it, is restricted to the finite. It is by a Divine light, "the light in the heart," in Mohammed's phrase ("the light of God," the Sûfite writers commonly term it), that the Divine proximity is revealed: that mysterious proximity spoken of in the *Qu'rân*, "He is with you wherever you are," and hidden from man by the illusion of the senses. And so Jelâl, the great Sûfite saint and poet, in the *Mesnevî*:

"Beyond our senses lies the world of unity.
Desir'st thou unity? Beyond the senses fly."

The first stage in the journey is the purification of the heart from wordly impressions and desires, from the animal, the brutal, the fiendish, by the study of the *Qu'rân*, and the practice of its precepts and the discipline of asceticism. Thus does a man attain to self-knowledge, and thus does he soon arrive at the Divine light. Now this light is the nature of God, and hence the verse of the *Mesnevî*:

"I am not I: the breath I breathe is God's own breath."

Similar sayings are common in the Sûfite books. When the traveller acknowledges in his heart that God only always was, that God only always will be, his eyes are opened to the inner meaning of the formula, "There is no God but God," and he has closed the door upon existence and non-existence. He who has reached thus far has performed what is called the journey to God. It remains that he journey in God, drawn on to ever closer union by the splendour and sweetness of the Divine perfections, until he is lost in the ocean of the Divine love, reabsorbed in the Divine intelligence—the true end and purpose of his existence.

Professor Palmer describes the system of the Sûfis, which he considers to steer a mid-course between the Pantheism of India and the Deism of the *Qu'rdn*, as an attempt to reconcile philosophy with the Moslem revelation, by assigning a mystical and allegorical interpretation to all religious doctrines and precepts. For myself, I must say that I see no great difference between the Indian and the Sûfite mystics in respect of their Pantheistic tendencies. Indeed what I have written will, I think, sufficiently show that the mysticism of the *Upanishads*, the Neo-Platonists and the Sûfites is substantially identical. Let us come now to the fourth great mystical school, the Christian, which although largely influenced by Plotinus and his followers, through the writings of St. Augustine and still more of Dionysius, the so-called Areopagite, is clearly marked off from all other schools by its doctrines of the Trinity and creation. In Catholic theology, the three Persons of the Godhead, are conceived of under the similitude of a Divine circle "having no necessary relations save those which unite them ; self-sufficient and not implying any other existence. Moreover the universe is regarded not as engendered by God, nor as emanating from the Divine substance, but as freely created out of nothing. A great gulf, an infinite abyss, is held to separate the Creator even from the highest and most perfect of creatures ; a difference not of degree but of essence, to divide the human personality from the Divine. Still Christian, like all other mysticism, aims at grasping the Ultimate Reality, at direct communion with the Highest, and professes to open a way of escape from the blinding tyranny of sense, to transcend the veil of illusory phenomena, and to set free its votaries by an inward vision. The fundamental thought of the Christian religion is that there are two orders, commonly called nature and grace ; the one discernible by sense and understanding, the other by a spiritual sight. From the first until now the mystic light of Tabor, before which the phenomenal world fades away into nothingness, has ever burned at the inner shrine of Christianity. Thence has come the illumination of those who, age after age, have entered most fully into the secret of Jesus ; thence are the bright beams which stream from the pages of *St. John's Gospel*, *St. Augustine's Confessions*, the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Divine Comedy*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The supreme blessedness of man, as all Christian teaching insists, is the vision, in the great Hereafter, of Him who is the substance of substances, the life of life, who alone, in the highest sense, is—"I am," His incommunicable name—and who even in this world is seen by the pure in heart. "External nature," St. Bernard writes, "is but the shadow of God, the soul is His image. The chief, the special mirror in which to see Him is the rational soul finding itself." And he continues, "If the invisible things of God are understood and clearly seen by the things which have been made, where, I ask, rather

than in His image (within us) can be found more deeply imprinted the traces of the knowledge of Him? Whosoever therefore thirsteth to see his God, let him cleanse from every stain his mirror, let him purify his heart by faith." The substance of Christian mysticism is presented in this passage of St. Bernard. The allegories used by spiritual writers to expound it are various. St. Bonaventura treats of the *Journey of the Soul to God*, St. John Climacus of the *Ladder of Paradise*, St. Teresa of the *Interior Castle*. But their doctrine is ever that which, as we have seen, is so emphatically enforced by the great non-Christian schools of mysticism, that the Being of Beings is cognisable only by the purified mind. At first the Supreme Reality appears to the inner eye as darkness, whence Dionysius the Carthusian tells us, "Mystica theologia est ardentissima divini caliginis intuitio." This apparent darkness is, however, in itself light, dazzling and blinding in its splendour, and it gradually becomes visible as such when the spiritual vision is purged and strengthened and renewed by the stripping off of all love for the relative, the dependent, the phenomenal, and by the assiduous practice of all moral virtues. The reader who will consult the books of mystical theology—for example, the great treatise of St. John of the Cross, called the *Dark Night of the Soul*—will find all details of this process. It is an active process at first, but by-and-by changes into a passive, wherein the soul undergoes searching torture. There are pages in the writings of St. Catherine of Sienna and in those of Angela da Foligno, to mention no others, which I can only describe as appalling. To the Purgative succeeds the Illuminative, and to this the Unitive Way, and silence is accounted an indispensable help for walking in these paths of holiness. "Sacrum silentium," St. Bonaventura calls it, and he reckons two stages; the first in speech, the second in thought. "The perfection of recollection," he says, "is for a man to be so absorbed in God as to forget all else and himself also, and sweetly to rest in God, every sound of mutable thoughts and affections being hushed." Thus does the soul attain to that union with its Supreme Object which is brought about by the love of God and which Gerson terms "transformation." "Amor," says this Doctor Christianissimus "rapit ad amatum et ecstasim facit;" and ecstasy he describes as a state of the mind which not only weakens, but, for the time, annihilates all the inferior powers. It is a state in which a man passes out of himself, and the ordinary cognitive faculty is transcended: the body seems as dead and the senses are hushed, but the will, retaining full vigour, is absorbed in God.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate, if but in outline and as by a few strokes of a pencil, the main features of the four chief

systems of mysticism which the history of the world exhibits to us. It would have been interesting, if my limits had permitted, to have touched upon the dangers which, in greater or less degree, are incident to them all. A pregnant saying of the *Upanishads* declares the path of release to be fine as the edge of a razor. On one side of it lie the deep gulfs of madness : on the other the abysses of sensuality. The perpetual analysis of motives and brooding over circumstances, the heightened self-consciousness which cannot but arise in a life of contemplation, the shock caused to this frail tenement of clay by perpetual converse with the supersensible, are masterful incentives of insanity : "ενθεος και εκφρων the Greeks truly said. Again, mysticism delights in imagery and, indeed, can no otherwise be expressed or taught, and its images have ever been borrowed from the strongest of human sentiments, the passion of love. Thus the favourite textbook of Christian mystics is the *Cantica Canticorum*, and with them this Hebrew epithalamium is interpreted as a song of Divine love celebrating the nuptials of the soul with God. Hence it is said, "Deus osculatur, amplectitur animam : " and again, "Anima fruitur Verbo sponso." But in spite of the high and sacred meaning which has been shadowed forth by such similitudes, and although millions have proved that innocence and wisdom are combined in them, there are only too many sad and terrible examples justifying the sneer of Charron, "Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête." It is, however, a very palpable fact, worthy of being deeply pondered, that in the Catholic Church mysticism has been incomparably more healthy, more sober, more beautiful, than anywhere else. How could it be otherwise when the eye of the mystic is ever turned, not upon some vague abstraction of the Absolute, but upon "God manifest in the flesh," upon the glorious figure of Jesus Christ, full of grace and truth ? It can hardly be from prejudice, certainly it is not from any conscious undervaluing of other religions, but nowhere else can I discern such perfect specimens of spiritual excellence as Christianity affords, as St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Philip Neri and St. Francis de Sales, St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Teresa. And it is the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church that have made and fashioned them ; it is her symbolism, historical, social, visible, that has provided for their highest aspirations congruous expression, and restrained them within the bounds that may not be overpassed in this phenomenal world. While as the type of Christian mysticism, practically exhibited "for human nature's daily food," it is enough to point to the *Imitation of Christ*. Most noteworthy too, is it that when the paramount authority of dogmatic theology has been lost sight of, the speculations of mediæval and modern transcendentalists have usually issued in Nihilistic pessimism. Even in mystical writers whose orthodoxy is not impugned, we come upon statements such as these : that God not only is, but also is not, the Infinite Spirit ;

that He transcends both finity and infinity; that He is more truly not Being than Being, and may not improperly be called Nothing. The reader might suppose me to be citing Hegel, but he will find all this, and much more to the same effect, in the books of mediæval mysticism. The theologians do not deny that there may be sound sense underlying these transcendent speculations, so long as the Arachne clue of authoritative dogma is held fast in the labyrinth. Once lose it, and you will be compelled to assert either that God is unknowable, or that the inmost essence of the Divinity is the clean opposite of what Christianity declares it to be. And then God will appear as the Supreme Evil, striving to redeem and raise itself by evolving the universe: a doctrine which was eloquently preached in the Middle Ages by the celebrated Dominican Meister Eckhardt, and which has received its most complete and powerful statement from that stupendous genius Jacob Böhmen. But if the mystic transcends time and space, the writer on mysticism enjoys no such privilege, and I must no longer digress upon this curious and fascinating subject. Upon another occasion I may perhaps return to it. My present concern is with what I may call the normal aspects of mysticism. I have, of course, chiefly spoken of it as manifested in clearest relief and fullest development by its great lights and philosophical teachers. But we must not forget that it has ever been the kernel of the religion of the common people, whose instincts are usually as true as their reasonings are false. It is a fact of human nature, and is, therefore, exhibited at all times in history: a fact which confronts us to-day. And, in my judgment, contemporary mysticism possesses a peculiar significance when viewed in the light—or darkness—of modern philosophical speculation. What that significance is I shall now endeavour to indicate.

And first let me set down briefly where, as it seems to me, the age is in respect of its metaphysics. One of the most hopeful of its characteristics is that the license of affirmation, indulged by system-mongers, is becoming daily more and more discredited. The chief philosophical achievement of the last two hundred years has been of a kind to check such license; and European thought, after a century of not very fruitful wanderings, is going back to Kant. His *Critique of Pure Reason* deals precisely with the question, What are the limits of sane affirmation? and we may confidently say that none who have not read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested it, are competent even to discuss metaphysical problems as they present themselves to the modern mind. But it is not my purpose here to enter upon an examination of that great work. My present inquiry is this; taking it as it stands—assuming, for the sake of argument, that its theory of cognition is substantially correct, where are we in regard to the momentous question which man has ever asked, and

which, we may securely affirm, by a law of his nature he cannot keep from asking—the question which Nakiketas put to Yama about the Self and that which dwells in the great Hereafter? Such, and no other, is the scope of the *argumentum ad hominem* with which I shall be occupied in the remainder of this paper.

The *Critique of the Pure Reason*, then, is essentially a doctrine of nescience. Our first view of the world discloses to us phenomena which we take for realities. Kant purges our intellectual vision, and shows them to us for mere phantasmagoria of sense. And to these phantasmagoria he restricts our perception. The human understanding is shut up within the circle of our sensations and conceptions; these reveal to it merely phenomena, and beyond the sphere of phenomena all is a void for it. Time and space are mere mental forms; they have no reality, that is, no noumenal externality. The categories—conceptions which exhibit laws *a priori* to phenomena—are indeed ours; they are the moulds in which the materials presented by sense perception are arranged, and by means of them it is that synthetic judgments *a priori* are possible. But no faculty of the speculative reason has any objective worth, for the subject imposes its own forms on knowledge, and so makes it subjective. Purely subjective is what is called “the law of causality” a mere regulative principle. Again, what are termed “laws of nature” are in truth the forms of our intelligence which we apply to phenomena. And, more than this, the understanding cannot affirm anything about noumena—real things, things in themselves. The word finds place in the *Critique of Pure Reason* merely as the antithesis of phenomena. It expresses, Kant says, a limitative conception, and is therefore only of negative use. Noumena may exist, or they may not exist. All that is certain is that no faculty of the human understanding can discover anything about them. Such, in few words, and those as untechnical as the subject permits, are the main outlines of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Its issue clearly is to annihilate dogmatism, affirmative or negative, and to warn us against venturing with the speculative reason beyond the limits of experience. Its practical operation will be evident at once, and may be held to warrant the title of *Der Alleszermalmender*, the Universal Crusher, which the Germans have given to its author. Take, for example, its effect upon the ordinary “proofs of the existence of God.” The argument from causality at once disappears, for if “the law of cause and effect” apply only to the world of the senses, no reasoning can be founded upon it which touches the conception of a world beyond sense. The other well-known Deistic demonstrations fare as badly. Kant insists that no unity of thought and being is knowable save the unity of experience, and that this is the sole realisation, cognisable by the speculative reason, of the ideal to which men have

ascribed the name of God. "If," he urges, "the Supreme Being forms a link in the chain of empirical conditions, it must be a member of the empirical series, and, like the lower members which it precedes, have an origin in some higher member of the series. If, on the other hand, we disengage it from the chain, and cogitate it as an intelligible being apart from this series of natural causes, how shall reason bridge the abyss that separates the latter from the former?"

Thus does Kant lead us into what may well be called "the dark night of the soul." The *Critique of Pure Reason* presents a striking parallel to the *Via Purgativa* of the mystics. The illusoriness of the phenomenal world, the impotency of the mere understanding to penetrate beyond it to the vision of a Reality transcending sense—these are its main lessons. It opens the disciples' eyes—Schopenhauer describes its effect as very like that of the operation for cataract upon a blind man—but it opens them to behold the great darkness. I said just now that it does not enable us even to assert the existence of the noumenal. And this is true, but it is a half truth. Kant's language on this subject is not superficially consistent, although it is consistent, I think, in a deeper sense. He employs the word noumenal to express a limitary conception. He gives it a negative use. But it is worthy of notice that this is pretty much the sum of the knowledge of God to which, as the mystics of all schools teach, we can attain by means of the phenomenal order. They, in effect, allow to the human understanding rather a negative than a positive ideal of that transcendent Reality beyond appearances which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived. And so St. Augustine, in the *De Ordine*: "Of whom there is no knowledge in the human soul, save to know how it knows Him not;" or as we read in the *Upanishads*: "Words turn back from it, with the mind not reaching it." And hence the phrase common to them all: "The Divine Darkness." Is there any way in which this darkness may be made light for the disciple of Kant?

The master has answered that question in the *Critique of the Practical Reason*, a work the true position of which is very little understood, even by those who undertake most confidently to expound his teaching. I suppose Hoine has done more than any one else to mislead the world in general about it by the well-known passage in the *Reisebilder*—inimitably witty it is, although one could wish that this bitter mocker had spared us his flouts and gibes upon so momentous a subject—the passage in which he represents the consternation that ensued when the sage of Königsberg had stormed the heavenly citadel and put the garrison to the sword. All the time-honoured proofs—the bodyguards—of the Divine Existence destroyed and the Deity Himself deprived of demonstration and laid low: supreme

mercy, infinite goodness, the great hopes of the hereafter all gone, and the immortality of the soul in its last agony: on all sides the groans and rattle of death. Old Lampe, the philosopher's faithful servant, is in terror and tears at the catastrophe, and lets fall the umbrella, with which—a living image of Providence—he had followed his master for so many years. Kant's heart is softened, for he is not only a great metaphysician, but also a good-natured man. "No, this will never do," he reflects. "Poor old Lampe must have his God, or there will be no happiness for him: and man ought to be happy in this world: that is the dictate of the Practical Reason. Very well: let the Practical Reason guarantee the existence of God." And so, with a wave of the magic wand of the Practical Reason, he resuscitates what the Speculative Reason had slain. Old Lampe is consoled, and the police cease from turning upon the philosopher the eyes of suspicion.

This excellent fooling of Heine's represents with sufficient accuracy the account of the *Critique of the Practical Reason* generally current. But in truth it is mere fooling. Kant himself, who may surely be accepted as a tolerably good authority on the subject, tells us that the second *Critique* is the necessary complement of the first: another storey of the same edifice. He knew well that there is far more in the human consciousness than is explicable by "the pure forms of intuition," the concepts of the understanding, the ideas of reason; he knew well that the understanding is not the whole man, and that to confine us within the phantasmal circle of sense conception, and to shut us off from the intelligible world, is to doom us to moral and spiritual death. And the opening into this transcendent region, the revealing agency of supersensual realities he finds in the concept of Duty; a concept marked off from the notions of cause, of space, of time, of substance, and the like, by vast differences which prove its objective character. Here is the creative principle of morality, of religion; more sublime to Kant than the starry heavens, and rightly; for what are the starry heavens, in his philosophy, but a creation of sense, the product of the innate forms of time and space? But the categorical imperative is independent of time and space. "*Cogita Deum, invenies Est, ubi Fuit et Erit esse non possunt. Ut ergo et tu sis, transcede tempus.*" It is the precept of St. Augustine, and the *Critique of the Practical Reason* is but an effort to accomplish it. To find the true Self, Kant transcends time and space and the vain shadows of the phenomenal world, and reaches *that perception of right and wrong in motives, and of the supreme claims of right upon our allegiance*, which testifies to him of God, free-will, immortality. "We recognise," he says, "in our moral being, the presence of a power that is supernatural." Now this recognition is a direct intuition of

self-evident truth, pointing to that Supreme Reality of whom the Hebrew poet sang, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the establishment of His throne." Thus does our darkness become light. It is the Kantian equivalent of the Illuminative Way of theology: and here the rigid analytical philosopher is in accord with all that is most mystical in modern literature. When Wordsworth testifies of conscience—

"As God's most intimate presence in the soul;
And His most perfect image in the world;"

when Tennyson declares—

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the heart would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt;'"

when George Eliot proclaims that

"In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes,
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears,
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;"

they all, in their varying moods, teach Kant's doctrine of the categorical imperative; and are at one with the mystics of every age in pointing to the path releasing from the phenomenal world, and—

"Letting us pent-up creatures through
Into eternity—our due."

But though in this doctrine of the categorical imperative we have the essence of all mysticism, it must, I think, be allowed that Von Hartmann is well warranted when he says, "Unfortunately, Kant did not attain the same depth of insight in reference to *a priori* forms of intuition, as in the case of the forms of thought." The intuition of duty is but one of many faculties independent of sense perception which, as a matter of fact, exist in human nature. Or, to put the matter more accurately, that power within us which discerns the axioms of eternal righteousness is the very same in root and substance which grasps the facts and interprets the laws of a world beyond appearances. Unquestionably, there is in man an *αἰσθησις τῆς ψυχῆς*. Take the sense of personality, whereby we know the self of ours which is no phenomenon, but something more, abiding amid change, and so making experience possible: take the

sense of force, possessing a permanence and reality not belonging to the phenomena by means of which we apprehend it, or the sense of power, of will—surely all these give us a glimpse into the noumenal world, an intuition of things in themselves. But again, consider the vast region—most real, however dim and ill-explored and infested by fools and knaves—the region of prescient instinct, of spiritual sight and hearing and contact, of abnormal physical states, of seemingly miraculous powers. Nothing is easier than for the negationist to suspend upon his upturned nose the mass of evidence available regarding these things, and to take refuge in a stupid *a priori*; but nothing is more “unscientific,” if science proceed upon observation and experience. To adduce a familiar instance: surely the well-authenticated narratives recently given to the world by Messrs. Myers and Gurney are as worthy of consideration as the hypotheses of Professor Hæckel. I decline, indeed, to follow “Esoteric Buddhists” to the cloudy regions of Thibet. I hope I do not wrong them, but I frankly confess that their stock-in-trade appears to me to consist of fragments of a great religion wholly misinterpreted, and tricks of jugglery imperfectly acquired. Their “Esoteric Buddhism” seems to me to be but a shoddy system, the worn-out linen of venerable sanctuaries ground down with non-adhesive Yankee glue. Still, where there is smoke—especially so thick a smother—there may be fire. And if the “Esoteric Buddhists” will show me the smallest scintilla of fact I will respect it, if not them. But let us go to a very different teacher, who, whatever we may think of his system, is assuredly in some respects the sanest of recent Teutonic philosophers. I am at a loss to conceive how any candid mind can read the section in Von Hartmann’s great work, wherein he discourses of the Unconscious in bodily life, and resist the cogency of the data gathered by that most careful and critical observer from so many departments of physical science. If any fact is clear it is this, that not only in man, but in all animate existence, down to its lowest forms, we find a perceptive power transcending sense and reflection and far more trustworthy. The subject is too large for me to enter upon. I can only refer those of my readers who would follow it out, to Von Hartmann’s masterly treatment of it, merely observing here that the evidence for the facts of second sight, of presentiment, of presage, is so various, so abundant, and so overwhelmingly corroborated, that in the words of this clear and judicial writer, “for impartial judges, the absolute denial of such phenomena is consistent only with ignorance of the accounts of them.” And these phenomena, he justly observes, are essentially mystical. Well warranted, too, must I account him when he reckons as mystics all great artists, for they do but body forth, according to their diverse gifts, which they have intuitively discerned in the high

reason of their fancies: and all philosophers, so far as they are truly original, both because their greatest thoughts have never been the result of laborious effort, nay, nor of conscious induction, but have been apprehended by the lightning flash of genius: and also because their essential theme is connected with the one feeling only to be mystically apprehended, namely the relation of the individual to the Absolute. Of religion I need not speak. Every great faith of the world has originated in mysticism and by mysticism it lives; for mysticism is what John Wesley called "heart religion." When this dies out of any creed, that creed inevitably falls into the moribund decrepitude of mere formalism or superstition.

So much must suffice to indicate the transcendent importance which mysticism seems to me to possess in these days, when so many a fair philosophy lies in ruins, and time-honoured theologies are threatened with swift extinction, as mere collections of meaningless words about unintelligible chimeras. Founded as it is in that highest faculty which St. Bonaventura calls "*apex mentis*," mysticism is the impregnable citadel of the supersensible, a citadel which no *Zermalmender* shall ever overthrow, though he crush all else. But there are two objections to which, in conclusion, I must briefly reply. First, it is said by an exceeding great multitude—Mr. Mill may serve as their spokesman in the passage I have quoted from him—that the mystics, in fact, do nothing more than ascribe objective existence to the subjective creation of their own faculties, to mere ideas of the intellect. Surely this is a tyrannous *ipse dixit*, if ever utterance deserved to be so called. Why should I believe, upon the authority of those who confessedly do not speak as experts, that the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue in all ages have been wrong, when they thought themselves to be holding communion with supersensible Realities? Is not their own account of the matter as credible as the hypothesis that they were given over to a strong delusion to believe a lie, that their highest vision was but a turning about in their own thoughts, as in the void inane? No; when the spirit is perfectly master of itself, when passion and interest are stilled for the moment, when there is a combined ease and energy of thinking which cannot be mistaken for vacancy of mind, I defy a man to believe that the intuitions of which he is conscious are illusory or merely subjective. He may say so when the hour is past, and he has been disobedient to the heavenly calling; but he did not think so when it was present. And here I would point to one most unquestionable and most significant fact. However strange, it is no less certain, that the farther we recede from mathematics and the formal teaching of logic—or, in other words, the nearer we approach to life and its perfections—the more delicate, subtle, and easily overlooked are the truths we come

upon. The surest and most sacred verities are precisely those which appear the most fantastic illusions to such as have no real, no personal apprehension of them, who know them but as notions, and at second hand. Thus, who that has not experienced the tender passion, can endure the extravagances, the unreason, the madness—so he deems—which characterize it? But let Benedick fall in love, and he will be as insane as the rest of us. The true doctrine is that only those are verily and indeed out of their minds, out of harmony with life and nature, who do not confess the sway of the gentle goddess: “Alma Venus, quæ rerum naturam sola gubernas!” Birth, life, family, the state, the world’s great order are all carried on by means of a passion which laughs at syllogisms, yet has a higher reason than all logic, which defies analysis, yet has “its deep foundation set under the grave of things.” Now this has a direct bearing upon that highest kind of love and knowledge which makes the universe of the mystics. It is precisely in proportion as they do not argue that they are convincing; the secret of persuasion is theirs in a transcendent degree which no analytical philosopher has ever possessed. It is the easiest thing in the world to hold up their imaginations, their ecstasies, their visions and revelations to scorn as intellectual intoxication or mental disease: the hard, the impossible thing for one who has held high converse with the sages of the *Upanishads*, with Plotinus, with Jelâl, with St. Teresa, is to believe that what those great souls accounted the prime and only Reality was wholly unreal.

I say “*wholly* unreal.” And this brings me to that second objection which is based upon the discrepancies and contradictions of mysticism. It is an objection that seems to fade away when it is fairly considered. The primary position of the mystics is that the highest truth is not so much intellectually known as spiritually felt: “*cognoscendo ignoratur et ignorando cognoscitur.*” Theirs is a doctrine of divine nescience, or, in the words of the Arcopagite, of negative theology. In the higher moods of spiritual exaltation the understanding is hushed, and the light of sense goes out, paled before the splendour of the invisible world. Thus was it when St. Paul was rapt in ecstasy and—whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell—heard *arcana verba*, unspeakable words which it is not given to man to utter. Thus when St. Augustine and St. Monica held that memorable converse at Ostia, and passing in contemplation beyond the world of phenomena, came to their own minds, and transcending self, reached the Very Self (*Idipsum*) and were ravished and absorbed in the ineffable sweetness of the vision. Thus when St. Teresa in the fruition of that intimate union with her Divine Spouse, “in the centre of the soul, where illusion is impossible,” was instructed by the light which is the life of men, without words

or the use of any corporal faculty, in mysteries "too sublime to be spoken of in earthly speech, for they are figureless and formless." The feeling of the greatest saints has always been "*Sacramentum regis abscondere bonum est*;" it is a good thing to conceal the secret of the King. And one reason why this is good is because the secret cannot be perfectly conveyed in the language of sense perception: "*transumanar significar per verba non si poria*," sings Dante in the *Paradiso*. To attempt to render the noumenal in phenomenal symbols is, of necessity, to refract it, for the laws of the mind impose their own form upon ideas. The straight staff must seem bent when we view it in the pool. In our cognition Divine things are discerned "*per speculum et in ænigmate*." The looking-glass of the human understanding cannot but reflect sensuous images. The accounts of the mystics are necessarily discrepant, and the discrepancy is due to the varying symbolisms used by them: symbolisms, for the most part traditional, inherited from the nation or school to which they belong. The very incongruity of human words as a vehicle of transcendental truth, accounts sufficiently for errors in its presentation. It has been well said that the speech of angels is music. And who can translate music? In the rendering of that celestial language into the tongues of men, it is much if any trace of its divine perfection remain. Certain it is that in the more popular, the more vulgar manifestations of religion, that is to say the religion of the great majority, the mystical element, which is its life, will assume the most unlovely forms, until for the harmony of the spheres you have the howls of the Salvationists. True, too, is the French saying, that the common people like to mix water with the wine of their belief. They usually mix a great deal: sometimes so much as to drown the precious drop from the "*calix inebrians*," the "*chalice of the grapes of God*." But it is still there, potent in its divine virtue to slake the thirst of human nature for a good transcending sense; to lift eyes, dim with tears and dull with pain, towards the Beatific Vision; to heal and strengthen feet, sore and weary from the rough ways of earth, for the steep ascent of Heaven.

W. S. LILLY.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN NORWAY.

FIFTEEN summers, save one, have I spent in Norway. I wish I had not missed that fifteenth summer. To old Norwegians these lines dedicate no offering, except the tribute of congratulation, and the hope that they, too, may have their decades of good travel and good sport. But to those who have not yet been to Norway I may here be of some use, even if I fail to give some pleasure to those who have sailed her stormy seas.

I do not think there is a really good book on Norway. Those I have read invariably stop short at the exact spot where interest demands them to go on. They contain reports, rumours, records, impressions—redundant, defective, and abortive. Like country finger-posts, in Wilts or Devon, they point the direction you cannot decipher or the direction you desire not, misleading, too, because so rarely written up to date. How many Englishmen, to wit, must have traversed Lapland, and yet Major Hutchinson alone is faithful, suggesting difficulties of routes and facilities of sports. Whether my view be just or unjust, this at least holds good—no written record ever contains those unwritten laws of the travel-stained *raconteur*, after contact with tourists, sportsmen, habitués, and leading natives. Such fellowship with shrewd, kindly acquaintances have fallen to my lot. Often as I count the slow, revolving months which must intervene before the time comes round to start for Norway again, I have chewed the cud of reflections so grateful and comforting.

In estimating the realities and possibilities of Norwegian sport and travel as it is, one is sorely tempted to indulge in a portrayal of the Norway of old, and to conjure up those happiest hunting-grounds—so difficult of access, so easy of sport—when every party had its own river and moor to itself; when every “stand” thereon had its 2,000 lbs. score of fish, and every “gun” thereon its twenty-five brace a day; when the royal salmon was not choked with the dust of saw-mills, nor his dominion tainted with rank poisons of civilisation; when estuaries were not festooned and undermined with every kind of engine, trap, and mesh at every headland, point, or “hammer;” when fjeld and forest were as free as the air of the fjord, saddled with no stringent prohibitions, and vexed by no Licensing Acts. The glory of Norway’s sport is departed. Gone those good old times, some say fifty, some say thirty years ago, that golden age of Finmark and Lofoten, of Alten and Namsen, of Dovre Fjeld and Ostredal, of Sogne and Hardanger.

The scientific explanation is the inferior productivity of the salmon tribe, and his fickle affection for certain regions, shores, and habitats.

There is the break-down in the National system of Government Inspectors, with a staff out of all proportion to a littoral whose external length must be 1,500 miles, and internally (following the intricacies of its countless fjords) far more than I dare estimate. Government inspectors, I have heard, exist, but what visitors have ever beheld them? Granted their existence, they have also by law definite duties which might be exercised with more vigorous rigour. There is also the local difficulty of countless riparian proprietors with musty, doubtful rights and antiquated titles. If they cannot always establish their rights they generally contrive to get their fish, and often both; and if a not unnatural greed compels some of these poorer "care-takers" and holders in fee-simple not to consent to letting by contract, they can ever do as they have ever done, injury incalculable to their rivers and estuaries by all kinds of netting at all times and seasons. Against these pernicious practices many English sportsmen have frequently remonstrated to the proprietors themselves. Finally, so many fishermen unreasonably hope to get in Norway what they cannot reasonably get in Scotland and Ireland, that the supply of worked-out, failing, over-netted, high-priced rivers—of rivers, alas, sold over one's head and behind one's back—is falling shorter and ever shorter of the demand, and men go their way convinced that the actual decrease is even greater than it is. In an equal degree, this conjoint operation of adverse causes has affected decent sea-trout fishing, and in a minor degree trout-fishing in rivers, rivulets, lakes of the lowland valleys, and tarns of the highland fjelds.

The causes which have caused a decrease in grouse are traceable, I think, to the altered economic conditions of an improving country, to variations of climatic severity, to the leniency and laxity of national and provincial regulations about close time, and to the absence of any efforts to maintain the preservation of game. Norway is a poor country, becoming each month and every year more enriched with means of internal and coast communication, and other facilities of transport. Its main arteries throughout are its line of steamers from the North Cape to the Naze, with their network of local "feeders" and tributary "tugs." These together "tap" all its largest towns and centres of demand. Its southern district, bounded by Christiania and Trondhjem, is connected by a State railway, with threatened extension to Bergen, its western mart, and eastward with through traffic to Stockholm and the more thriving municipalities of Sweden. Besides these *Jernbauer*, there are State roads, *Kongsveier*, traversed by a progress easy and slow. In days when the king's highway alone existed, a highland peasant proprietor assured me that he *often* conveyed 1,000 ryper to Trondhjem and Christiania. And what he did in simple epochs hundreds do nowadays, not only in their thousands, but, thanks to the agencies of

steam-power, in their tens of thousands too. Hence arise markets, and the dependence of towns upon country supplies. Add to this home consumption the increasing English craze, when British game is past, for grouse and ptarmigan with all their flavour iced out of them by long cellaring, and one is confronted by an extensive demand which necessitates extensive supplies. It is this capture or piracy of grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, capercailzie, and hares for all markets, so rapidly becoming an expanding industry, which tends to decrease shooting and limit the area of negotiable moors. The same demand does not decrease sport in England, where consumers are supplied from game preserves. But in Norway the supply is promoted by foul means far more than by fair, by netting, by snaring, by an absurdly circumscribed close-time from June 1 to August 15, and by the approved murder of pairing birds in the "lekking" season. The law which is so sadly inadequate for the prohibition of salmon is even more inadequate here. The sportsman realises this when each succeeding autumn brings him diminished "bags" after harder walking. Even the tourist may appreciate the absurdity when he fares sumptuously on fresh cailzie in mid-June at some forest station; and the consumer knows it only too well, whose goodwife consigns to her attendant maid *ryper* which cost, in the *market-torve* of Bergen or Christiania 100 öre instead of 50. Still, the keen shot whom the stretches of moorland brace with an invigorating enthusiasm can yet tread manfully and honestly on virgin land which will reward him well with many an unsophisticated heather-cock which has escaped the fowler's snare, and can even yet count his spoils with a light heart in some mountain *sæter* of the limitless, unexplored fjelds. You must know your dogs and your country, the temper of your district, and the idiosyncracies of local officials, and the patience of your own brave purposes; then you will average, with a comfortable comrade, your twenty brace a-day. This is nothing, I know, to the fifty brace a single gun used to kill long, long ago in Lofoten, and bears no comparison to the prolific yields in better times on the islands off the northern coast of Finmark, off Trondhjem itself, on the fjelds of Dovre and Fille, on the mountain-sides of Kiølen which verge to Osterdal and above Gudbrandsdal's well-farmed slopes. The contrast between what is and what was, the present and the past, what one gets and what one might get, is so striking and so galling, that men may well lend a tempting ear to those who entice them to transfer rod and gun to the rivers of Canada, the prairies of America, untrodden Iceland, to the "big game" of Cashmere and the "Rockies," the snipe and quail of Dalmatian foreshores and Egyptian deltas—even to the hot corners of the kingdom of Tipperary or to the quiet nooks secure of an Erin unregenerate by revolution, the removal of landlords, and the diapason of dynamite.

Persons who travel in quest of sport in a country wherein sport is so little pursued for its own sake by the Norsko themselves must not neglect to notice and weigh the characteristics of the country in which they hope to find it. Norway is more than a "geographical expression." Its geography as affecting sporting localities and the influence of population upon fish, flesh, and fowl is everything. It is an elongated peninsula, flanked by its backbone, its highest mountain ranges, out of which run transversely westward vassal spurs, on the base of whose *roches moutonnées* foam the tumultuous waters of Teutonic tides and Arctic breakers. This backbone and these spurs form on their higher levels and lower ridges, on their table-lands and jagged sides, wastes of moor above the forest growth, snow-clad for almost nine months out of the twelve. There is the region of mountain-tarns, the summer home of winged game—snipe, duck, ryper, blackcock, woodcock, and even capercailzie; but when evening breaks these fly downward to the refuge of their impenetrable forest. And between these vast ribs and ridges speed seaward with hurrying course, through forest, dell and dale, and mayhap corn-land, the myriad streams which swell the giant channel with picturesque rapids, romantic reaches, fascinating fosses—falls whose height un-engineered by man's device the salmon fails to surmount, and is content to lurk amongst the pools which dot his river realm as it widens to the sea. Most men waste more expeditions than one in not knowing where to look for what they are seeking, and their expectations are cut off mainly because they will not consult the very topography of the country.

Foremost amongst the characteristics of a sporting country stands its climate. I know too well what ruin snow in late spring and early summer can inflict upon grouse prospects. People have told me extravagant versions of warm autumn afternoons when one may throw stones at grouse and slay the tame victims. There is little exaggeration I fear in this, that on coldest winter nights and mornings peasant-boys get near enough to squatting, paralysed, frost-bitten, starveling grouse to knock them on the head with roughest of sticks. Lastly, in most countries the sport itself is affected by the nature of the inhabitants themselves. As a race the Norwegians do not understand the pleasure, the chance, the exercise; in the smallest degree, the skill involved; as a race they betake themselves *à la chasse* for dear life itself—for means of existence or exchange. They kill the bear because it kills their sheep, and slay the glutton because the glutton rends their kids, or pursue "vilde" to the death for paltry legal premiums. They net salmon and trout *pari passu* with herring and cod, and spear spawning trout as they pass from the big lakes up the shallow "becks," and salt one and all with unesparing indiscrimination. Of course there are exceptions. Some of the better classes, leading merchants of the towns, members of the

Christiania Sporting Club, doctors and lawyers of country districts, devote off-days to their pet pastime, hare-hunting; some, too, on the opening feast of St. Ryper turn out in great array by the quays of Tromsø and Bergen, and the railway termini of Christiania and Trondhjem; others flush woodcock and stalk geese with artistic zest; whilst others are really apt hunters of reindeer, red-deer, and elk. Still, all said and done, they are not to the manner-born sportsmen. I could seldom detect in them the "grit" and instinct of sport. Proficiency is rare, and then it is as often as not the proficiency of the professional—I had almost said, of the trapper of Cooper or the poacher of the Laird. They have never had either time or taste, seldom the money, and but lately the improved means, so that their influence upon sport is relatively slight.

Other questions I have repeatedly had to answer are these: Is sport abundant in Norway? Is there any considerable difficulty in obtaining the right or the permission to fish and to shoot? And then, what kinds of fish and game may be usually found? If salmon fishing be impossible ought a trout-rod to be each traveller's sinequa-non? And if a gun can generally be turned to some account, is it any use taking a rifle too? Sport of all kinds and any kind is distinctly not "abundant," as manuals maintain. Salmon fishing is very scarce, and, as a rule, poor. I except, of course, the known rivers which have been long in the best of private hands, as was the Alten under the late Duke of Roxburghe; the Ranma, under Sir Charles Mordaunt and the late Mr. Bromley Davenport; Mr. Muster's rivers, and some smaller streams like my own in Nordland, which are nursed and preserved. Even good rivers which have had a succession of good tenants, like the Namsen, Gula, Vepsen, Orkla, Salten, &c., are fast becoming unreliable, whilst the Tromsø district (on survey-charts most attractive) was five years ago (Consul Holst of Tromsø assured me), absolutely hopeless. It is little use then to think of salmon fishing in Norway unless one can take up the reversion of some such private properties, or the leases of smaller rivers in bad condition and coax them into better by buying off all evil ways. My friend, Mr. Bate, of Kelsterton, and myself have done this with considerable success. Good sea-trout fishing I find even more rare. The general impression is that it can be procured anywhere; the general result, is, it is procured nowhere. Had I time to try, I should investigate two regions drained by small rivulets emptying direct into the fjords on the coasts of Jæderen or Lofoten, and perhaps at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. It must be really plentiful at the mouth of all rivers, one would think, and yet it is most difficult to procure; consuls, agents, merchants, folks, travellers, fishermen—all have nothing definite to impart; each year, with its many applications, only adds to my despair. Everything depends on the locality chosen, the lateness of the season, the prevalence of

rains, and a series of good lakelets above the rivulet. Without most of these conditions, it is in vain to journey many a bootless day to favourable venues. Brom trout are plentiful, of all sizes, easily procurable at all times. Sometimes to salmon fishers they are a greedy plague. Especially good sport with these can be gained readily in the streams and chiefly in the connecting necks which unite *vand* to *vand* away down Thelemarken, in S. Osterdal by the waters of Trysil and Rena; and, for those who do not mind exploring, in the miles of reaches which extend far above the fosses of all great rivers like Namsen, Maals, Surendal, Glommen (in part), Vepsen, and Salten.

The very extent of the fjelds makes it impossible to say that winged game is universally abundant. Some moors and forests, long since secured by rights prescriptive, are more prolific; but there must be many just as good (*vlekjeut*). Study a good map, and venture. There will be found sufficient sport with willow-grouse (*ryper*) on the moorland fringing the forest-level; fjeld-grouse (ptarmigan) higher up amongst the granite, the snow, and the moss; black game (*varfugl*), shy and scarce, the *ryper's* rearguard on the lower terrain, and round the swamps and green oases, exposed, though pine-girt; golden plover on the undulating peaks, wind-driven and austere; very few wild geese, duck, widgeon, teal, except on the foreshores, and around the Swedish lakes. Far north, say within hail of Sulitelma or by mid-Norway's Jolûn-fjelds, one might accidentally "draw a bead" on golden eagle when moons are blue. Snipe sociable and snipe solitary rise here and there from the long sedge and rush, and woodcock from juniper covert make up on most days on most "beats" in forest or moor, the pleasures of a motley log. One never quite knows what is going to get up next—generally grouse. Those who have tasted the blood of big game and will be content with nothing less, can, if they search with faith and patience, be guided to sure haunts of reindeer, elk, red-deer, and bear. Many sportsmen make one only of these game their only sport, and prove its worth and satisfaction by returning annually to the rights they have leased. I have known men kill their bear in the four corners of Norway—in Soterdal, Osterdal, Christiansand, and Arctic Bardödal.

To the intending Norwegian I would say, beware of the volunteers who infest hotels and landing stages to urge that worst of counsel—advice not wanted. These pernicious pests will invade annoyingly your *værelse* at Molde, Tromsø, Christiansand, Namsos, and the capitals. If you take up the hue and cry of these buzzing touts you will be too soon on a wrong scent. Experience and exploration alone sweeten discovery. Those who are of the "right sort" will be satisfied with a reward offered to them not unsparingly. The look of the country he travels and searches will tell the "old hand" the habitat of his game; whilst those outside that mystic "craft" are welcome to the glamour of the guide-books and their misleading marvels.

Lastly, as to cost. Salmon rivers rent high considering the low estate to which they have fallen. Some persons pay £100 for their "stands" on a fashionable river. Rent, contract-fees, payments for non-netting, boats, boatmen, all help to swell a significant total, which relatively few can afford to pay. £30, £50, are the average prices I have known paid for "rods"—the privilege of fishing only. These prices are well ahead of those in past years when fishing the pick of the pools meant little more than the *udløg* of reaching them. Other fishing is merely a matter of permission, always granted, but not always asked. Big game can be "chased" only under lease or license, or both. Forest leases are very slight, almost trivial sums being paid to each farmer for such uncertain sport. The State license for shooting over Crown lands—all high fjelds are Crown lands—is £11. Grouse is more a matter of hard work and compromise than by direct expenditure. It is made costly enough by State licenses, by monopoly prices charged to Englishmen for Norske pointers and Swedish setters, now that British dogs are marked contraband. Ghillies, ponies, parish *berillinger* (£5 the season in some communes), all combine to disabuse one of the old-fashioned notion that shooting, like fishing, costs only the time. I am not complaining of a *juste milieu*. I do not think avarice or extortion so prominent in Norske as in others. They are becoming a nation of charges. But what traveller has yet found that Utopia of sport whose inhabitants charge not for what they don't want and others do? If Norwegians are beginning to abandon the notion that every Englishman is an American or a lord, Englishmen must abandon the notion that Norwegians are the old hospitable race who give you everything for nothing. None want money more. None know better the value of money, English included. None are more *exigeant* in the mazes of hard bargains. None—if mishaply you should be put through inadvertence in a false position, as honest folk often are—none press more hardly for their fullest pound. In the secluded countryside they think us fools to come so far, and fools are everybody's fair prey. In the civilised capitals they look with jealous eyes on better sportsmen with better means and opportunities. Hence, by a friendly Power which is annually enriched by a large and generous distribution of English wealth, English sportsmen are penalised as a prohibited class. Add to these expenses State, commune, and clique impediments, the distances traversed, the cost of equipments personal and material—and of a truth the prophets prophesy falsely who aver that shooting in Norway is a cheap indulgence.

Equipments and accoutrements are so purely relative to personal taste and subjective standard of enjoyable travel, that I must omit them. All necessary articles of food and retinue are found catalogued in the pages of Murray, and embodied in the hints of Bennet's *Old Travellers*. Norway's varying climate and various altitudes necessi-

tate one essential—flannel garments. My friends and I do all our work clad in flannel. Hence our fortunate defiance of the dangers of prostrating heat and insinuating chills. Eatables and drinkables of all ordinary and luxurious kinds, excellent in quality, can be had at the *colonial-varehandel* of any large town, the *kjobmoend* of villages, the best farm stations on road routes, the *anlobsteder* of steamer tours. All of these can constitute handily enough head-centres of provisions for excursions into the wilderness by ride-voie or truant fjord-let. Tackle and ammunition are obtainable in Røraas, Bodo, Bergen, Trondhjem, and Christiania, and tackle better than ammunition. Both ought to be brought from home, and in sufficient quantities, for tackle is treacherous, and the carriage of cartridges, troublesome enough years ago by the favour of itinerant *tooi-kjøds*, has become more troublesome, owing to “powder-vans” being attached to trains only once a month. Severe excursions wide of the main tracks require tents with all their fittings; good gauntlets, especially for ladies who fish and drive long carriage drives, and nets to make life barely tolerable before the plague of myriad mosquitoes in marshy venues and imprisoned valleys; and—*oh, fortunate nimium!*—an honest, energetic *tolk*, that blackest of black swans. His be the task to interpret, to lend a hand, *passim*, with oar or game-bag, to procure ponies, to cook when in camp under canvas or sater, to pay all bills, and to meet all enemies in the gate. I have seen attached to the staff of some celebrities ladies'-maids (sea-sick soubrettes), cases of Bollinger, live ducklings, Mudie's boxes, Fortnum's hampers, dazed footmen, and medicine-chests fit to prop up a rickety British campaign, and, of course, cages of clothes, numerous and enormous, as if there were “express” cars at every quay and registered tidal services from port to port.

The different means of communication which prevail in Norway will give the best measure of what *impedimenta* are adapted to each route. The steamer companies of the coast and fjords are liberal carriers. When one has to make direct from British ports to annual quarters there need be no scrupulous limit. The mail steamers of the coast are numerous, regular, fairly punctual, well appointed in the matter of comfort, food, if not of service too—more after a Peninsular and Oriental or an Atlantic “liner” than a Wilson monopoly merchantman. They possess the advantage, supreme to so many, of doing most of their work *indenskjoers*, in calm waters protected by bulwarks of mountainous rock—the blessing of a sea voyage without its nuisance. High-roads—models of engineering art, constructed and subsidized by the State—are pattern thoroughfares. They follow the river-beds of every important valley, and wind with magnificent monotony through leagues of pine and ash. Such are the well-known carriage roads, chiefest of which are now worked by companies with pony-diligences. Dotted with posting-farms about ten English

miles apart, they form convenient ways on which journeys can be easily broken and taken up—even journeys four hundred miles from end to end—with tributary parish roads to the Swedish Amts and the western fjords. Their recognised *stoppesteder* have fast blossomed into almost hotels without hotel prices, on all “trunk systems.” If the belated traveller, through backward start, lame or tired *skyds*, cannot reach his aim, he does not altogether miss his mark at intermediate stations. These, too, are all homely; food, Sabine and scanty, can be supplemented with private stores; beds delightfully clean, distressingly short, and the rudest apology for baths. *Ride-reier*, or bridle-paths, through lonely forests to untutored mountain farms are cruel specimens of parish handiwork, and cruel are the habitations sparsely set along their borders. Here little food, but *rade-mecum* supplies, here dubious accommodation. In farms and soters like these has it fallen to my lot to sleep on the patriarchal sheep-skins—once; thereafter on my rugs on the hard boards, in haylofts, and dried leaves. It is along these roads that every atom of luggage is a bane, unless it have immediate value in use. Everything must follow the tourist in *stol-kjær* or *plaustra curulia*, which natural obstacles jolt and jerk to pieces, or precede him on the pack-saddles of pony cavalcades. Still, such travelling is feasible for those who know what they will find and what is found for them. Thus have I traversed in three days one hundred miles of the wildest, weirdest mountain regions from Fagernes to Vaage Vand; thus also can undaunted ladies, as did Mrs. Antony Hamond, of West-acre, ride from the Fiskunfos of Namsen to the inland steamers of Swedish Jemtland. Communication is maintained by boat-posting on the fjords and up the large rivers; in desolate districts of Upper Norway, north of Namsos, where Government have completed few roads, where steamers are less frequent, boat-posting is the only traffic to market, to church, to post, to the doctor, from stage to stage of a journey, now nauseating, anon enchanting. And more inland still, Lapps and Finns will haul and pole and steer Viator with all his fortunes in their risky canoes up, down, and through the waterways of their river-god—often their only thoroughfare—men and women alike, *parvo discrimine leti*, amidst the creaming cauldrons of Lulea’s “pools” and Tana’s rapid “runs.”

Three mistakes are provokingly prevalent about Norway. One misrepresents the climate, another assumes the inalienable right of any English to ubiquitous sport on Norske demesnes, another holds impossible enjoyment for holiday-seekers not absolutely bound for sport.

From June to October Norway owns a delightful summer, thoroughly comfortable, thoroughly enjoyable. To Norway speed, ye

who are lamenting old-fashioned English summers you have lost awhile. Now that America "bears" our seasons as she "bears" our markets, disturbances and depressions which allow the Briton an occasional lucid interval sometimes, as prophesied, strike the Norwegian coast, and some rainy seasons Sogne and Hardanger, Nordmøre and Thelemarken are victims of natural causes and Yankee lore. In a land which is little but alternating hill and dale, this presents no exceptional phenomena. But inland and upland when the weather is set there is little *contretemps* to cloud the clearest of clear blue skies, to aggravate a genial heat which gladdens heart and quickens skin, to mar fullest enjoyment *sub diro* until the close of day whose "shadows" seldom "flee away" because they seldom come. In the land of a midnight sun visible till August, rest and recreation can be gained and spent under the light of an eternal day whose *mezzo notte* is the soupçon of departing eve. A land with so much frontage of sea, and that sea subject to Gulf stream influence, presents a temperature more equable, generous and uniform than is commonly accepted. Compensating for his stingy presence in the nine livelong winter months the ever-present Sun of Summer reigns with genial sway, making best amends to mature cramped growths and snow-encumbered vegetation. In Scheffer's *Lapoine* Olaus Petri tells us there is no spring, no autumn: in fifteen days woods are green with fall leaf. In July and August we might drive all night, may lounge all day; their nights are seldom too cold, their days too hot. The air is ever clean and clear, bright and bracing, frank with a freshness that exhilarates and seems to effervesce. Let all realise this, in contrast to the stupid superstition of a raw wilderness everlastingly snow-mantled, an atmosphere rent and riven with lethal gusts of avalanche and iceberg. Travellers through Norway return from summer holidays, not pinched and frost-bitten like denizens under her Arctic winters, but sun-burnt and nut-browned with rays which might have escaped from the compounds of the Himalayas, the avenues of New York, or the bights of the Mediterranean. In all my fourteen summers and autumns, once only have I caught those colds it is so difficult to evade in old England. Medically Norway's climate commands the appreciation of doctors, native and foreign. Her pine-forest settlements are reclaiming to fuller life distinct classes of consumptive patients. The faculty of her University join with her leading towns in recognising established sanatoriums on Highland spurs, and the value of mountain farms as summer residences for the families of her magnates and merchants.

Norway is far from being an *ultima Thule*, a no-man's land, where the "bartering animal" dwells not without hereditaments and landmarks of his own. Nor is it a land whose southern and central

counties confess to the rights and restraints of law, whilst farther north adventure may lead Goth and Visigoth to trespass with rod and gun at his wild will. Mark the Lofotens. These picturesque islands, magic cyries of Troll and Tind, are well populated. They contain grass, arable, and forest properties with strict delimitations, common-lands with scientific frontiers, the richest industries of Norway, cod-fishery and mines, a College of Agriculture, I believe, and in Lödingen the largest telegraphic centre of Scandinavia. The tourist of fallacious garrulity has invented these fables and grafted them on to the history of earlier freedom. Elsewhere, as in Lofoten, leave can be asked and given, rents must be paid, contracts elaborated and registered in local Things. To this fatal misconstruction and arbitrary excess reasonable visitors of fair proclivities owe the unfair attitude adopted nationally and provincially against them. Hence the Parliamentary influence of Christiania sporting "sets" to represent the importation of British dogs as more dangerous to poor Norway's wealth than the ostracised potato. This silly exclusive Act, originated by some ill-natured Bønder—passed ostensibly to guard against hydrophobia, really to cripple English sporting—might for the honour of Norway's better *jagers* and for Norway's interest, be repealed at once. The measure of "a narrow majority of one" might easily succumb to riper consideration and diplomatic good offices. None regret more than *Norske bønder* themselves the results of that Act. The exclusion of foreign dogs too often means the absence of their masters, who bring much *penge* into the country and take so little back. There are substantial grounds for the belief that shortly the embargo on foreign dogs will fall into desuetude, or its contravention will be tacitly ignored. Norway still holds sporting dogs of English pedigrees for which are charged war prices, also dogs of English lineage, but crossed with French and Swedish strains. One Swedish setter was the best I have ever used, but they average badly both as regards instinct, breaking-points, and stamina. The Storthing in prohibiting introduction of foreign dogs some six years since, simultaneously with the imposition of £11 tax as shooting license (on Crown lands only) showed their hand. The stranger in Norway cannot go where he lists at his sweet will, but is compelled now to go, if he goes, under exactions and enactments which preclude much relish.

But Norway is not the land of Travel and Sport only. It has many other allurements of legitimate interest. Writing for those whom everybody would wish to see there, whom the country would welcome and could ill afford to lose, I must draw the dividing line against the typical traveller of all climes, the *outré* spoil-sport of every excursus. Nowhere is his room more desirable than his company. Arrogant, loud-tongued, mischievous, he satisfies himself

alone. How deep the gall of his iniquity whom even hotel keepers condemn! Next to this irrepressible Panurgus many would lief see far away the pushing refugee from Switzerland, and the autocratic schoolmaster: these both oppress the quiet scenes of this simple land. Prejudice, perhaps! May-be the prejudice of a Caste who want Norway to themselves. But, at least, the well-ventilated, well-recognised aversions of a hierarchy of better spirits who suffer for their fellow-travellers' sins, of a *côterie* of Englishmen who know, and say, and hear it said, what it is that maketh English guests to stink in the nostrils of their Scandinavian hosts. Of all tourists those who spend "three weeks with a knapsack over Norway," are, with little reason, the pet antipathy of Norske critics, who dub them "scrap-carriers," or the "bagmen" of holiday-mongers, querulous, absorbent, and unremunerative. The stream of bonâ-fide visitors to Norway is becoming intensified in volume—a volume swollen mainly by English, and largely by Americans, Germans, and French. Each season the steamers are crowded well-nigh to suffocation during their voyages to the North Cape and the Russian borderland; the way-side stations are blocked with carriage-seeking travellers. This pressure is not so apparent in the district served by trains, most tourists preferring the regulation rounds of western fjords and northern expeditions. Clergymen constitute a leading feature of the throng—from overworked curates of the "slums" of Bristol and London Docks, to the Right Reverend Lords Spiritual of Peterborough and Rochester; straying modestly aside from the gadding crowd, may be seen pillars of professions invalided to absolute rest, heroines of honeymoons and adventurous wedding tours prolonged as an agreeable surprise. Norway can claim many lady visitors. Most persons imagine Norway is too arduous for ladies. For the rest, travel, holiday, study, even sport of woman-kind, it is congenial soil; it is a fairy-land of picnics and nooky retreats, adapted to the wants and tastes of ladies who love fresh air and exercise; with haunts easy of access and accommodation, with society for resident visitors, and associations pleasant enough to bid them return with the summer. What more generous holiday-land could winged thought devise than Norway with its fjords for yachtsmen, its rivers, forests, lakes, and fields for sportsmen, its scenery majestically stern throughout the long length of its lands rich with the beauty of poverty, for the easel and pallet, the dry plate and lens; its mountains scarcely Alpine in height or embarrassments for climbers almost Alpine; its glimpses, landscapes, *morceaux* to which Painting and Photography have scarcely lent a 'prentice hand; for one and all, the manners and customs of a race who seem so happily to touch the traits of Saxon and Rome, to "nick" the *nuances* of Caledon and Arcady?

C. N. JACKSON.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

I.—PEOPLE AND PEERS.

LORD SALISBURY is popularly supposed to allow his feelings often to outrun his discretion. The House of Lords, he has told us, is to be regarded as the fly-wheel in the constitutional machine. The functions of such a wheel may be useful, but they cannot be brilliant. The talents of the Conservative Leader are undoubted, and his ambition is great. He is essentially a parliamentary athlete. To be condemned, by the accident of birth, to play the part of a mentor, where advice is generally unheeded: to carp, to criticize, and to sneer, and yet almost always to have to avoid a real struggle with his opponents, must be gall and wormwood to him. It is therefore not inconceivable that his own position influenced him in his recent action with respect to the Franchise Bill, and that he would almost welcome any solution which would give him the substance instead of the shadow of power.

He is not however the absolute dictator of the Conservative party. That party numbers men experienced in Parliamentary tactics and of approved judgment. When therefore the Conservative leaders—apparently with the full assent of all except an insignificant minority of their followers—threw down the gauntlet, and appealed to the country against the Liberal majority in the House of Commons, it is to be presumed that they knew what they were about, and that they had closely weighed the possibilities of defeat. Nor are these possibilities entirely illusory. Irrespective of tactical considerations, it is unquestionable that Reduction of the Franchise and Redistribution ought to go together. Mr. Gladstone has admitted this, and has based his refusal to explain his scheme of Redistribution upon the ground that such a measure will only obtain the support even of his own followers, when they are faced with a state of things which renders redistribution an absolute necessity. To be perfectly frank, I confess that it has always appeared to me that, in insisting upon having the Redistribution Bill made known to them before they pass the Franchise Bill, the Lords have a fair case on the particular issue. In their inner minds they very probably are averse alike to a Reduction of the Franchise and to Redistribution. But it is impossible to look into men's minds, and they may with some reason say, that the two Bills are so involved in each other, that to pass the one without knowing the details of the other is to bid guests to a feast of uncooked meats. If therefore their opponents attempt to

agitate the country on the ground, that the Lords have declined to pass a Reform Bill, the latter are aware that many sober people will hardly accept this mode of stating the issue.

The Conservatives are not, too, ignorant of the fact that in the Liberal ranks there are many who are averse to raising the broader issue, whether a House of hereditary legislators ought to exist in a country where a nation enjoys the right of self government. That the Radicals will do so they know; indeed they count on it, in the expectation that many half-hearted Liberals will join the Conservative ranks.

As a matter of party tactics, I cannot therefore agree with those who insist that the Conservatives have been stricken with idiocy. On the contrary I think that they have played their cards well, and that unless we fight boldly, it is by no means impossible that they will come off the victors. They must have been confirmed in the conviction that they had formed a proper estimate of the situation, when they saw the Whigs on their knees to them, piteously whimpering, suggesting this and that compromise, and imploring them to reconsider their decision, whilst Lord Granville and Lord Hartington loudly avowed their respect and admiration for the House of Lords, and urged Liberals to beware of any attempt to destroy or restrict the power of this bulwark of the Constitution. The man who attacks with a rapier must always get the better of the man who defends himself with a battened foil.

What course then should be pursued by Radicals? They should not waste their time in agitating in favour of the Franchise Bill, for if Mr. Gladstone is in earnest that Bill must become law. Nor should they trouble themselves about the details of the dispute between the Lords and Commons, but insist that the House of Hereditary Legislators, ought to be swept away, once and for all.

In theory there can be no greater absurdity than an hereditary right to legislate. But there are many absurd institutions which are allowed to exist because in practice they are innocuous. The House of Lords is not one of these. It has been, it is, and it will be so long as it exists, baneful to the commonwealth.

I can conceive that there would be certain advantages in an Upper Chamber composed of wise, experienced, and independent men charged with the function of reviewing the legislation of the Lower Chamber and occasionally amending it, and invested with the power to provoke an appeal to the constituencies, when the Lower Chamber exceeds its mandate. But where are these independent sages to be found? Where are men removed above all party feeling and without the prejudices of class? Find them, and then it will be time to discuss whether their services can be utilized

as the members of a sort of Court of appeal. One thing is certain, that the House of Lords is not such an assembly.

The Peers it is said are very wealthy, therefore they are independent. Let us look into their independence by the unerring light of statistics. The House of Lords, exclusive of minors, consists of 507 members. They enjoy a rental of £11,872,330 derived from 14,251,132 acres, but in pay, pensions, &c., they receive £639,845 from the public exchequer. Since 1850, the 28 dukes and their families have received from the taxpayers £9,760,000; the 33 marquises and their families have had £8,303,950; and the 200 earls and their families have had £48,181,202; 36 peers have at the present moment salaries as members of the present administration, and 190 have had salaries as members of preceding ones—86 peers are Privy Counsellors, and 61 have decorations. The peers, therefore, are not only a compact and wealthy territorial oligarchy, but notwithstanding their enormous riches, they make use of the legislative power which the constitution secures to them, in order to obtain places of emolument for themselves and their families, and to throw the cost of the latter upon the State, whilst not satisfied even with this, they insist upon honorary distinctions being showered upon them with a lavish hand. The average cost of an hereditary legislator since 1850 seems to have been £106,477, and the average cost of a ducal legislator during this period has been £348,571.

How have they earned this money? By opposing, mutilating, or rejecting every valuable Bill sent up to them. They have again and again rejected Bills reducing the franchise, reforming municipalities; relieving Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews of civil disabilities; putting an end to bribery at elections; educating the masses, and harmonizing our land laws with the spirit of the age. When at length they have been forced to succumb, they have generally introduced into the Bills which they have passed, as a condition of assent, clauses which have gone far to neutralize many of their benefits. Either, therefore, we must admit that the entire legislation of the last sixty years has been injurious to the country, or that the Peers in opposing it so long as they dared, have shown themselves unable to estimate what is for the public good. Every class except their own, every sect except the Church of England, has had reason to regret their existence. Such a record of persistent error no legislative assembly that ever sat can show. Their action has been one long record of obstruction to everything that even they now admit by the light of experience, has proved useful. Independent they are not; above class prejudice they are not; wise they are not. Had they had their way, we should still have rotten boroughs and rotten municipalities. Catholics, Nonconformists, and Jews would still be

outside the pale of the constitution. The Irish farmer would still be robbed of his improvements by his landlord, and ground to the dust by the lords of the soil. Educational endowments would still be the apauage of a sect; and the poor would be without education. What constructive legislation has this Assembly to set against its eternal war against progress? Absolutely none. I leave vague generalities to rhetoricians. Let the advocates of the House of Lords descend to particulars. Let them tell us of one single instance in which the Lords have been of service to the State. When Lord Salisbury was asked to point to one case in which, when they have come in contact with the House of Commons, they were supported by the constituencies, he had to go back to Mr. Fox's East India Bill of 1787. But what then were the constituencies? Only 170 were independent of aristocratic influence. The appeal was from Caiaphas to Pilate. Moreover, in this particular instance, the Peers acted against their own judgment. They were in favour of the Bill, and only threw it out when they were informed that the King would regard no man as his friend who voted for it. Their mission is, they say, to make a stand against hasty impulsive legislation. When have they fulfilled this mission? Was it in throwing out the Bill for the emancipation of the Jews seven times? Was it in throwing out the Test Abolition Bill, and the Bill abolishing church-rates three times? or was it in cordially assenting to the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, when the House of Commons in a fit of impulsive panic passed it? Arguments may be adduced in favour of two Chambers, but our position in regard to the House of Lords is that, even admitting the advantage of two Chambers, an Upper Chamber composed of hereditary landlords is utterly indefensible.

I suppose that it will be admitted that a moderating legislative Assembly should be entirely free from all party bias. Our Government is a Government by party. Men belonging therefore to one party, who are active partisans, and who are straining every effort to secure party success, are not likely to act with calm judicial impartiality. In the House of Lords there is a permanent Conservative majority. When the Conservatives are in power, this state of things is harmless. But a Liberal Ministry is handicapped by it, and is never able to legislate as it would wish. When a measure is before a Liberal Cabinet, it has to be modelled so as to have a chance of passing the Lords. When it comes before the House of Commons, and when amendments are suggested, Ministers are obliged to oppose them, not because they disagree with them, but because, were they accepted, the Bill might be thrown out by the Lords. When at last it goes up to the Lords, these legislators generally introduce into it a number of Conservative amendments.

It then becomes a matter of bargain between the two Houses, how many of these amendments are to be agreed to. Surely this is contrary to the most elementary principles of ministerial responsibility. It leaves Liberal Ministers answerable for the well-being of the country, and yet insists that they may do nothing without the consent of the very men who are intriguing and confederating in order to supplant them. Habit makes us blind to the pernicious folly of such a system. But what would be said if, when the Conservatives are in power, they had to submit every detail of their Bills to the energetic hands of an hereditary Radical Assembly led by Mr. Chamberlain, and presided over by Mr. Schnadorst? Would the Conservatives give their assent to this other side of the medal?

If one man is more separated than another from the mass of the nation, it is a large landowner, protected by an entail from the accidents of fortune, and worshipped from his cradle by the vulgar. An hereditary Upper House whose members are drawn almost exclusively from great landowners is the *reductio ad absurdum* of statecraft. In comparison with it, the superstition of some abject Negro grovelling on the banks of the Niger before a block of wood, and believing it to be a God, is wisdom. The very names of the thirty peers whose votes secured the rejection of the Franchise Bill were unknown to all except those in the immediate neighbourhood where they resided. They had done nothing to distinguish them above their fellows. They had taken no active part in politics. There was no more reason why they should be the political guides and mentors of the nation, than that the first thirty men passing by Hyde Park Corner should be entrusted with such responsibilities. They did not pretend even to have opinions. They had been summoned from their rural retreats to support the action of Lord Salisbury, and, having done his bidding, they vanished again into the bucolic obscurity from which for a moment they had emerged. We are asked, however, by the Duke of Westminster, to look to the fact that the House of Lords is not composed exclusively of hereditary peers and of bishops, but that it is perpetually recruited from the wisest and the best of the commonality. Here practice is in conflict with theory. Since the death of Lord Palmerston, 86 new peers have been created. And why have these worthy gentlemen been raised to the Upper House? A few—a very few—have received peerages for services rendered to the State; some have obtained their titles, because they had been tried as ministers and found wanting; some because they had spent large sums in electoral bribery; some because they were large-acred squires; one because he is a poet. It would be invidious to mention names, but

let any one look through these 86 creations, and he will hardly venture to assert that in any sense they can be termed the intellectual or political cream of the nation.

What, then, ought to be done? I say unhesitatingly that the only reasonable course on the part of a Radical is to insist upon the abolition of the House of Lords. This does not necessarily oblige us to pledge ourselves to the one chamber doctrine. If a field produces only noxious weeds, the first step is to uproot the weeds by ploughing them up and burning them: the next to plant good seed. If any attempt be made to grow weeds and corn together, the former will choke the latter. .

Personally I am no believer in the advantage of two chambers, or—to speak more correctly—I do not think that the advantages outweigh the counteracting disadvantages. We are often told that the concurrent experience of all Constitutional States is in favour of two Chambers. This is not quite correct, for Greece—a country which has made more solid progress in the last twenty years than almost any other European State—has only one. With us the fact that there are two Chambers is a matter of hazard, and originated in Lords being regarded as superior beings to Commoners. In many countries our example has been followed, just as it would have been followed, had it so happened that our Parliament had consisted of half a dozen Chambers instead of two. In Sweden there were, not long ago, four Chambers—Lords, Priests, Peasants, and Burghers; and when it was proposed to substitute two Chambers, just as much was urged in favour of the wisdom of the existing cumbersome arrangement, as your advocates of two Chambers. As a matter of fact, in every country where there are two Chambers, either one absolutely dominates the other, or there are perpetual disputes between the two. In Germany and in Austria, the two Chambers are perpetually coming into collision. In France, the Upper Chamber renders Parliamentary Government almost impossible. In the United States, the Senate is the governing body, and the Lower Chamber cannot hold its own against it. What, indeed, is the chief argument in favour of an Upper Chamber? That although a country ought to govern itself, it is so unfit to do so, that some mysterious body of sages should be called into being to stand between the People and the natural folly of the People. Precisely the same argument used to be put forward in favour of investing a monarch with a controlling power. It can only have force with those who disbelieve in popular government, and who think that property and privilege ought to be represented in contradistinction to men. If a few angels could be hired from heaven, and formed into an Upper Chamber, it might be advisable to avail ourselves of their services. But this is impossible. An Upper Chamber

would have to be formed of fallible human beings, and not even of the wisest of fallible human beings, for as the centre of political gravity would be in the Lower House, it would be proof positive of a man's want of all honest ambition that he should voluntarily agree to become one of the spokes in the fly-wheel Chamber. Does any one suppose that Mr. Gladstone would consent to be one of those passive citizens, or that Lord Salisbury would not prefer to be an elected member of a Lower Chamber to being a Peer, or a Senator, or whatever else the members of the fly-wheel Chamber might be termed? When Sieyes showed his Constitution to Napoleon, then First Consul, he pointed out to him that the scheme contemplated the appointment of a Grand Elector, who was to be provided with an ample Civil List, and to be able to oppose a passive resistance to the Legislative Assemblies. "Where," asked Napoleon, who knew that he was to be this Grand Elector, "will you find the fatted hog ready to accept such a position?" To theorise in a vague manner respecting the advantages of an Upper Chamber is easy enough, but no sooner is the theorist asked to explain how such a Chamber is to be called into being, or how it is to become a useful branch of the Legislature, and not an obstruction and a stumbling block to popular Government, than he is either reduced to silence or suggests some utterly impracticable plan to overcome these difficulties. Either an Upper Chamber must agree with the Lower Chamber, in which case the former is useless, or it must disagree, in which case it is obstructive. Be this, however, as it may, it is an error to mix up the question of one or two Chambers with the question of abolishing an Upper Chamber, in which the members are all wealthy landlords who sit by hereditary descent. It cannot indeed be repeated too often that the abolition of the House of Lords does not necessarily involve assent to the doctrine of one Chamber.

Equally a mistake is it in Radicals to suggest schemes for reforming the House of Lords. To reform is to increase efficiency. A reformed House of Lords would be more objectionable than one which is unreformed because it would be stronger. Mr. Bright has hinted at the expediency of allowing them a suspensive veto. Every word that falls from so honoured a source is entitled to respect. But as Mr. Bright previously said that an hereditary Legislative Assembly cannot be a permanent institution in a free country, it is obvious that he proposes the veto because he doubts whether we are sufficiently sensible to act upon his dictum. How would this veto work? As the object of the Conservatives is to limit legislation—so far as is possible—when Liberals are in power, it may be presumed that the majority of the Lords, who are nothing but the janissaries of the Conservative party, would freely use their suspensive veto, and

invariably insist that the country is with them. Every Liberal measure of importance would, therefore, have to be passed in two successive sessions, whilst between the two, great popular meetings would have to be held, in order to prove a foregone conclusion. And yet, as the House of Commons would generally be the same in both Sessions, it is hardly conceivable that it would not always vote in the second Session as it did in the first. The advantage of a suspensory veto which forms an appeal from the elected to the electors may have something in its favour, but an appeal one year to the same men the next year is only a device for obstruction, and of no possible advantage to any but obstructionists.

Another "reform" that has been put forward, is to allow the Peers to elect a certain number of their body to sit and vote. But what should we gain by this? Whether the Upper Chamber be composed of five or of five hundred Peers is a matter of absolute unimportance. We object to the privileges, which this House collectively possesses, not to the numbers who exercise these privileges. We are opposed to rotten boroughs, because they are rotten. But what rotten borough could be worse than that a certain number of gentlemen should have an hereditary right to select the members of one House of the Legislature? The Irish and Scotch Peers do elect representatives. And how? These gentlemen who, as Conservatives, are always prating about the representation of minorities, absolutely ignore the fact that there are Liberal Scotch and Irish Peers, and invariably select, as their representatives, men pledged to every doctrine of the dominant Conservatives.

It would seem therefore that, upon a consideration of all the circumstances connected with the present crisis, every Radical ought to take the present opportunity to insist upon the abolition of a Legislative Chamber, which has during the last eighty years done nothing but evil, and which from its very constitution must, if Radical principles and Radical legislation are to be regarded as desirable, always continue to do harm. The majority of the Lords are the mere catpaws of whatever nobleman is the leader of the Conservative party. In refusing to pass a Franchise Bill, they carried out, as Sir Stafford Northcote has been good enough to inform us, the behests of their party. We are just as bound to extinguish these legislators, as we are bound to do our best to defeat our opponents at the poll. That the House of Lords should cease to exist, must be our watchword. We must not allow ourselves to be diverted from our aim by a discussion as to the merits and the demerits of one or two chambers, nor must we give renewed life to an institution which is directly at variance with our political creed, by attempting to reform it. The "Liberal" Peers

are indeed as dangerous to sound legislation, whenever the interest of landlords are touched, as the Conservative Peers. This was shown in 1880 by the fact that only fifty-one Peers, and most of these receiving salaries as members of a Liberal administration, could be found to vote for the Government Bill to check Irish evictions. Individually, the Peers are neither better nor worse than other men. In their private relations they are with some very few exceptions honourable gentlemen, and a considerable number of them are men of capacity. They compare advantageously with the effeminate and contemptible aristocracies of other lands. But they have been nurtured in prejudices, until they have become a very part of their being. In all matters affecting their own interests, their moral sense is so utterly deadened that they honestly imagine that they are doing good service in seeking to perpetuate every abuse connected with the tenure of land, with the absorption of wealth amongst the few instead of its distribution amongst the many, and with religious, civil, and political intolerance; and they are under the sincere impression that it is only in accordance with the fitness of things, that they and their families should prey upon the taxpayer. The Duke of Portland—who sits in the House of Lords because William III. made a Dutchman who came over with him a Peer—has told us that he is a legislator, not on account of his own merits, not by the will of the nation, nor by the will of the Crown, but by the will of God. Assuredly we did not explode the divine right of kings, in order to subscribe to the doctrine of the divine right of oligarchs. It is for us to teach the Duke of Portland and his brother Peers, that the only right to make laws is derived from the permission of those who have to obey laws. We are asked to admire the beauty of the English constitution which is founded upon a union of aristocratic and popular rights. There never was such a union. Before the Reform Bill of 1832, one Government was aristocratic—since that Act became law, it has become each year more and more democratic. That it should become entirely so is our aim, and this we never shall attain, so long as we allow five hundred landlords to have a veto, absolute or suspensive, over the will of the nation, as declared by its elected representatives. There are many so-called Liberals who will tell us, that we must not, in our desire to secure the passing of a Reform Bill, touch that ark of the constitution—the House of Lords. We need not take their advice. In the Cabinet there are many Peers *in esse*, and some *in posse*. Amongst the Liberals in the House of Commons there are many whose dream it is to become Peers, and there are many others who, without carrying their eyes so high, have social aspirations which bind them to the aristocracy. If we are to succeed, we must succeed by pressure from

outside Parliament. Just after the Lords had rejected the Franchise Bill, I took an opportunity during the discussion on the Estimates to move that about £40,000, which was set down for the officials connected with that House, should be disallowed. Not more than half-a-dozen English Radicals accompanied me into the lobby. And yet it is obvious that the easiest method of giving practical expression to the opinion that the House of Lords should be extinguished, is to decline any longer to vote £40,000 per annum for the expenses connected with that Assembly. Let us, however, not lose heart. There is no doubt that the vast majority of Liberals are in favour of abolition. They have only to give effect to their views at the polling booths in order to ensure their final triumph. Radical electors should in all cases insist upon Liberal candidates for Parliamentary honours pledging themselves to vote against any public money being expended on the House of Lords, and in favour of any resolution or Bill for its abolition. If candidates refuse to give these pledges they should not receive Radical support. We Radicals are in truth far too considerate. We seem to be afraid of standing to our principles. If we prove to Liberal candidates for Parliamentary honours that their only chance of success at the poll is to accept this plank of the Radical platform, the great majority of them will prefer to pledge themselves to it rather than retire into private life.

The Franchise Bill is, or rather ought to be, but an episode in the struggle between the Peers and the people. It is absurd to suppose that we can be expected to devote our energies to overcoming the "constitutional" resistance of the Hereditary House, whenever it may please it to be of opinion that the rejection of a Bill will either benefit the class to which its members belong, or the party to which the majority of them belong. If we who are democrats, and who have it in our own hands to remove the bulwark against democracy which now exists, are so foolish as to shrink back with fear and trembling instead of using spade and shovel to level it to the earth, we shall have ourselves alone to thank for our principles never assuming a practical form. That a Conservative should do his utmost to perpetuate the existence of the House of Lords is only reasonable, but that a Radical should not do his utmost to extinguish it shows that a Conservative believes more honestly and more firmly in his political principles than a Radical does in his.

With regard to the Franchise Bill, its triumph should not be left to chance. Parliament is to come together in October in order to pass it. Having passed the House of Commons, it will probably be thrown out by the Lords; thus two Sessions will be wasted, and two million of citizens will be deprived of their rights for some time longer by the votes of thirty or forty Peers. How is this to be obviated?

By the simple expedient of creating fifty or sixty new Peers. Whether there be five hundred or five hundred and fifty Peers is a matter of most absolute indifference to the country. The greater number would not be more baneful than the lesser, for it is their collective, and not their individual privileges which are injurious. When the time comes for the abolition of the House of Lords it will indeed be necessary to make a great creation of peers in order to swamp all opposition.

Supposing that no new Peers are created, either Parliament must be dissolved at the bidding of the Lords next January, which will create a most deplorable precedent, or the Ministry will be placed in this dilemma: they will pass the Franchise Bill through the House of Commons a third time in next year's Session; when it goes up to the House of Lords it will presumably be read a second time there. Before the third reading, a Redistribution Bill will have to be introduced into the House of Commons; for if not the material time will be wanting to pass the latter Bill in time for it to come into force before the next General Election. Looking therefore at the matter practically, it seems that a creation is the only way in which Ministers can carry out their own policy, for it is hardly to be hoped that they will adopt the bolder course of bringing in a Bill to extinguish the House of Lords, although, were they to do so, it is probable that they would be supported by the Conservatives. Lord Salisbury, in fact, counts upon Ministers hesitating to use either of the only two means by which they can attain their ends.

The Conservative leader is a man of eminent abilities, and when he has adopted an opinion he is not frightened at its shadow, but proceeds to act upon it. He is neither a trimmer nor a time server. In this he emulates Radicals, and so far we may congratulate ourselves upon being in harmony with this contemner of humbug. He declines to be a mere lay figure in a Legislative Assembly, which is mainly composed of narrow-minded gentlemen, happy in being called "my lord," in their social supremacy, in their wealth, and in being permitted occasionally to vote as they are ordered in a gorgeous chamber. Such a Chamber he regards as utterly contemptible. We go a step further and regard it, not only as contemptible, but as baneful. He seeks to meet this state of things by a straightforward attempt to give it the reality of power; we meet it equally straightforwardly by reiterating the resolution passed by the Long Parliament, "The House of Lords is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished."

H. LABOUCHERE.

II.—PEOPLE, PARLIAMENT, AND PEERS.

IN the life of Lord Sidmouth, it is told that in September, 1791, Pitt invited Burke to dinner. At the table, Burke was earnestly representing the danger which threatened this country from the contagion of French principles, when Pitt said, "Never fear, Mr. Burke, depend on it we shall go on as we are till the Day of Judgment." "Very likely, sir," replied Mr. Burke, "it is the day of *no judgment* that I am afraid of." We seem to have arrived at one of these days of no judgment, which it is well to observe are invariably brought about by rulers and never by the people. Lord Salisbury and his friends appear to have utterly mistaken the signs of the times and the position of Parliamentary Reform. They have supposed that this is 1785, or 1831, or 1866, and they have been, I will admit, not alone in their error. Mr. Gladstone will, I cannot doubt, awake them to the fact, that this is 1832, the day, not of skirmish, but of victory; when from the great majority of the people and of the House of Commons the demand for the Franchise Bill is by Queen and Commons to be declared irresistible.

If Lord Salisbury's judgment had led him to recognise the absurdity of an appeal to the people from the House of Lords against a Bill supported by a majority of 130 in the House of Commons upon second reading, and read a third time without division, he would not have led the House of Lords to the humiliation which it must now endure. The error has been purely one of judgment. The Opposition has not marked accurately the stage which the question of Parliamentary Reform has reached, through the complete triumph of the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons. In Lord Grey's time there was a section called "the Waverers." If we had cross-benches in the House of Commons their place would be marked; but we have men of this sort in both Houses, and their attitude should have been a sufficient warning to Lord Salisbury. This uncertain body of fluctuating opinion marked the flow of the tide, and it has been seen sailing comfortably along with the stream. Even the declaration of the Waverers against him was not sufficient to change the course of Lord Salisbury. The day of no judgment arrived, and found him ready. This agitation will place him in undisputed possession of the leadership of the Conservative party, but on the question of Reform he has delivered his friends into the hands of their political adversaries. I do not look with rejoicing upon the result of his error:—

"My soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both."

We have some evidence of this in the immediate demand for abolition of the House of Lords. I have no doubt whatever that if those who guide Liberal opinion in this country were so minded, and this demand were encouraged, the abolition of the Upper House would follow the settlement of Parliamentary Reform as the urgent business of the country, and that a revolution—for the change could hardly be made by Act of Parliament—would take place. But even those who call most loudly for abolition of the House of Lords intend, I suppose, that the last act of the Peers shall be acceptance of the Franchise Bill as well as of the succeeding Bill for Redistribution of political power, and that then, when the Lords have carried out that distasteful work, the peers and the bishops shall depart for ever from their gilded chamber. Therefore, at any rate, the cry for abolition of the House of Lords is not the first matter for consideration, and I propose to make of it the secondary question, to be dealt with after we have disposed of the Franchise Bill.

It seems to me important to establish that the political situation corresponds with that of 1832, not with that of 1830-31. The introduction of Bills for Parliamentary Reform followed the election of 1880 just as naturally and dutifully as such Bills followed that of 1831. By a curious coincidence the majority on the second reading of the first Bill of the earlier period was as close to that of 1884 as 136 is to 130. In the session which began on June 14th and ended on October 20, 1831, the first Reform Bill was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of 41, just as Mr. Gladstone's Bill has been rejected in the recent session by a majority of 59. Lord John Russell's Bill was introduced again in the beginning of 1832, just as Mr. Gladstone's Bill is to be reintroduced next month. But the second introduction was made with securities for passing the Bill—with such securities as Mr. Gladstone is bound to obtain, and as her Majesty will, it cannot be doubted, readily give, in strict accordance with constitutional precedent. I humbly think that Mr. Gladstone ought not to meet the House of Commons next month without being in possession of such security for passing the Bill. We cannot, if we would, abolish the House of Lords in order to pass the Bill. But the Bill should be passed in the next session of Parliament, and the straight way to that end is simply to follow the precedent which was put in operation in Queen Anne's reign, and the menace of which was sufficient in 1832 to secure the passing of the Reform Bill. Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, a much stronger case than that of Lord Grey, for not only has he the same enthusiastic support in the House of Commons and in the country, but he has the marked approval of the House of Lords to the principle of his Franchise Bill. All that the Conservatives appear to rely upon is the vain repetition of sentences from old speeches by Mr. Bright and Lord Derby.

These extracts are not relevant to the circumstances, but if they were, they would weigh for nothing against the voice of the House of Commons and of the people. The elected House has declared in the most emphatic manner for separation of the objects of Parliamentary Reform, and the quotations are unimportant. Perhaps the Conservatives will not see this until Mr. Gladstone appears armed with resistless power to pass the Bill. The Cabinet of Lord Grey were not satisfied with the probable effect of royal and patriotic influence which it was expected would be brought to bear upon the recalcitrant peers; they thought it necessary that Lord Grey should be armed with the power to create peers in number sufficient to carry the Bill, should any of its essential provisions be interfered with in its progress through the House of Lords. It was not until the King had given to Lord Grey a solemn promise that, if called upon, he would create peers as many as might be needed for this purpose that the Ministers of 1832 consented to hold office. The nature of this power was well known to the public from previous explanations, but when it was obtained, Lord Althorp, who then led the House of Commons, informed the House that though he could not reveal the nature of the securities for carrying the Bill which Lord Grey and his colleagues had obtained, he trusted that the House had sufficient confidence in him to be satisfied with his assurance that they had that security.

In Queen Anne's reign this mode of overruling the Peers was acted upon from the side of the Crown. A majority of the Lords voted an address to her Majesty praying that she would not consent to any peace which should leave the Crown of Spain in the possession of any branch of the House of Bourbon. Even Lord Russell held that this Whig demonstration was an unconstitutional interference with the prerogative of the Crown and with the discretion of its advisers, who could not fail to be influenced by the events of the war. The House of Lords in that day scarcely numbered two hundred, and the creation of a dozen peers was sufficient to overbear the majority, and, as Lord Russell says, "to secure the harmonious working of the constitution." But in that day Queen Anne pledged herself, as Queen Victoria it may be assumed will next month, to the creation of any number required to insure the object of her Ministers. There is no limit to the making of Peers of Parliament. There are certain limitations to the power of the Crown in regard to peerages. By the Act of Union with Ireland, the Crown can only create one new Irish peerage for every three that have lapsed. The Crown cannot create any new Scotch Peer. But Peers of the United Kingdom may be created in any number. No Tory will question the authority of Lord

Lyndhurst, who said, "The Sovereign may legitimately summon a hundred Peers at once, and raise a body-guard in the peerage."

This, then, is the constitutional and recognised method of proceeding with the Franchise Bill. The exhibition of this security is the proper answer to Lord Salisbury's innovating demand for an appeal to the people. We Liberals have much to gain by such an appeal upon the issue now before the country. One more favourable to our political interests could not be conceived, and of the response we could not entertain a shadow of doubt. But we dare not admit the claim of the House of Lords to force a dissolution. That would be a greater wrong to the principles of the Constitution than the rejection of the Bill. It would involve deep discredit to the House of Commons, and a distinct decline of this country from her precedence in the science of government. I do not agitate for abolition of the House of Lords. That House is educating the people, both by its errors and by the high character of so many of its members, to a more painless progress. But I should be compelled to join in the demand if the choice lay only between concession of power of forcing dissolution upon Parliament and abolition of the Upper House. Fortunately the prerogative of the Crown and the practice of past times have provided a way out of the difficulty. But no Second Chamber having made and failed in this demand, as the House of Lords must fail, can escape without serious loss. I know not which would bring deeper humiliation, the forced abstention of the majority or the entry of new Peers, created specially to override their power. After forty years' reflection upon the events of 1832, Lord Russell was of opinion that the creation of new Peers, making "a House of Lords to sympathise with the people at large and to act in concurrence with the enlightened state of the prevailing wish," represents far better the dignity of that House than a majority eager to show its ill-will, "but afraid to appear, and skulking in clubs and country houses, in fear of a measure which has attracted the ardent sympathy of public opinion." Either way the victory of the people must be certain and decisive. There can be no surrender to this ill-timed demand for a new power for the Peers, which Mr. Gladstone has justly termed "a perfect and absolute innovation." I feel confident he will obtain security to overbear that demand in accordance with the precedents of this and of the preceding century.

When the House of Commons parts with the Franchise Bill in November, it should be final as to every vital part of the measure. Unless Mr. Gladstone is armed with the power of creating Peers, the Bill would probably be dealt with by the House of Lords just as the Peers attempted, on the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, to deal with

the Bill of 1832, by a postponement. The Bill would come back with a clause postponing its operation till some distant date, or to some uncertain date dependent on the passing of some other measure. This should be defeated. Things have gone too far for such a compromise. The House of Lords must pass the Bill. If the Peers make such a misjudgment, they must be prepared to reverse it as they did in 1832 by a prudent absence. The Government would surely decline to consider any vital amendment in either House; and upon the Queen's adhesion to the policy of the last Queen of England and of her Majesty's uncle, the Franchise Bill will pass, probably before Christmas, and the way will be clear for dealing with Redistribution in the session of 1885. If the Bill is replaced in a state of "suspended animation," Lord Kimberley will, I trust, repeat the motion for second reading with exhibition of the royal security.

It is undeniable that this will severely strike the authority of the House of Lords. If Lord Salisbury chooses, he can by resistance, by obtaining all the support which was given to him on a recent occasion, cause the creation of sixty new Peers, of whom more than half would probably be Scotch and Irish Peers. He would then have weakened the authority of the Lords by a process of dilution. The effect, either of the menace or of its operation, upon the possible dissolution of the House of Lords, would be far more marked than was the case in the reign of Anne, or in 1832. Lord Salisbury's utmost success would end in raising the roll of the Lords of Parliament to nearly six hundred, that is about three hundred and fifty more than can be seated in the House of Lords. The tendency of Peers is to become Conservative, and many named by Mr. Gladstone would in the next generation pass to the Opposition. It would be asked—Is the process to continue? Is the Tory leader of the next generation to cause the addition of another hundred, and so on till every man with £5,000 a-year has had the offer of a peerage? Lord Salisbury cannot fail to see that the House of Lords must die of flatulence if his successors were equally successful in this policy. No one is better aware of the modern origin of the present peerage. With the modest number of twenty-five temporal Peers, Henry VII. began his reign; there were but fifty-one when Henry VIII. closed his sumptuous term, and Elizabeth named but seven. There are now 525 Peers. If the House of Lords had nothing to fear but direct action from without claiming an immediate abolition, it might indulge a stronger feeling of security than is warrantable. Violent death is very rare. The opinion that "an Hereditary Chamber cannot be a permanent institution in a free country," is a truism which Lord Salisbury has done far more than Mr. Bright to render plain and practical. It is a truism which should not be

offensive, and which does not imply hostility. A man may be a very sincere defender of British rule in India, he may have the strongest conviction of the benefits which that rule is conferring and has bestowed, and may yet affirm that British rule cannot be permanent over 200,000,000 of people with whom conditions of climate appear to forbid that the British race should be assimilated.

Lord Salisbury it appears intends deliberately to provoke the menace or the operation of breaking down the will of the Lords in the way known to the Constitution. In so acting, he is powerfully promoting the dissolution of the House of Lords. In spite of much strong language and many explicit resolutions, there is not and will not be a formidable movement for abolition. If the House of Lords were in a position to offer an impassable resistance, if there were no more peaceful way by which that resistance could be obliterated, then the matter would assume a very different complexion. There was a time when it was thought that the position of the Peers would be strengthened by taking from the Sovereign the prerogative of making Peers. This was after Queen Anne had, upon Lord Oxford's advice, successfully overborne opposition by creating twelve peers. Lord Sunderland persuaded George I. to renounce the prerogative, and actually carried a Bill through the Upper House, limiting the Lords, after certain creations, to the actual members and their successors in title. Fortunately for the House of Lords, the Commons rejected that Bill. Had it been passed, had the House of Lords been made, as Sir Robert Walpole said in opposing the Bill, "a fixed impenetrable phalanx," had it been determined that the only way of admission was through the tomb of an ancestor, the institution would probably have fallen into disrepute and have been abolished long ago. We should, I suspect, now have been living under a form of Government which I hope never to see in England—that of an elected Senate and of an elected House of Representatives. The wisdom of our predecessors in the House of Commons decided otherwise, and they preserved to the peerage all the attractions with which it is possible to surround a privileged class. Montesquieu said our Constitution would perish whenever the legislative power became more corrupt than the executive. The House of Lords has never been suspected of corruption; the House of Commons cannot be corrupt until the people are more corrupt. Our Constitution, it may be more truly said, will perish whenever any one of the estates of the realm will not bend, and cannot be made to bend, to the will of the people. The English will not hastily abolish the House of Lords; they are a homely and a conservative people. "The pig's killed," said Lord Althorp to Lord John Russell, by way of announcing the resignation of the Ministry. The English will not burn the House

of Lords to roast their pig, but they will demand and will obtain submission.

It is just a hundred years since Mr. Pitt prepared his Bill to Amend the Representation of the People, which, early in 1785, was rejected by a majority of 74. He then said: "The brightest periods of our glory and triumph were those in which the House of Commons had the most complete confidence in their Ministers, and the people of England the most complete confidence in the House of Commons." It is the careless fashion of some of this time to speak with small respect of the House of Commons, yet at no period in our history has that assembly had so great an interest for the people at large. For every hundred who discussed the decision of the House of Commons in 1785 there are now ten thousand politicians. There are thousands of electors in every great constituency who have some acquaintance even with the forms of procedure. The power and popularity of the House of Commons have enormously increased. As a consequence it has declined in the opinion of those by whom it was at one time declared to be the best club in London. It has lost that claim, but it has gained immensely in representative character. Take, for instance, the unexampled cohesion of Mr. Gladstone's majority. It has been held together by the constituencies quite as much as by the Prime Minister's personal authority. The present difficulties of the House of Commons arise in great part from its popularity. The volume of business is ten times that of last century. We have no means of making a close comparison of the personal behaviour of the House. But I believe that the general improvement of manners has affected the House of Commons. There has been violent language; there have been personalities which it is unpleasant to recall. But let those who have known the House of Commons for many years remember the cockerowings from behind the Speaker's chair, the intemperance, the lower sense of public duty, which were among the less pleasing characteristics of earlier times. A few years ago, in the long history of the House of Commons, the patron was everything and the people nothing. There were thirty "boroughs" returning 60 members with an aggregate of fewer than 400 electors. Winchelsea, in Kent, had but three voters, and Bossiney, in Cornwall, but one voter. In 1821, Sidney Smith wrote: "The country belongs to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Newcastle, and about twenty other holders of boroughs. They are our masters." In representative character, the House of Commons is now far more worthy of respect. There are fewer place-hunters. Of these, some of the most greedy used to come from Ireland. The followers of Mr. Parnell are not faultless, but they are not place-hunters, and they never fail in any Session to press through the House some measure of advantage for their con-

stituents. There has been in recent times no accusation against a member of Parliament of taking a bribe; and nowadays one who represents 100,000 or more people, when journals are full of appetite for personal incidents, is very careful to avoid reproach. At the next redistribution, the general average of constituencies will be enlarged, and the responsibility of members to the people rendered more complete. From these circumstances I wish to draw the conclusion that the power of the House of Commons has increased, is increasing, and ought not to be diminished.

The growth of this power has been partly due to the hereditary character of the House of Lords. The strength of the House of Lords has arisen from its territorial connection with every part of the country, and from the influence attaching to high station, to comparatively long descent, and to the favoured position of a small and privileged class. The foundation of the peerage has been the ownership of land. As a rule, the man who could show a rent-roll of £10,000 a year has been held to have a fair claim to the peerage. So it happens that Peers hold nearly 20,000,000 acres in the United Kingdom. As the predominant owners of the soil, their opposition and their judicial power in the House of Lords added £100,000,000 to the cost of our railways; and though the best agriculture in the kingdom is on the estates of Peers, they are guilty of the master evil in our land system by which nearly four-fifths of the soil are placed outside the operation of the law of insolvency. A prime object of State policy should be to facilitate the transfer of land from embarrassed to capable hands. Here, in order to maintain the peerage as a peculiar class, as the body of great landowners, this primary rule of State policy has been reversed. The result has been a gradual depopulation of the rural districts, an unwholesome crowding in large towns, the rarity of freehold tenure in town and country, and the withholding of capital from agriculture. These are tremendous evils; they have cost us far more in loss of life and of wealth than all the wars of the century, and they may be justly laid at the door of the House of Lords. But in the history of England there has been a firm and steady development of popular power such as could hardly have taken place had the House of Lords been without the weakness inherent to privilege. The power of the House of Commons, which is so solid and so salutary, might never have reached its present development had the basis of the Upper House been different. Cromwell proposed reform of the House of Commons on a principle which Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have accepted. Lord Russell in his last written words counselled his successors to act upon Cromwell's plan of reform. Cromwell's failure was with the Upper House. He assumed the necessity of a Second Chamber, and built upon lines which if they had proved successful would have

been fatal to the predominance of the House of Commons. No power in the world resembles that of the House of Commons. It is my aim to establish that this position, so distinguished, so full of promise that we may, in Milton's words, retain our "precedence of teaching nations how to live," has been indirectly fostered, favoured, and secured by the institution of a House of Lords. If Cromwell's Upper House had succeeded, the House of Commons might not have been to-day the unquestioned depository of the popular power of the country. It failed, and the House of Lords, based upon property and upon caste, was restored. Cromwell succeeded in everything but in making a Second Chamber; and those Commons who disdained to recognise his Upper House deserve well of their descendants in title.

The House of Lords has endured because in one respect it is quite as representative as the House of Commons. It is at least equal in local knowledge and connection. This is the main strength of the House of Lords, and this character is too little appreciated by some who have advanced projects for reform of the Upper Chamber. I avow myself hostile to all organic reform of the House of Lords. I sympathise with Lord Rosebery, while I am not sorry for his defeat. If the Lords were to send down a Bill for the creation of life Peers, I should probably block it. I have never ceased to be thankful to those Peers who in 1856 denied the claim of the Crown to summon life Peers to the House of Lords. I hope it may be well understood that the claim which was denied in the person of Lord Wensleydale will in future be opposed by some who are not in general sympathy with Tories of the Upper House. I prefer that the constitution of a Second Chamber should be worked out upon the hereditary principle. If the summoning of life Peers were sanctioned, the basis of the House of Lords would be gradually changed, and merit combined with great public service might become the general qualification instead of great possessions. Perhaps in deference to feelings of eminent individuals, the life Peer might be simply a lord of Parliament, like the bishops who are lords but not Peers, and might be known outside as "Mr. Bright," or "Mr. Goschen," or "Mr. Forster," or "Mr. Fawcett." Further, it might well happen that the writ of summons should lapse upon insufficient attendance, or that those Peers only to whom upon the election of a new Parliament a new writ of summons was issued by the Crown should be on the roll of the House of Lords. So we might pass in a reforming age by easy and almost imperceptible stages to the constitution of a Senate nominated by the Crown, and including all that was most judicious, dignified, and eminent in the State. But what would become of the House of Commons? That power which is the growth of centuries, which we ought to use most wisely and to guard so

jealously as our peculiar and most precious possession, would crumble away. Ministers would obtain the right of appearing and of speaking in either Chamber; but the House of Commons, as it now exists and as it may exist, would be no more. It would still be the only House of Representatives; but its responsibility, which is the essence of power, would be greatly diminished. I am disposed to think that the House of Lords is the least hurtful Second Chamber. Such institutions are advocated on the ground that they prevent crude, hasty, and ill-digested decisions of a popular Chamber from passing into law. But is it not more true that when a certain standard of political education has been attained, such decisions when they arise are the consequence of divided responsibility? If we had a reformed House of Lords in place of a House of Landlords, the House of Commons might cease to retain statesmen of age, dignity, and of the ripest experience. The responsibility of the House of Lords, which has fallen throughout this century until now the Upper House has no concern in the making or unmaking of ministries, would at once revive, and the House of Commons would pass—as the House of Representatives at Washington passes—projects of law dedicated to Buncombe, and not seriously designed for the Statute Book. It does, I think, sometimes happen that the House of Lords rejects a crude proposal from the House of Commons. I think I have seen laws, or at least clauses, passed by the House of Commons somewhat carelessly. That must be the consequence of a Second Chamber. But there is less of it in England than in any other country, because of the overwhelming superiority of the power of the House of Commons.

It is proposed to limit the veto of the House of Lords. It is suggested that when a Bill is passed a second time in a second session by the Commons, its principle shall not be refused by the House of Lords. It is not clear what the advocates of this policy propose as to amendments. When a Bill is returned to the Lords they must pass the second reading; but what about amendments in committee? If the Lords make amendments and the Commons insist upon the original Bill, is their will to be at once decisive? If it is, then the Lords would be encouraged not to go into committee upon every obnoxious Bill until the second session; if it is not, then three sessions would be required to carry out the will of the House of Commons. I own I am not favourable to any form of this proposal. I prefer to operate directly upon opposition by the House of Lords. I do not wish to degrade the peerage, but I will not bate a jot of the power of the people through the House of Commons. It is far better for the commonwealth that Mr. Bright should enter that House half-a-dozen times in a session rather than that he should be placed in a Senate to lessen by his great authority the responsibility of the Commons. Responsibility makes dignity and character. No one, I

suppose, suggests a limitation of the Lords' veto as preparatory to passing the Franchise Bill. The Franchise Bill should be passed, and passed by the creation of peers if Lord Salisbury will not yield without this reinforcement of the ministerial supporters. The veto question cannot have a practical connection with that Bill. It is a matter of subsequent concern. It would be extremely difficult. A Bill touching the privileges of Peers must originate in the House of Lords. The introduction of such a Bill in the Commons would be a breach of privilege. Technically, it would be not easy to abolish the House of Lords or to limit the veto of the Peers. I am not convinced it is desirable to restrain their veto by law. I do not know how to legislate for the House of Lords without increasing its responsibility, and without a corresponding reduction of that of the House of Commons. Suppose, for example, the plan of limiting the veto were adopted. The House of Lords would then be informed by law that they had a right to delay, it may be for twelve months, any proposal of the House of Commons. I think we can deal better with the House of Lords in its present form. Consistently with my natural respect for a body of gentlemen, including many who are worthy of the highest honour, I will do all in my power to lessen the responsibility of the House of Lords.

Mr. Courtney is one of very few politicians who have committed themselves to positive recommendations. Asserting that a Second Chamber may have its uses in moderating the action of the First Chamber, he says the House of Lords has two defects: (1) it offers no check to the extravagancies of the party calling itself Conservative; and (2) its vote is absolute instead of suspensory. The first question to be considered is this: Does a Second Chamber moderate the action of a First Chamber? The House of Commons has not yet attained its ultimate form; it is not yet fully representative of the people. In a community which has reached a high level of political knowledge and experience, it is likely that a Second Chamber would have an opposite tendency. Whether the subject be an individual or a body of individuals, it is responsibility combined with knowledge which constrains to moderation. The position of the House of Lords may become such as would be that of the Crown, if the Crown had an open, deliberate responsibility for every action of Lord Salisbury in the place of Prime Minister. The value of any Second Chamber as a moderating instrument must decline with the progress of every community. With an enlightened and well-instructed people, the best security for moderation in government is only to be gained by forcing the fullest responsibility upon their representatives. I expect, I hope, therefore, to witness a decline in the authority of all Second Chambers, because I regard them as dangerous to the ultimate progress of nations, to that

moderation of which in their origin and career they may have been useful and efficient guardians.

Then we come to the defects of the House of Lords. Lord Russell thought there was a defect in the personal composition of the House of Lords which does not belong to its original constitution. "It has," he said, "become a party body." I do not see how this defect can be permanently removed. Suppose Mr. Gladstone were obliged to use the powers which her Majesty will doubtless give him in October, and were to redress the balance by the creation of sixty Liberal peers, including great men of business such as Mr. Samuel Morley and Irish peers such as Lord Kensington. Does any one imagine that in the House of Lords there is or will be other than one current which is always carrying Peers over to the Tory majority? Mr. Fawcett has suggested that the presidents of royal, learned, and professional societies should be members of the House of Lords; Lord Rosebery would have delegates from the colonies to sit with himself on the red benches; and Mr. Courtney proposes that "the Upper House shall be reinforced by representatives of the classes now practically unrepresented in it." I am opposed to every one of these suggestions. I believe that if Mr. Courtney were to place Henry Broadhurst and Joseph Arch in the House of Lords, they or their descendants would yield, must yield, to the influences of the position. I cannot think it desirable that the heads of learned societies or delegates from the colonies should be exposed to reactionary tendencies. I have met with Nonconformists who appear to desire that the presidents of their respective conferences should sit with the Archbishop of Canterbury. I regard this as a vain and silly idea fit to be condemned by the parable of putting new wine into old bottles. The extent to which it could be operative would be that the useful energy of Nonconformists might be, to some extent, spilled and wasted. Each and every one of these proposals lead straight in the direction of a Senate nominated for representative character or meritorious service. I would rather preserve the House of Lords than lend a hand in that direction.

I am not discontented with the present condition and tendency of the House of Lords. I would not even compel Peers to be late for dinner by changing the quorum from three to forty; and as to reform of the House of Lords, I have but two small propositions to put forward. I think the Crown should suspend the writ of summons of any Peer who accepted permanent office. The number of Peers holding offices which would disqualify a commoner for election to the House of Commons has much increased. This inequality between members of the two Houses is unjust and improper. The constitutional reasons which prevent a member of the Land Commission, or of the Ecclesiastical Commission, or of the Customs Com-

mission from sitting in the Lower House apply with equal force to the Upper House. My second reform would be that Private Bill Committees should consist of six members, and be composed of three members of each House. In a single case, that of the Manchester Ship Canal Bill, this would have saved an expenditure of more than £50,000, and a serious loss of time to such important functionaries as railway managers and town-clerks, whose labours are concerned with the lives and property of the people.

The abolition of the House of Lords is talked of as if it could be accomplished by a private member's Bill, or even by a Tuesday resolution of the House of Commons. The only way of abolishing that House known to the Constitution would be by passing a Bill in the House of Lords, and by the adoption of that Bill by the House of Commons and the Crown. Any other method must display the rudeness of revolution. If ever the House of Lords is abolished it will probably be by a decree of the Crown acting upon an address from the House of Commons. It seems to me, however, that the basis of the House of Lords will undergo great changes. It is now, and has always been, wealth in the possession of land. Excluding the roads and the water as no man's land, the Lords hold nearly one quarter of the United Kingdom. The chief economic evils of the system by which they retain this enormous property in practical perpetuity extend far beyond their own body, and affect much more than 40,000,000 acres. A reformed House of Commons will change this basis, and the rich Peers, who are not a few, and who are foremost in power and ability, will make no determined resistance against measures which will be so rich with advantage to life tenants, and which will propose to give freedom to the land. When the transfer of land is made simple and expeditious, as it must be if this country is to fight for its place among nations with fair prospect of success, the disintegration of large estates will be rapid. The diffusion of property in land will benefit landlords first, and afterwards all classes of the community. But under the influence of such changes the authority of the House of Lords must decline. A time will come in which the House of Lords will recognise that, as to a large number of Peers, the basis of its authority has departed. The representative system will then have become so omnipotent, so impatient of any such control, that great reform or dissolution must be accepted. When that time arrives, and it may yet be scarcely within a measurable distance, I am inclined to think that the governing body of the Peers themselves will prefer to claim the full rights of citizenship and dissolution of the House of Lords.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH IS EXHIBITED HOW A PRACTICAL MAN AND A DIVINING WOMAN LEARN TO RESPECT ONE ANOTHER.

"You see, you are my crutch," Lady Dunstane said to Redworth, raising the stick in reminder of the present.

He offered his arm and hurriedly informed her, to dispose of dull personal matter, that he had just landed. She had sighed: her voice betrayed some agitation.

His partial acquaintance with the Herculean Sir Lukin's reputation in town inspired a fear of his being about to receive admission to the distressful confidences of the wife, and he asked if Mrs. Warwick was well.

"I heard from her this morning," said Lady Dunstane, and motioned him to a chair beside the sofa, where she half reclined, closing her eyes. The sight of tears on the eyelashes frightened him. She roused herself to look at the clock. "Providence or accident, you are here," she said. "I could not have prayed for the coming of a truer man. Mrs. Warwick is in great danger. . . . You know our love. She is the best of me, heart and soul. Her husband has chosen to act on vile suspicions—baseless, I could hold my hand in the fire and swear. She has enemies, or the jealous fury is on the man—I know little of him. He has commenced an action against her. He will rue it. But she . . . you understand this of women at least;—they are not cowards in all things!—but the horror of facing a public scandal:—my poor girl writes of the hatefulness of having to act the complacent—put on her accustomed self! Well, she shrinks from it. She is leaving the country."

"Wrong!" cried Redworth.

"Wrong indeed. She writes, that in two days she will be out of it. Judge her as I do, though you are a man, I pray. You have seen the hunted hare. It is our education—we have something of the hare in us when the hounds are full cry. Our bravest, our best, have an impulse to run. 'By this, poor Wat far off upon a hill.' Shakespeare would have the divine comprehension. I have thought all round it and come back to him. She is one of Shakespeare's women: another character, but one of his own:—another Hermione! I dream of him, seeing her with that eye of steady flame. The bravest and best of us at bay in the world need an eye like his, to read deep and not be baffled by inconsistencies."

Insensibly Redworth blinked. His consciousness of an exalted compassion for the lady was heated by these flights of advocacy to feel that he was almost seated beside the sovereign poet thus eulogized, and he was of a modest nature.

"But you are practical," pursued Lady Dunstane, observing signs that she took for impatience. "You are thinking of what can be done. If Lukin were here I would send him to the Crossways without a moment's delay, on the chance, the mere chance:—it shines to me! If I were only a little stronger! I fear I might break down, and it would be unfair to my husband. I am certain she will go to the Crossways. Tony is one of the women who burn to give last kisses to things they love. Her father died there. She is Irish—superstitious in affection. I know her so well. At this moment I *see* her there. If not, she has grown unlike herself."

"Have you a stout horse in the stables?" Redworth asked.

"You remember the mare Berthà; you have ridden her."

He spoke of three hours of daylight and a spoon to rise. "She has often pointed out to me from your ridges where the Crossways lies, about three miles from the downs, near a village named Stirling, on the road to Brasted. The house has a small plantation of firs behind it, and a bit of river—rare for Sussex—to the right. An old straggling red brick house at Crossways, a stone's throw from a fingerpost on a square of green: roads to Brasted, London, Wickford, Riddlehurst. I shall find it. Write what you have to say, my lady, and confide it to me. I'll go, with your permission, and take a look at the mare. Sussex roads are heavy in this damp weather, and the frost coming on won't improve them for a tired beast. We haven't our Rails laid down there yet."

"You make me admit some virtues in the practical," said Lady Dunstane; and had the poor fellow vollied forth a tale of the everlastingness of his passion for Diana, it would have touched her far less than his exact memory of Diana's description of her loved birth-place.

She wrote:

"I trust my messenger to tell you how I hang on you. I see my ship making for the rocks. You break your Emma's heart. It will be *the second* wrong step. I shall not survive it. The threat has made me incapable of rushing to you, as I might have had strength to do yesterday. I am shattered, and I wait panting for Mr. Redworth's return *with you*. He has called, by accident, as we say. Trust to him. If ever heaven was active to avert a fatal mischance it is to-day. You will not stand against my supplication. It is my life I cry for. I have no more time. He starts. He leaves me to pray—like the mother seeing her child on the edge of the cliff. Come. This is your breast, my Tony! And your soul warns you

it is *right* to come. Do rightly. Scorn other counsel—the coward's. Come with our friend—the one man known to me who can be a friend of women."

She saw him start, after fortifying him with a tumbler of choice Bordeaux, thinking how Tony would have said she was like a lady arming her knight for battle.

Redworth struck on a Southward line from chalk-ridge to sand, where he had a pleasant footing in familiar country, under beeches that browned the ways, along beside a meadow-brook fed by the heights, through pines and across deep sand-ruts to full view of weald and downs. Diana had been with him here in her maiden days! The coloured back of a coach put an end to that dream. A favourable land for Rails: and she had looked over it; and he was now becoming a wealthy man: and she was a married woman straining the leash. His errand would not bear examination, it seemed such a desperate long shot. He shut his inner vision on it, and pricked forward. When the burning sunset shot waves above the juniper and yews behind him, he was far on the weald, trotting down an interminable road.

The moon stood high on her march as he entered Storling. He fed at the Three Ravens Inn on a snack of cold meat and tea, standing, and set forth, clearly directed, "if he kept a sharp eye open." A light in a cottage invited him to apply for fresh directions. The door was opened by a woman, who had never heard tell of the Crossways, nor had her husband, nor any of the children crowding round them. A voice within ejaculated: "Crassways;" and soon upon the grating of a chair, an old man, whom the woman named her lodger, by way of introduction, presented himself with his hat on, saying: "I know the spot they calls Crassways," and he led. Redworth understood the intention that a job was to be made of it, and submitting, said: "To the right, I think." He was bidden to come along, if he wanted "they Crassways," and from the right they turned to the left, and further sharp round, and on to a turn, where the old man, otherwise incommunicative, said: "There, down thik theer road, and a post in the middle."

"I want a house, not a post!" roared Redworth, spying a bare space.

The old man dispatched a finger travelling to his nob. "Naw, there's ne'er a house. But that's crassways for four roads, if it's crassways you wants."

Further walking brought them to a turn. Any turn seemed hopeful. Another turn offered the welcome sight of a blazing doorway on a rise of ground off the road. Approaching it, the old man requested him to "bide a bit," and stalked the ascent at long strides. A vigorous old fellow. Redworth waited below, observing

how he joined the group at the lighted door, and, as it was apparent, put his question of the whereabouts of the Crossways. Finally, in extreme impatience, he walked up to the group of spectators. They were all, and Andrew Hedger among them, the most entranced and profoundly reverent, observing the dissection of a pig.

Unable to awaken his hearing, Redworth jogged his arm, and the shake was ineffective until it grew in force.

Andrew Hedger yielded his arm. He slowly withdrew his intent fond gaze from the fair outstretched white carcase, and with drooping eyelids, he said: "Ah could eat hog a solid hower!"

He had forgotten to ask the way, intoxicated by the aspect of the pig; and when he did ask it, he was hard of understanding, given wholly to his last glimpses.

Redworth got the directions. He would have dismissed Mr. Andrew Hedger, but there was no doing so. "I'll show ye on to the Crassways House," the latter said, implying that he had already earned something by showing him the Crossways post.

They crossed the wooden bridge of a flooded stream.

"Now ye have it," said the hog-worshipper; "that may be the house, I reckon."

A dark mass of building, with the moon behind it, shining in spikes through a mound of firs, met Redworth's gaze. The windows all were blind, no smoke rose from the chimneys. He noted the dusky square of green, and the finger-post signalling the centre of the four roads. Andrew Hedger repeated that it was the Crossways house, "no'er a doubt." Redworth paid him his expected fee, whereupon Andrew, shouldering off, wished him a hearty good night, and forthwith departed at high pedestrian pace, manifestly to have a concluding look at the beloved anatomy.

There stood the house. Absolutely empty! thought Redworth. He looked at the windows facing the downs with dead eyes. The vivid idea of her was a phantom presence, and cold, assuring him that the bodily Diana was absent.

Anticipating the blank silence, he rang the house-bell. It seemed to set wagging a weariful tongue in a corpse. The bell did its duty to the last note, and one thin revival stroke, for a finish, as in days when it responded livingly to the guest. He pulled, and had the reply, just the same, with the faint terminal touch, resembling exactly a "There!" at the close of a voluble delivery in the negative. Absolutely empty. He pulled and pulled. The bell wagged, wagged. This had been a house of a witty host, a merry girl, junketting guests; a house of hilarious thunders, lightnings of fun and fancy. Death never seemed more voiceful than in that wagging of the bell.

The temptation to glance at the wild divinings of dreamy-witted

women from the point of view of the practical man, was aided by the intense frigidity of the atmosphere in leading him to criticize a sex not much used to the exercise of brains.

The downs were like a wavy robe of shadowy grey silk. No wonder that she had loved to look on them!

And it was no wonder that Andrew Hedger enjoyed prime bacon. Bacon frizzling, fat rashers of real home-fed on the fire—none of your foreign—suggested a genial refreshment and resistance to antagonistic elements.

These were notions darting through a half-nourished gentleman nipped in the frame by a severely frosty night. Truly a most beautiful night! She would have delighted to see it here. The downs were like floating islands, like fairy-laden vapours; solid, as Andrew Hedger's hour of eating; visionary, as too often his desire.

Redworth muttered to himself, after taking the picture of the house and surrounding country from the sward, that he thought it about the sharpest night he had ever encountered in England. He was cold, hungry, dispirited, and astoundingly stricken with an incapacity to separate any of his thoughts from old Andrew Hedger. Nature was at her pranks upon him.

He left the garden briskly, as to the legs, and reluctantly. He would have liked to know whether Diana had recently visited the house, or was expected. It could be learnt in the morning; but his mission was urgent and he on the wings of it. He was vexed and saddened.

Scarcely had he closed the garden-gate when the noise of an opening window arrested him, and he called. The answer was in a feminine voice, youngish, not disagreeable, though not Diana's.

He heard none of the words, but rejoined in a bawl: "Mrs. Warwick!—Mr. Redworth!"

That was loud enough for the deaf or the dead.

The window closed. He went to the door and waited. It swung wide to him; and, O marvel of a woman's divination of a woman! there stood Diana.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWS HOW A POSITION OF DELICACY FOR A LADY AND GENTLEMAN WAS MET IN SIMPLE FASHION WITHOUT HURT TO EITHER.

"HAD I known it was you!" said Diana, bidding him enter the passage. She wore a black silk mantilla and was warmly covered.

She called to her maid Danvers, whom Redworth remembered: a firm woman of about forty, wrapped, like her mistress, in head-covering, cloak, scarf and shawl. Telling her to scour the kitchen

for firewood, Diana led into a sitting-room. "I need not ask—you have come from Lady Dunstane," she said. "Is she well?"

"Deeply anxious."

The small glow of candle-light made her dark rich colouring orange in shadow.

"House and grounds are open to a tenant," she resumed. "I say good-bye to them to-morrow morning. The old couple who are in charge sleep in the village to-night. I did not want them here. You have a letter for me?"

He put his hand to his pocket for the letter.

"Presently," she said. She divined the contents, and nursed her resolution to withstand them. Danvers had brought firewood and coal. Orders were given to her, and in spite of the opposition of the maid and intervention of the gentleman, Diana knelt at the grate, observing: "Allow me to do this. I can lay and light a fire."

He was obliged to look on: she was a woman who spoke her meaning. She knelt, handling paper, firewood and matches, like a housemaid. Danvers proceeded on her mission, and Redworth eyed Diana in the first fire-glow. He could have imagined a Madonna on an old black Spanish canvas.

The act of service was beautiful in gracefulness, and her simplicity in doing the work touched it spiritually. He thought, as she knelt there, that never had he seen how lovely and how charged with mystery her features were; the dark large eyes full on the brows; the proud line of a straight nose in right measure to the bow of the lips; reposeful red lips, shut, and their curve of the slumber-smile at the corners. Her forehead was broad; the chin of a sufficient firmness to sustain that noble square; the brows marked by a soft thick brush to the temples; her black hair plainly drawn along her head to the knot, revealed by the mantilla fallen on her neck.

Elegant in plainness, the classic poet would have said of her hair and dress. She was of the women whose wits are quick in everything they do. That which was proper to her position, complexion, and the hour, surely marked her appearance. Unaccountably this night, the fair fleshly presence overweighed her intellectual distinction, to an observer bent on vindicating her innocence. Or rather, he saw the hidden in the visible.

Owner of such a woman, and to lose her! Redworth pitied the husband.

The crackling flames reddened her whole person. Gazing, he remembered Lady Dunstane saying of her once, that in anger she had the nostrils of a war-horse. The nostrils now were faintly alive under some sensitive impression of her musings. The olive cheeks, pale as she stood in the doorway, were flushed by the fire-beams,

though no longer with their swarthy central rose; tropic flower of a pure and abounding blood, as it had seemed. She was now beset by battle. His pity for her, and his eager championship, overwhelmed the spirit of compassion for the foolish, wretched husband. Dolt, the man must be, Redworth thought; and he asked inwardly, Did the miserable tyrant suppose of a woman like this, that she would be content to shine as a candle in a grated lanthorn? The generosity of men speculating upon other men's possessions is known. Yet the man who loves a woman has, to the full the husband's jealousy of her good name. And a lover that, without the claims of the alliance, can be wounded on her behalf, is less distracted in his homage by his personal luminary, to which man's manufacture of balm and incense is mainly drawn when his love is wounded. That contemplation of her incomparable beauty, with the multitude of his ideas fluttering round it, did somewhat shake the personal luminary in Redworth. He was conscious of pangs. The question bit him: How far had she been indiscreet or wilful? and the bite of it was a keen acid to his nerves. A woman doubted by her husband, is always, and even to her champions in the first hours of the noxious rumour, until they have solidified in confidence through service, a creature of the wilds, marked for our ancient running. Nay, more than a cynical world, these latter will be sensible of it. The doubt casts her forth, the general yelp drags her down; she runs like the prey of the forest under spotting branches; clear if we can think so, but it has to be thought in devotedness: her character is abroad. Redworth bore a strong resemblance to his fellow men, except for his power of faith in this woman. Nevertheless it required the superbness of her beauty and the contrasting charm of her humble posture of kneeling by the fire, to set him on his right track of mind. He knew and was sure of her. He dispersed the unhallowed fry in attendance upon any stirring of the reptile part of us, to look at her with the eyes of a friend. And if . . .!—a little mouse of a thought scampered out of one of the chambers of his head and darted along the passages, fetching a sweat to his brows. Well, whatsoever the fact, his heart was hers! He hoped he could be charitable to women.

She rose from her knees and said: "Now, please, give me the letter."

He was entreated to excuse her for consigning him to firelight when she left the room.

Danvers brought in a dismal tallow candle, remarking that her mistress had not expected visitors: her mistress had nothing but tea and bread and butter to offer him. Danvers uttered no complaint of her sufferings; happy in being the picture of them.

"I'm not hungry," said he.

A plate of Andrew Hedger's own would not have tempted him. The foolish frizzle of bacon sung in his ears as he walked from end to end of the room; an illusion of his fancy pricked by a frost-edged appetite. But the anticipated contest with Diana checked and numbed the craving.

Was Warwick a man to proceed to extremities on a mad suspicion?—What kind of proof had he?

Redworth summoned the portrait of Mr. Warwick before him, and beheld a sweeping of close eyes in cloud, a long upper lip in cloud; the rest of him was all cloud. As usual with these conjurations of a face, the index of the nature conceived by him displayed itself, and no more; but he took it for the whole physiognomy, and pronounced of the husband thus delineated, that those close eyes of the long upper lip would both suspect and proceed madly.

He was invited by Danvers to enter the dining-room. There Diana joined him.

"The best of a dinner on bread and butter is, that one is ready for supper soon after it," she said, swimming to the tea-tray. "You have been very successful in America?"

"Successful; perhaps; we exclude extremes in our calculations of the still problematical."

"I am sure," said she, "you always have faith in your calculations."

Her innocent archness dealt him a stab sharper than any he had known since the day of his hearing of her engagement. He muttered of his calculations being human; he was as much of a fool as other men—more!

"Oh! no," said she.

He knocked a rising groan on the head, and rejoined: "I hope I may not have to say so to-night."

Redworth left his chair and walked to the mantelpiece.

"You have read Lady Dunstane's letter," he began.

She nodded. "I have."

"Can you resist her appeal to you?"

"I must."

"She is not in a condition to bear it well. You will pardon me, Mrs. Warwick . . ."

"Fully! Fully!"

"I venture to offer merely practical advice. You have thought of it all, but have not felt it. In these cases, the one thing to do is to make a stand. Lady Dunstane has a clear head. She sees what has to be endured by you. Consider: she appeals to me to bring you her letter. Would she have chosen me, or any man, for her messenger, if it had not appeared to her a matter of life and death?—You count me among your friends."

"One of the truest."

"Here are two, then, and your own good sense. For I do not believe it to be a question of courage."

"He has commenced. Let him carry it out," said Diana.

Her desperation could have added the cry—and give me freedom! That was the secret in her heart. She had struck on the hope for the detested yoke to be broken at any cost.

"I decline to meet his charges. I despise them. If my friends have faith in me—and they may!—I want nothing more."

"Well, I won't talk commonplaces about the world," said Redworth. "We can none of us afford to have it against us. Consider a moment: to your friends you are the Diana Merion they knew, and they will not suffer an injury to your good name without a struggle. But if you fly? You leave the dearest you have to the whole brunt of it."

"They will, if they love me."

"They will. But think of the shock to her. Lady Dunstane reads you . . ."

"Not quite. No, not if she even wishes me to stay!" said Diana.

He was too intent on his pleading to perceive a signification.

"She reads you as clearly in the dark as if you were present with her."

"Oh! why am I not ten years older!" Diana cried, and tried to face round to him, and stopped paralyzed. "Ten years older, I could discuss my situation, as an old woman of the world, and use my wits to defend myself."

"And then you would not dream of flight before it!"

"No, she does not read me: no! She saw that I might come to the Crossways. She—no one but myself can see the wisdom of my holding aloof, in contempt of this baseness."

"And of allowing her to sink under that which your presence would arrest. Her strength will not support it."

"Emma! oh, cruel!" Diana sprang up to give play to her limbs. She dropped on another chair. "Go I must, I cannot turn back. She saw my old attachment to this place. It was not difficult to guess . . . Who but I can see the wisest course for me!"

"It comes to this, that the blow aimed at you in your absence will strike her, and mortally," said Redworth.

"Then I say it is terrible to have a friend," said Diana, with her bosom heaving.

"Friendship, I fancy, means one heart between two."

His unstressed observation hit a bell in her head and set it reverberating. She and Emma had spoken, written, the very words. She drew forth her Emma's letter from under her left breast, and read some half-blinded lines.

Redworth immediately prepared to leave her to her feelings—trustier guides than her judgment in this crisis.

“Adieu, for the night, Mrs. Warwick,” he said, and was guilty of eulogizing the judgment he thought erratic for the moment. “Night is a calm adviser. Let me presume to come again in the morning. I dare not go back without you.”

She looked up. As they faced together, each saw that the other had passed through a furnace, scorching enough to him, though hers was the delicacy exposed. The reflection had its weight with her during the night.

“Danvers is getting ready a bed for you; she is airing linen,” Diana said. But the bed was declined, and the hospitality was not pressed. The offer of it seemed to him significant of an unwary cordiality and thoughtlessness of tattlers that might account possibly for many things—supposing a fool or madman, or malignants, to interpret them.

“Then, good night,” said she.

They joined hands. He exacted no promise that she would be present in the morning to receive him; and it was a consolation to her desire for freedom, until she reflected on the perfect confidence it implied, and felt as a quivering butterfly impalpably pinned.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONFLICT OF THE NIGHT.

HER brain was a steam-wheel throughout the night; everything that could be thought of was tossed, nothing grasped.

The unfriendliness of the friends who sought to retain her recurred. For look:—to fly could not be interpreted as a flight. It was but a stepping aside, a disdain of defending herself, and a wrapping of herself in her dignity. Women would be with her. She called on the noblest of them to justify the course she chose, and they did, in an almost audible murmur.

And O the rich reward. A black archway-gate swung open to the glittering fields of freedom.

Emma was not of the chorus. Emma meditated as an invalid. How often had Emma bewailed to her that the most grievous burden of her malady was her fatal tendency to brood sickly upon human complications! She could not see the blessedness of the prospect of freedom to a woman abominably yoked. What if a miserable woman were dragged through mire to reach it! Married, the mire was her portion, whatever she might do. That man—but pass him!

And that other—the dear, the kind, careless, high-hearted old friend. He could honestly protest his guiltlessness, and would smilingly leave the case to go its ways. Of this she was sure, that her decision and her pleasure would be his. They were tied to the stake. She had already tasted some of the mortal agony. Did it matter whether the flames consumed her?

Reflecting on the interview with Redworth, though she had performed her part in it placidly, her skin burned. It was the beginning of tortures if she stayed in England.

By staying to defend herself she forfeited her attitude of dignity and lost all chance of her reward. And name the sort of world it is, dear friends, for which we are to sacrifice our one hope of freedom, that we may preserve our fair fame in it!

Diana cried aloud, "My freedom!" feeling as a butterfly flown out of a box to stretches of sunny earth beneath spacious heavens. Her bitter marriage, joyless in all its chapters, indefensible where the man was right as well as where insensately wrong, had been imprisonment. She excused him down to his last madness, if only the bonds were broken. Here, too, in this very house of her happiness with her father, she had bound herself to the man; voluntarily, quite inexplicably. Voluntarily, as we say. But there must be a spell upon us at times. Upon young women, there certainly is.

The wild brain of Diana, aroused by her later enlightenment as to the laws of life and nature, dashed in revolt at the laws of the world when she thought of the forces, natural and social, urging young women to marry and be bound to the end.

It should be a spotless world which is thus ruthless.

But were the world impeccable, it would behave more generously.

The world is ruthless, dear friends, because the world is hypocrite! The world cannot afford to be magnanimous, or even just.

Her dissensions with her husband, their differences of opinion and petty wranglings, hoistings of two standards, reconciliations for the sake of decency, breaches of the truce, and his detested meanness, the man behind the mask; and glimpses of herself too, the half-known, half-suspected, developing creature claiming to be Diana, and unlike her dreamed Diana, deformed by marriage, irritable, acerb, rebellious, constantly justifiable against him, but not in her own mind, and therefore accusing him of the double crime of provoking her and perverting her—these were the troops desfilng through her head while she did battle with the hypocrite world.

One painful sting was caused by the feeling that she could have loved:—whom? An ideal. Had he, the imagined but unvisioned, been her yokefellow, would she now lie raising caged-beast cries in execration of the yoke? She would not now be seeing herself as hare, serpent, tigress! The hypothesis was reviewed in negatives:

she had barely a sense of softness, just a single little heave of the bosom, quivering upward and leadenly sinking, when she glanced at a married Diana heartily mated. The regrets of the youthful for a life sailing away under medical sentence of death in the sad eyes of relatives, resemble it. She could have loved. Good-bye to that!

A woman's brutallest tussle with the world was upon her. She was in the arena of the savage claws, flung there by the man who of all others should have protected her from them. And what had she done to deserve it? She listened to the advocate pleading her case; she primed him to admit the charges, to say the worst, in contempt of legal prudence, and thereby expose her transparent honesty. The very things awakening a mad suspicion proved her innocence. But was she this utterly simple person? Oh, no! She was the Diana of the pride in her power of fencing with evil—by no means of the order of those ninny young women who realize the popular conception of the purely innocent. She had fenced and kept her guard. Of this it was her angry glory to have the knowledge. But she had been compelled to fence. Such are men in the world of facts, that when a woman steps out of her domestic tangle to assert, because it is a tangle, her rights to partial independence, they sight her for their prey, or at least they complacently suppose her accessible. Wretched at home, a woman ought to bury herself in her wretchedness, else may she be assured that not the cleverest, wariest guard will cover her character.

Against the husband, her cause was triumphant. Against herself, she decided not to plead it; for this reason, that the preceding Court, which was the public and only positive one, had entirely and justly exonerated her. But the holding of her hand by the friend half a minute too long for friendship, and the overfriendliness of looks, letters, frequency of visits, would speak within her. She had a darting view of her husband's estimation of them in his present mood. She quenched it; they were trifles, things that women of the world have to combat. The revelation to a fair-minded young woman of the majority of men being naught other than men, and some of the friendliest of men betraying confidence under the excuse of temptation, is one of the shocks to simplicity which leave her the alternative of misanthropy or philosophy. Diana had not the heart to hate her kind, so she resigned herself to pardon, and to the recognition of the state of duel between the sexes—active enough in her sphere of society. The circle hummed with it; many lived for it. Could she pretend to ignore it? Her personal experience might have instigated a less clear and less intrepid nature to take advantage of the opportunity for playing the popular innocent, who runs about with astonished eyes to find herself in so hunting a world, and wins general compassion, if not shelter in unsuspected and unlicensed

places. There is perpetually the inducement to act the hypocrite before the hypocrite world, unless a woman submits to be the humbly knitting housewife, unquestioningly worshipful of her lord ; for the world is ever gracious to an hypocrisy that pays homage to the mask of virtue by copying it ; the world is hostile to the face of an innocence not conventionally simpering and quite surprised ; the world prefers decorum to honesty. " Let me be myself, whatever the martyrdom ! " she cried, in that phase of young sensation when, to the blooming woman, the putting on of a mask appears to wither her and reduce her to the show she parades. Yet, in common with her sisterhood, she owned she had worn a sort of mask ; the world demands it of them as the price of their station. That she had never worn it consentingly was the plea for now casting it off altogether, showing herself as she was, accepting martyrdom, becoming the first martyr of the modern woman's cause—a grand position ! and one imaginable to an excited mind in the dark, which does not conjure a critical humour, as light does, to correct the feverish sublimity. She was, then, this martyr, a woman capable of telling the world she knew it, and of confessing that she had behaved in disdain of its rigid rules, according to her own ideas of her immunities. O brave !

But was she holding the position by flight ? It involved the challenge of consequences, not an evasion of them.

She moaned ; her mental steam-wheel stopped ; fatigue brought sleep.

She had sensationally led her rebellious wits to the Crossways, distilling much poison from thoughts on the way ; and there, for the luxury of a still seeming indecision, she sank into oblivion.

In the morning the fight was over. She looked at the signpost of the Crossways whilst dressing, and submitted to follow, obediently as a puppet, the road recommended by friends, though a voice within, that she took for the intimations of her reason, protested that they were wrong, that they were judging of her case in the general, and unwisely—disastrously for her.

The mistaking of her desires for her reason was peculiar to her situation.

CHAPTER XI.

BETWEEN EMMA AND DIANA.

DIANA was in the arms of her friend at a late hour of the evening, and Danvers breathed the amiable atmosphere of footmen once more, professing herself perished. This maid of the world, who could endure hardships and loss of society for the mistress to whom she

was attached, no sooner saw herself surrounded by the comforts befitting her station than she indulged in the luxury of a wailful dejectedness, the better to appreciate them. She was unaffectedly astonished to find her outcries against the cold and the journeyings to and fro interpreted as a serving-woman's muffled comments on her mistress's behaviour. Lady Dunstane's maid Bartlett, and Mrs. Bridges the housekeeper, and Foster the butler, contrived to let her know that they could speak and they would; and they expressed their pity of her, to assist her to begin the speaking. She bowed in acceptance of Foster's offer of a glass of wine after supper, but treated him and the other two immediately as though they had been interrogating bigwigs.

"They wormed nothing out of me," she said to her mistress at night, undressing her. "But what a set they are! They've got such comfortable places, they've all their days and hours for talk of the doings of their superiors. They read the vilest of those town papers, and they put their two and two together of what is happening in and about. And not one of the footmen thinks of staying—because it's so dull! and they and the maids object—did one ever hear?—to the three uppers retiring, when they've done dining, to the private room to dessert."

"That is the custom?" observed her mistress.

"Foster carries the decanter, ma'am, and Mrs. Bridges the biscuits, and Bartlett the plate of fruit, and they march out in order."

"The man at the head of the procession, probably."

"Oh yes. And the others, though they have everything except the wine and dessert, don't like it. When I was here last they were new, and hadn't a word against it. Now they say it's invidious!"

Diana wrapped herself in a dressing-gown Lady Dunstane had sent her, and sat by the fire, thinking of the powder of tattle stored in servants' halls to explode beneath her: and but for her choice of roads she might have been among strangers.

"Yes, I was in a muse," she said, raising her head to Emma, whom she expected and sat armed to meet, unaccountably iron-nerved. "I was questioning whether I could be quite as blameless as I fancy, if I sit and shiver to be in England. You will tell me I have taken the right road. I doubt it. But the road is taken, and here I am. But any road that leads me to you is homeward, my darling!" She tried to melt, determining to be at least open with her.

"I have not praised you enough for coming," said Emma, when they had embraced again.

"Praise a little your 'truest friend of women.' Your letter gave the tug. I might have resisted it."

"He came straight from heaven! But, cruel Tony! where is your love?"

"It is unequal to yours, dear, I see. I could have wrestled with anything abstract and distant, from being certain—. But here I am."

"But, my own dear girl, you never could have allowed this infamous charge to be undefended?"

"I think so. I've an odd apathy as to my character; rather like death, when one dreams of flying the soul. What does it matter? I should have left the flies and wasps to worry a corpse. And then—good-bye, gentility! I should have worked for my bread. I had thoughts of America. I fancy I can write; and Americans, one hears, are gentle to women."

"Ah, Tony! there's the looking back. And, of all women, you!"

"Or else, dear—well, perhaps, once on foreign soil, in a different air, I might—might have looked back, and seen my whole self, not shattered, as I feel it now, and come home again, compassionate to the poor persecuted animal, to defend her. Perhaps that was what I was running away for. I fled on the instinct, often a good thing to trust."

"I saw you at the Crossways."

"I remember I had the dread that you would, though I did not imagine you would reach me so swiftly. My going there was an instinct too. I suppose we are all instinct when we have the world at our heels. Forgive me if I generalize without any longer the right to be included in the common human sum. 'Pariah' and 'taboo' are words we borrow from barbarous tribes; they stick to me."

"My Tony, you look as bright as ever, and you speak despairingly."

"Call me enigma. I am that to myself, Emmy."

"You are not quite yourself to your friend."

"Since the blow I have been bewildered: I see nothing upright. It came on me suddenly; stunned me. A bolt out of a clear sky, as they say. He spared me a scene. There had been threats, and yet the sky was clear, or seemed. When we have a man for arbiter, he is our sky."

Emma pressed her Tony's unresponsive hand, feeling strangely that her friend ebbed from her.

"Has he . . . to mislead him?" she said, colouring at the breach in the question.

"Proofs? He has the proofs he supposes."

"Not to justify suspicion?"

"He broke open my desk and took my letters."

"Horrible! But the letters?" Emma shook with a nervous revulsion.

"You might read them."

"Basest of men! That is the unpardonable cowardice!" exclaimed Emma.

"The world will read them, dear," said Diana, and struck herself to ice.

She broke from the bitter frigidity in fury.

"They are letters—none very long—sometimes two short sentences—he wrote at any spare moment. On my honour, as a woman, I feel for him most. The letters—I would bear any accusation rather than that exposure. Letters of a man of his age to a young woman he rates too highly. The world reads them. Do you hear it saying it could have excused her for that fiddle-faddle with a younger—a young lover? And had I thought of a lover! . . . I had no thought of loving or being loved.' I confess I was flattered. To you, Emma, I will confess. . . . You see the public ridicule!—and half his age, he and I would have appeared a romantic couple! Confess, I said. Well, dear, the stake is lighted for a trial of its effect on me. It is this: he was never a dishonourable friend; but men appear to be capable of friendship with women only for as long as we keep out of pulling distance of that line where friendship ceases. *They* may step on it; *we* must hold back a league. I have learnt it. You will judge whether he disrespects me. As for him, he is a man; at his worst, not one of the worst; at his best, better than very many. There, now, Emma, you have me stripped and burning; there is my full confession. Except for this—yes, one thing further—that I do rage at the ridicule, and could choose, but for you, to have given the world cause to revile me, or think me 'romantic.' Something or somebody to suffer for, would really be agreeable. It is a singular fact, I have not known what this love is, that they talk about. And behold me marched into Smithfield!—Society's heretic, if you please. I must own I think it hard."

Emma chafed her cold hand softly.

"It is hard; I understand it," she murmured. "And is your Sunday visit to us in the list of offences?"

"An item."

"You gave me a happy day."

"Then it counts for me in heaven?"

"He set spies on you?"

"So we may presume."

Emma went through a sphere of tenuous reflections in a flash.

"He will rue it. Perhaps now . . . he may now be regretting his wretched frenzy. And Tony could pardon; she has the power of pardoning in her heart."

"Oh! certainly, dear. But tell me why it is you speak to-night rather unlike the sedate, philosophical Emma; in a tone—well, tolerably sentimental?"

"I am unaware of it," said Emma, who could have retorted with a like reproach. "I am anxious, I will not say at present for your happiness, for your peace; and I have a hope that possibly a timely word from some friend—Lukin or another—might induce him to consider."

"To pardon *me*, do you mean?" cried Diana, flushing sternly.

"Not pardon. Suppose a case of faults on both sides."

"You address a faulty person, my-dear. But do you know that you are hinting at a reconciliation?"

"Might it not be?"

"Open your eyes to what it involves. I trust I can pardon. Let him go his ways, do his darkest, or repent. But return to the roof of the 'basest of men,' who was guilty of 'the unpardonable cowardice?' You expect me to be superhuman. When I consent to that, I shall be out of my woman's skin, which he has branded. Go back to him!" She was taken with a shudder of head and limbs. "No; I really have the power of pardoning, and I am bound to; for among my debts to him, this present exemption, that is like Liberty dragging a chain, or, say, an escaped felon wearing his manacles, should count. I am sensible of my obligation. The price I pay for it is an immovable patch—attractive to male idiots, I have heard, and a mark of scorn to females. Between the two the remainder of my days will be lively. 'Out, out, damned spot!' But it will not. And not on the hand—on the forehead! We'll talk of it no longer. I have sent a note, with an enclosure, to my lawyers. I sell the Crossways, if I have the married woman's right to any scrap of property, for money to scatter fees."

"My purse, dear Tony!" exclaimed Emma. "My house! You will stay with me? Why do you shake your head? With me you are safe." She spied at the shadows in her friend's face. "Ever since your marriage, Tony, you have been strange in your trick of refusing to stay with me. And you and I made our friendship the pledge of a belief in eternity! We vowed it. Come, I do talk sentimentally, but my heart is in it. I beg you—all the reasons are with me—to make my house your home. You will. You know I am rather lonely."

Diana struggled to keep her resolution from being broken by tenderness. And doubtless poor Sir Lukin had learnt his lesson: still, her defensive instincts could never quite slumber under his roof; not because of any further fear that they would have to be summoned; it was chiefly owing to the consequences of his treacherous foolishness. For this half-home with her friend thenceforward

denied to her, she had accepted a protector, called husband—rashly, past credence in the retrospect; but it had been her propelling motive; and the loathings roused by her marriage helped to sicken her at the idea of a lengthened stay where she had suffered the shock precipitating her to an act of insanity.

“I do not forget you were an heiress, Emmy, and I will come to you if I need money to keep my head up. As for staying, two reasons are against it. If I am to fight my battle, I must be seen; I must go about—wherever I am received. So my field is London. That is obvious. And I shall rest better in a house where my story is not known.”

Two or three questions ensued. Diana had to fortify her fictitious objection by alluding to her maid’s prattle of the household below; and she excused the hapless, overfed, idle people of those regions.

To Emma it seemed a not unnatural sensitiveness. She came to a settled resolve in her thoughts, as she said, “They want a change. London is their element.”

Feeling that she deceived this true heart, however lightly and necessarily, Diana warmed to her, forgiving her at last for having netted and dragged her back to front the enemy; an imposition of horrors of which the scene and the travelling with Redworth, the talking of her case with her most intimate friend as well, had been a distempering foretaste.

They stood up and kissed, parting for the night.

An odd world, where for the sin we have not participated in we must fib and continue fibbing, she reflected. She did not entirely cheat her clearer mind, for she perceived that her great thwarted step had been urged both by a weak despondency and a blind desperation; also that the world of a fluid civilization is perforce artificial. But her mind was in the background of her fevered senses, and when she looked in the glass and mused on uttering the word, “Liar!” to the lovely image, her senses were refreshed, the mind somewhat relieved, that face appeared so sovereignly defiant of abasement.

Thus did a nature distraught by pain obtain some short lull of repose. Thus, moreover, by closely reading herself, whom she scourged to excess that she might in justice be comforted, she gathered an increasing knowledge of our human constitution, and stored matter for the brain.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING CHILI.

IN the following short account of my impressions of Chili, I shall endeavour to give an accurate description of the country at this moment. It was my good fortune, ten years ago, to stay there for a time, and I have recently returned from a second visit. The progress which I found had been made during my absence in the development of the resources of the country was so great that one may indulge the most sanguine expectations, not only as to the future material prosperity of Chili, but also as to the position which will be accorded to her among the Republics of South America. There are many reasons why Englishmen should take an interest in this country. Whilst England is in want of what Chili produces best, Chili needs the manufactures that England has to offer her in return. Chili entertains towards England feelings of the warmest respect and friendship. This is in great measure to be attributed to the part which so many Englishmen took in aiding the struggling young Republic to throw off the yoke of Spain. They served her with as much ardour as they would have served their native country. The Chilians have not forgotten this; and the strong liking for England which animates them is likely to be perpetuated and enhanced by the lives and characters of the gentlemen who represent English commerce in Valparaiso. The people like to call their country the "England of South America." If a man makes a promise and wishes it to appear particularly binding, he says, "Palabra de un Ingles" (on the word of an Englishman); if he desires an appointment to be kept very punctually, he says, "Punctual como un Ingles."

Chili combines almost all varieties of climate and soil, and these naturally divide it into sections or zones. First is the northerly zone, including the deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca, with their immense mineral deposits. Here are to be found the nitrate of soda, guano, and silver which make this region, despite its sterility, the richest in the world. In this zone rain never falls. The second zone is a rich agricultural district, where rain falls only in winter. The soil owes its fertility to the rich alluvial deposits brought down from the Andes by the rivers, and utilised by the system of irrigation in vogue, creating vegetation as luxuriant as that in the Nile delta. The climate here resembles that of Italy, and all the large towns of Chili are situated within it. The third zone includes the beautiful province of Araucania, a country perhaps as favoured by nature as any portion of the earth's surface. Until

within two or three years ago, this region was practically in possession of the brave Indian tribes who long succeeded in keeping the Chilian forces at bay. They are now, however, completely subdued. The climate is similar to that of England at its best, and the country is peculiarly adapted for wheat-growing. The fourth zone includes the vast forests and lands extending to the Straits of Magellan. The climate is like that of Scotland and the West of Ireland, and this portion is more adapted to cattle-rearing than to agriculture.

The visitor to Chili naturally goes first of all to Valparaiso, the chief port and commercial centre of the country. The city is built on hills sloping down to the edge of the sea, and every inch of flat ground between hills and sea is covered with houses. This is the business portion, and extends for two or three miles along the shores of the bay, whilst the residential portion is built on the hills behind, with suburbs extending inland. It is a pleasant place; and what place would not be attractive when blest with so heavenly a climate? Situated very nearly in the centre of Chili, Valparaiso is admirably adapted for being the chief port of the west coast trade: from San Francisco in the north to Cape Horn in the south it has no rival; and here all the great business houses, banks, mining and other companies, and the firms that control the trade of the country in nitrate of soda, copper, guano, wheat, and other exports, &c., are to be found.

The journey from Valparaiso to Santiago by rail occupies from three to four hours. This line of railway belongs to the State, and is highly profitable, but scarcely adequate for its large traffic. Mr. Eastman, the son of an English gentleman, owns a fine property on the way between Valparaiso and Santiago. On this hacienda everything is of the newest and most approved type. You see there English Shorthorns and Alderneys, Southdown sheep, and even the pigs are of the best British breed. Owing to the system of irrigation already mentioned, the fine mud being brought from the Andes by the rivers, and settling on the land, where it acts as the best possible manure, cultivation has been continued for hundreds of years, yet the soil shows no sign of exhaustion, the rich compounds deposited by irrigation more than replacing what has been abstracted from the soil. When I was at Limache, Mr. Eastman's property, it was mid-winter, but the clover was then six inches high in the fields. Mr. Eastman's brother owns the neighbouring hacienda, in which is a vineyard producing a wine of very fine quality, called "Urmenata," after Mr. Urmenata, the former proprietor there, who was one of the so-called copper kings of Chili. This wine is something between a Burgundy and a claret. The vineyard also produces an excellent Sauterne. In nothing is the

progress of Chili more strikingly displayed than in the advance which has been made by the wine industry. Ten years ago hardly any native wine was drunk by the wealthier classes; now it is drunk by all classes. At present the wine production has not overtaken the consumption in Chili itself; but with the enormous extension of vineyard-planting throughout the country, prices of wine will certainly fall before long to a level that will enable profitable shipments abroad to be made. Large sums of money are now being invested by the wealthy landowners in vineyard-planting and wine-making apparatus. Frenchmen at high salaries are being brought to the country from the claret-producing districts of France, and no pains are being spared to make the business of vine-growing succeed. Those with whom I have conversed, who have studied the subject, are of opinion that in another two years the *export* of wine may be expected to take place. The wine industry in 1881 in Chili produced the large total of 2,961,900 dols. By 1885 this amount will be probably doubled. The fact that at the recent International Exhibition of Wines, at Bordeaux, Chili obtained four gold, seven silver, and seven bronze medals, in addition to five honourable mentions, speaks for the quality of her wines. It has been said that Chili is the country whose competition France will have most to reckon with in the future.

To describe Santiago is to describe the heart of Chili. It is to the Chilians what Paris is to the French, and those who have acquired wealth in other parts of the Republic invariably come to Santiago to spend it. The town is situated on the river Mapocho, in the centre of a large plain surrounded by hills, with the giant peaks of the Andes in the background to the east, magnificently visible in the clear atmosphere, though they may be a hundred miles or more distant. The town was founded about three and a half centuries ago by Valdivia. It is laid out in quadras (squares of about four acres), with the streets running uniformly at right angles to each other. There are several plazas or large squares, the most striking being that round which are grouped the cathedral, the municipal and other buildings, all of showy and Parisian appearance. Notwithstanding its age, the town does not possess an air of antiquity.

The house of one of the wealthier class, as a rule, covers about an acre of ground, and is built with a courtyard (*patio*) in the centre, filled with flowers and statuary. The house itself will not compare unfavourably with some of the finest private houses of Paris or London. In many cases every article of furniture is brought from Paris 10,000 miles distant, and large sums are expended on the building and appointments. Frequently, indeed, it happens that in Santiago a man's house represents a third, and sometimes a half, of his entire income; but it must be remembered that establishments being smaller than in England, they are less expensive to maintain.

What is termed "society" is in Santiago very strict, exclusive, and aristocratic. The pride of family is quite as strong in republican Chili as in any of the old-world monarchies. The social life in Santiago is very enjoyable. There is much visiting in the evening at Santiago after the 6 p.m. dinner. When the receptions are held, one might fancy oneself in London or in Paris, so well dressed are the ladies, and so brilliantly lighted the spacious rooms, which generally open one into the other. About 10 p.m. tea is served, the table being usually covered with every kind of cake, for which Santiago is famous, and also with the excellent fruits of the country. The character of the upper classes is reserved, and in many points resembles that of the English. They have a keen appreciation of wit and love a good joke. The women of the country are very attentive to their religious observances, and are constantly to be seen dressed in plain black, with a black "manta" over the head, either going to or coming from church. This custom of the wearing of black for church by the women of all classes is a very excellent one, and might be adopted with advantage elsewhere than in Chili.

The land around Santiago is entirely dependent on irrigation, and produces magnificent crops. Many successive crops are taken off the same land within the year. Much of the irrigated land round Santiago is employed for the fattening of cattle, either for home consumption or for export from Valparaiso to the northern mineral districts in the deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca. Thousands of cattle are driven every year over the Andes from the Argentine Republic for this purpose. They get little or nothing to eat for six days whilst crossing, and arrive—that is to say the survivors—in almost skeleton condition. On my first visit to Chili I rode across the Andes and pampas to Buenos Ayres and I shall not soon forget the sight of the thousands of emaciated cattle to be seen staggering along the mountain track. The path was literally strewn with the bones of cattle that had perished by the way. On this journey we had left all the arrangements for feeding our own animals *en route* to the Argentine muleteers, with the result that there was not a morsel of food for the patient creatures during the whole of the six days it took us to cross the mountains, though we were perpetually assured that the requisite food would be forthcoming at the next resting-place. Horses, mules, and animals generally are so plentiful that self-interest, that prime mover of mankind, does not suggest the advantages of humane treatment.

From Santiago one naturally proceeds down the great central valley to Angol, the capital of the southern province of Araucania, a district some 360 miles south of Santiago, inhabited by Indians who for three centuries held their own against the Spaniards, and were only subdued within the last two or three years. The valley, through which the railway runs lies between the coast range of hills

about 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, and the giant Andes. The valley is very fertile, but comparatively treeless, and unattractive in appearance. At the stations we passed one could not fail to be struck by the contented appearance and fine *physique* of the peasantry: broad-shouldered, good-natured looking fellows, whose one great failing is the old-world love of drink. At every station girls brought fruit, cakes, and wine for sale, and the finest pears and grapes I had ever seen. Last autumn the crop of grapes was so abundant that vessels could not be procured in sufficient quantity to contain the juice for wine-making. The present terminus of the railway is at Angol, on the confines of Araucania, which is now a prosperous town, although a short time ago not a house had been built. It stands close to the site of the old town, which was, with eight others founded at the Spanish conquest, destroyed by the Indians in one day in 1599. We were told also that two or three years ago the Indians, lance in hand, attacked simultaneously and with the greatest bravery all the Chilean forts in Araucania, but were everywhere repulsed with great slaughter. They now accept the inevitable, and acknowledge that they cannot withstand the withering fire of the modern rifle. Stopping at a large farm in Araucania entirely worked by Indian labour, I learned that the yield of wheat had averaged twenty bushels for one planted, and the return on capital invested was very large indeed. This farm, five or six years before, had been the hunting-ground of the wild man. The scenery continually reminded me of that of the old country. Here and there appeared large apple-orchards, and the land was as green and smiling as any part of England. It is a pity that the thousands of people who, struggling hard in thickly populated countries of the old world, cannot earn enough to keep their families from hunger, do not avail themselves of the advantages of those distant and fertile Chilean lands still uncultivated.

The Araucanians are, or were, divided into six tribes, and governed by chiefs or caciques, under whom are sub-chiefs; and, until lately, these tribes could place many thousand fighting-men in the field. The commandant of the nearest fort is now practically the ruler and judge; and as he reverses or ignores the decisions of the chiefs, the rule of the latter is rapidly coming to an end. It is curious to notice how litigious these Indians are. At every fort a crowd of them were waiting to bring their complaints before the commandant. One old Indian whom I saw was clamouring for decision on a case the facts of which had occurred ten years previously. Throughout this part of the country the Chilean Government has placed a line of forts a few miles apart, for the purpose of keeping the Indians in order. Their mode of warfare is on horseback, their one weapon being a long lance of bamboo, twenty feet in length. They attack with the most awful cries, and when galloping

away after a rout will extend themselves along their horses' sides, holding on in the most skilful manner, and thus making their horses' bodies serve them as shields. It fell to my lot to be present at a parliament of these Indians, and a most interesting occasion it was. I had set out to pay a visit to one of the chiefs, and on arrival at his hut was informed that he was presiding at a meeting of chiefs at some distance off. Thither we rode, and at last came in sight of the assembly, which was held on an open space of grass-land about the size of Hyde Park, studded with large trees. On our arrival within half a mile of the spot we stopped, according to etiquette. Presently about a hundred and fifty mounted Indians broke away from the assembly, galloped towards us, and wheeled about a hundred yards off. We followed, and rode three times round the gathering. Our escort then left us, and we were invited to enter the circle of mounted Indians and listened to the debate. Never shall I forget the impression I formed of this wild man's parliament! We were treated with the utmost civility and attention. But though our reception was polite, it was certainly not cordial. It was evidently with no feelings of pleasure that these ancient owners of the soil received at last on terms of equality the white man whom for over three centuries they had kept at bay.

The president, who was the most powerful chief present, was mounted on a grey horse, with silver stirrups and a silver bit, and was in the centre of the group. Every now and then a murmur of applause or disapprobation arose, but beyond this there was not a word spoken by anyone but the Indian who was addressing the assembly. He was recounting how his kindred had been slaughtered in a neighbouring state—how his cattle had been taken, his men separated from their wives, and children torn from their mothers (terrible retaliation for some border raid). The speaker went on to say that he had fled to Chili, and that if the Chilian Indians would let him live there, with the remnants of his people, they would be very thankful. This Indian was still speaking when I left; he never faltered or hesitated for a word. I was told that some of these Indians will speak for over four hours without interruption. One of our party, I regret to say, made himself rather conspicuous by his levity of manner and the loud tone of voice in which he carried on conversation during this harangue. But the Indians did not seem to be disturbed by it; they listened to the orator addressing them with rapt attention, and taking no notice of incidents which would have irritated an English audience past endurance. I was particularly struck by the quiet dignity of manner and gentlemanly bearing of these Indians. A Chilian gentleman near me very justly observed, "Is it not curious how extremes meet. How much the bearing of these poor Indians resembles that of what we call the highest civilised society!"

The faces of the Indians by whom we were surrounded impressed me favourably. Some few were fair and must have had European blood in their veins. They were broad-chested, finely-built men, intelligent-looking, with well formed heads, and I could not but be struck by one feature—the extraordinary brilliancy of their eyes, which gleamed like fire. They were all well mounted, the horses for the most part being adorned with silver bits and ornaments, the stirrups also in many cases being of silver. A piece of timber about twenty feet high, with a man's face carved on it, was embedded in the ground in the centre of the circle of Indians, and I understood that it was their custom to swear by this. They believe in a god, Creator of the universe; in inferior gods of good and evil, war, &c.: in the immortality of the soul; in polygamy and in the purchase system as applied to matrimony. They possess many good qualities—are faithful, courageous, and have extraordinary memories. One of their characteristics is inordinate laziness. I never saw them out of their huts until eleven o'clock in the morning, and then they would saunter forth and stretch themselves on the ground, with the chin supported on the hands. In this position they talk together for hours. I have already mentioned their expertness in horsemanship. In riding it is their custom only to place the big toe in the stirrup. They eat horseflesh, and prefer the flesh of mares to that of oxen. It is sad to think that the modern civilisation which may benefit their children is now by its accompaniments fast destroying the parents, who are fearfully addicted to strong drink.

Before leaving Araucania, I visited the place where the famous Araucanian pines are to be seen in their finest growth. At the foot of the Andes is the Great Central Valley, about sixty miles broad, and on the other side of this is the coast range of hills called the Nahuelbuta. It is on the slopes of these hills that the pines grow best. Our route lay at first through beautiful country, like that of our English home counties; then we came to rising ground, and entered upon a thick forest, where every kind of creeper and tree, especially evergreens, were growing in luxuriant abundance. We slept at an estancia about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. The next day we set out for the pineries. We gradually ascended 1,500 feet more, and on gaining the crest of a little hill, came upon a valley some ten miles long by four broad completely filled with the giant pine-trees. We rode beneath them and felt like pigmies. A vast number must have been at least one hundred feet high. I measured some with a lasso, and at the height of a man's head on horseback they were nineteen to twenty feet in girth, and some of the trees which had been blown down proved to exceed one hundred feet in length. I tried to observe where those of largest growth were to be found, but could not make out that they

grew better in one place than in another. In some places the ground was swampy, and the trees were flourishing there; in other parts it was rocky, yet there also they seemed to thrive equally well. One colossal tree was growing out of a great boulder of rock, and was so imbedded in it that it was impossible to see where the rock ended and the tree began. Then again in exposed positions, on the bare hillsides, the large trees were to be seen equally flourishing. In winter the ground up here is covered with snow for days at a time, and as we did not meet with the trees lower down than 3,500 feet above the sea, it would seem that an elevated and exposed situation suits them best. All the large pines have the appearance of gigantic umbrellas, having lost their branches, with the exception of those at the very top.

The bulk of the Chilean lower classes is descended from the Spaniard and the Indian, and there can be no doubt that the mingling of the races has had a beneficial result, the phlegmatic temperament of the Indian modifying the impressionable nature of the Spaniard. I was told that in the war with Peru it was extraordinary to witness the insensibility to bodily suffering of the Chilean soldiery. An English doctor who through the whole campaign was on the Chilean medical staff, said that the men felt pain far less than an Englishman would have done. The temperament of the Chilean lower class is very different to that of the inhabitants of the Northern republics, where the climate is warmer; it is indeed quite as marked as the difference between that of the Scotch and the Italians. The pay of the Chilean labourer is small. Until education creates for him wants which do not now exist, it is better that his pay should remain low, for any surplus would almost certainly go in drink. A good deal is being done in the way of education, but much more remains to be accomplished. The population is so scattered that it is difficult to extend the advantages of education throughout the whole of the country districts.

The seat of the government is Santiago. The political constitution of Chili consists of the President, and Legislature or National Congress, composed of an Upper and a Lower House, the former renewed one-third every three years, the latter elected triennially. The President is elected every five years by the people, and is not eligible for re-election except after an interval of one term. Under him are five Ministers and a Council of State, composed of eleven members, five of whom are chosen by the President himself under certain regulations, and the other six elected by the Congress, their term of office being for three years. The salary of the President is 18,000 dollars a year, the present holder of that office being Don Domingo Santa Maria. The Ministers receive 6,000 dollars a year, and the members of the Council of State give their services gratuitously. The various provinces are ruled by Intendentes

(governors) named by the President and removable at his will. The Departments are administered by governors appointed in the same way, and there are sub-delegates, who are unpaid, corresponding to our unpaid magistracy. The members of Congress, of whom thirty-seven belong to the Senate and one hundred and eight to the Lower House, are, like our members of Parliament, chosen from among the richest and most influential men in the country. Although Chili is called a Republic, it is governed in a very conservative manner. The change of parties there means simply the retirement from office of one set of rich men to be succeeded by another set of rich men; both parties holding much the same views, and being absolutely in accord as to the paramount necessity of peace and order. Chili is the only South American country possessing an unpaid national legislature, and to this must be attributed in no small degree her singular immunity from corruption. In no other South American country are the members of the legislature of higher standing and position than those of Chili, and in no other country is property safer, the people more orderly, or the standard of patriotism higher than in this one. The fact that political services are unpaid is a great damper to the professional politician, who—a familiar figure in most of the other American communities—is ready to support anybody or anything so long as the result of his election is so much a year to himself during the sitting of Parliament. If other South American nations had been governed as Chili is, by those who having their wants supplied as far as mere money could supply them, were less accessible to the debasing influences of corruption, they would have made greater advances, and the large external debts, which not only have impoverished the lenders, the unfortunate bondholders, but have actually impoverished the people to whom the money was lent, would for the most part never have been incurred. If the heads of the government are corrupt, and make their hundreds of thousands out of some gigantic financial job, if the representatives of the people make a traffic of their opinions and their votes, how are the minor officials expected to be honest? Is it to be anticipated that the customs-house officer will be proof against a bribe, or the judge do justice without favour? It thus comes about that in many of the South American states, though in theory there is democracy, in practice there are no countries where the unscrupulous use of wealth gives greater weight and influence.

Of the character of the Government and people of Chili, a striking illustration may be given from the history of the recent war with Peru and Bolivia. At the outbreak of this war the army consisted of about 3,000 to 4,000 regulars, and 25,000 militia. The militia was at once raised to 55,000, and in an incredibly short time 20,000 men were fully equipped and sent to the Peruvian coast, where, it will be remembered, the theatre of operations was an arid desert some 1,300

miles from Valparaiso. Thither everything required for the maintenance of an army had to be sent by sea: even water had to be distilled for its use. The force was indeed a large one for a small nation of under 2,500,000 to keep provisioned and supplied with munitions of war and transport. The patriotism and cohesion of the nation appears all the more remarkable when it is remembered that after nearly two years fighting, and after enduring the most severe losses and hardships from the desert warfare and the rifles of the enemy, the army that carried the strongholds around Lima consisted of 26,000 fighting men, 70 long-range well-equipped guns, and a large force of well mounted cavalry, of whom in this last and memorable battle nearly 5,500 were killed or wounded.

Southern Chili is rich in coal. The great bay of Arauco is studded with mining villages, whence the coal is sent up to the north, copper in turn being brought down to be smelted. But more important to other countries than her great coalfields are the deposits of nitrate of soda in the north of Chili. These deposits are found in the rainless districts of Atacama and Tarapaca in layers of varying thickness, which are supposed to have once been the beds of long dried up lagunes. In its original state the ore varies greatly in richness, the proportion of pure nitrate ranging from 20 to 70 per cent. The purest deposits are in Tarapaca. The nitrate of soda is extracted by being first dissolved in water, which removes the dirt and other components. The nitrate is then allowed to crystallise, and from this raw material are obtained nitrate of soda, sulphate of soda and magnesia, iodine, and common salt. It is believed that the present price of nitrate of soda is abnormally low, and it is only those grounds that contain the richest raw material and have the newest machinery and best facilities for transport that can compete with any profit at the present prices. One or two large nitrate establishments there are which can place nitrate containing 96 per cent. of the pure substance on board ship for about £8 a ton, making by the transaction a small profit. But these establishments have exceptional facilities, and on the whole it would appear that the generally low prices that have existed for some time are to a considerable extent attributable to the large sales of guano which have been made on account of the Chilean Government and the Peruvian bondholders as a consequence of the result of the late war. Notwithstanding, however, the severe character of this competition, the quantity of the nitrate of soda exported is increasing year by year. It is probable that with the working out of the present richest and most accessible deposits, and a diminution in the large sales of guano, the British farmer will shortly find that he has to pay more for his nitrate of soda than he is doing now—unless, indeed, invention steps in and provides some cheaper methods of extraction.

As for English manufactures imported into Chili, there can, I think,

be no doubt that on the whole they are more genuine and reliable than those of other nations. Considerable business competition has arisen of late, and this mainly from the large number of Germans who have come to the country and are now settled there. Many of these, no doubt, are only tillers of the soil. A German colony was established some few years ago at Valdivia, in the south of Chili, and though the climate is by no means so good as that of some other parts of the country, the settlers have thriven immensely, and will one day assuredly exercise an important influence in the country. But it is not as tillers of the soil that German competition is of importance. Without counting several great English houses now represented by Germans, the Teuton flood has already made great inroads on the best positions in every branch of Chilian commerce, with the result, *pro tanto*, of displacing the English element. The effects of this will be felt even more in the future than at the present time. Although Germans, like Englishmen, will not pay more for goods because they happen to be manufactured by their own countrymen, still, the prices being equal, human nature comes in, and the German orders from the German. The Germans, moreover, seem to possess greater power of adapting themselves to the requirements of the country than the Englishman. He usually knows two languages, English and French, in addition to his own, and with characteristic industry he manages very quickly to acquire Spanish as well. His superiority to the Englishman in this matter must be freely admitted by the latter; and to this, and also to the fact that the Germans are willing to work for lower salaries than the English, the great demand for the services of the former is to be attributed. The Germans themselves deny that their countrymen are willing to work for lower remuneration than the English; but I am inclined to think, from all I heard while in the country, that the truth lies between the two statements. The German is willing to enter an office at a lower salary than an Englishman thinks he can live on, but when the German has established his own value and made himself a position, he takes care to demand and secure the full market equivalent for his services. There can be no doubt that German competition will be an important factor in the future of England's commercial dealings with Chili. A line of steamships lately started between Hamburg and Chili is proving already highly successful, and paying large dividends to the shareholders.

But however much the German may compete with the Englishman in the merchant's office, the English or Scotch mechanic is everywhere a thriving individual and highly considered. There are many men in good positions in South America who had begun life as British mechanics sent out to be foremen or artisans in executing some great work. By dint of hard labour and hard-headedness they have worked themselves up the ladder to positions they could never

have dreamt of attaining in the old country. Does not this point a lesson for those intending to settle in countries like South America? If a comparatively uneducated man can be eminently successful, just because he was in the first instance a clever handicraftsman, would it not be greatly to the advantage of those who have to fight the battle of life, especially in undeveloped lands like those of South America, if to a "liberal" education they could add the knowledge of some handicraft, and so be ready to work either with a saw or a pen, as occasion required.

The general prosperity of the country is amply proved by the fact that whereas in 1880 the imports were 27,100,000 dols., and the exports 46,482,000 dols., in 1882 imports had increased to 53,500,000 dols. and exports to 71,400,000 dols. The Treasury accounts of the Republic just published show that from January to September, 1883, inclusive, the fiscal entries have been 30,436,373 dols., showing an excess of the returns of the same period of 1882 of 335,966 dols. On the other side, the disbursements for the nine months amounted to 25,902,573 dols.

There is no doubt that the tendency for English capital to seek investment in South America has greatly increased of late, and also that many persons would be more ready at the present moment to purchase and work an estate in South America than in some parts of the United Kingdom. It is estimated that about £140,000,000 sterling of English money is invested in South America; certainly of this vast sum not the least secure or profitable portion is that which is invested in Chili. The immense tribute paid annually to England from investments in land, railways, and every conceivable industry is as secure as the law can make it. In no one of the South American republics have I ever heard feelings of dissatisfaction expressed regarding the immense sums received annually by European, chiefly British capitalists, from their investments and at the still greater sums which they will one day receive, by the flood of immigration raising the capital value of their property. On the contrary, the people gladly see the purchase of estates by foreigners, as they think it will then be someone's interest to promote the settlement of their own particular country, and are quite content that the absentee landlord in Europe should receive his uttermost farthing, to recompense him and to encourage others. The necessities of life are so abundant and so easily earned, the road to wealth is open to so many, that antipathy to property, or socialistic ideas, may be said to be non-existent. One constantly hears people say, "These South American republics are in a perpetual state of revolution." So far as Chili is concerned, this is not the fact: for a quarter of a century there has been no sign of revolution in the country, and I can confidently assert that respect for law and order is there very deeply rooted, and has become in fact a part of the national character.

COCHRANE.

RHODES.

BEYOND the ages far away,
When yet the fateful Earth was young,
And mid her seas unfurrowed lay
Her lands uncitied and unsung,
The Gods in council round their King
Were met for her apportioning.

Then shook the Sire the golden urn
Wherefrom the lots leapt forth to view,
And God by God took up in turn
The symbol of his kingdom due;
Till each had linked some heavenly name
To human hope and human fame.

When lo, a footstep on the floor,
A radiance in the radiant air;
A God august, forgot before,
Too late arrived, was lastly there—
The Sun-god from his fiery car
Unyoked beneath the evening star.

Then said the Sire: "For thee no lot,
O Sun, of all the lots is drawn,
For thy bright chariot, well I wot,
Hath held thee since the broadening dawn
But come, for all the gods are fain
For thy fair sake to cast again."

"Nay now, for me is little need
New lots to cast" (so spake the Sun);
"One isle assign me for the meed
Of that diurnal course I run:
Behold beneath the glimmering sea
A land unclaimed, the land for me."

* Therewith he shot an arrowy ray
Down through the blue Ægean deep;
Thrilled by that magic dart of day,
The hidden isle shook off her sleep.
She moved, she rose, and with the morn
She touched the air, and Rhodes was born.

Then all about that starry sea
 There ran a gratulating stir,
 Her fellows for all time to be
 In choral congress greeting her,
 With air-borne song and flashing smiles,
 A sisterhood of glorious isles.

And still as from his car on high
 Her Lord his daily splendour sent,
 She joyed to know his gladdening eye
 On her, his best-beloved, was bent :
 And ever in that fostering gaze
 Grew up the stature of her praise.

What early wondrous might was hers,
 The craftsmanship of cunning hands,
 Of that wise art the harbingers
 Whose fame is uttered through all lands :
 Then Rhodians by the Sun-god's side
 Besought Athene to abide.

She came, she loved the Rosy Isle,
 And Lindos reared her eastward fane ;
 To Rhodian chiefs she brought the while
 New thoughts, new valiance in her train,
 New hope to bind about their brows
 The olive of her Father's house.

Then won Diagoras that prize
 Yet fairer than his silvery crown,
 That voice whereby in godlike wise
 His name through time goes deathless down.
 In graven gold her walls along
 Flamed forth the proud Pindaric song.

She too her own Athenians stirred
 To that fair deed of chivalry,
 That high imperishable word
 That set the Rhodian Dorieus free,
 And linked in unison divine
 Her Lindian to her Attic shrine.

Bright hours, too brief ! The shadowing hand
 Half barbarous of a giant form
 Even the strong Sun-god's loyal land
 Must wrap in mist of sombre storm,
 When Hellen bowed, her birthright gone,
 Beneath the might of Macedon.

Yet even then not lightly bound
 Was Rhodes of any vanquisher ;
 With all his engines thundering round
 The City-stormer¹ stormed not her.
 In vain : anon the Roman doom
 Had sealed her spirit in the tomb.

Long ages slept she. Then a dream
 Once more across her slumber shone,
 Cleaving the dark, a quickening gleam
 All-glorious as in days foregone ;
 A new God's presence nobler far
 Than any Lord of sun or star.

He showed her him whose chosen head
 Had leaned upon his holy breast :
 " For John my well-beloved," he said,
 " Stand forth, a champion of the West,
 Sealed with my name, and his in mine,
 Our vanguard in the war divine."

She rose, she stemmed the Moslem flood
 That roared and ravined for her life,
 Till drop by drop the knightly blood
 Was drained in that stupendous strife ;
 Then, sole amid the o'erwhelming sea,
 Sank in heroic agony.

Twice born, twice slain ! all this is o'er
 Three hundred years ; yet may there be
 (So strong a life is in thy core),
 O Rhodes, another birth for thee.
 Look up, behold this banner new,
 The white cross on the field of blue.

Through all the Isles the broadening light
 Creeps on its sure but lingering way,
 And half are in the fading night
 And half are in the dawning day :
 Thou too, O Rhodes, shalt make thee one
 Once more with freedom and the Sun.

ERNEST MYERS.

(1) Demetrius Poliorcetes.

LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

IN these days when the dreaded form of Asiatic cholera is at our very doors, and no one can predict whether or when it may effect an entrance, it becomes a matter of first importance that we should look well to our internal sanitary condition, and pre-eminently to our water-supply. Latterly the alarmists have had matters pretty well their own way in their outcry against the quality of the water taken from the rivers Thames and Lea for the supply of the metropolis, and consequently a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction with these sources would appear to have got abroad. I propose to state a few considerations which tend to establish the excellent quality of these sources as potable water. The Chemical Commission of 1851, consisting of three eminent chemists, Professor Graham, Dr. Miller, and Dr. Hoffmann, who were appointed by the Government to investigate the quality of the water actually supplied, expressed their opinion that the Thames water was perfectly wholesome, palatable, and agreeable; uniform, plentiful, and safe in use. Again, a Select Committee of the House of Commons, known as Mr. Ayrton's Committee, reported in 1867 that "as to the main question they were satisfied that both the quantity and quality of the water supplied from the Thames were so far satisfactory that there was no ground for disturbing the arrangements made under the Act of 1852, and that any attempt to do so would only end in entailing a waste of capital and an unnecessary charge upon the owners and occupiers of property in the metropolis." The same Committee reported with regard to the Lea: "Your Committee having received scientific evidence of the present quality of the water supplied by the New River Company and East London Company are satisfied that, as far as chemical or other science affords the means of judging, the water is not only wholesome, but compares favourably with that supplied to other places." The Royal Commission of 1866, known as the Duke of Richmond's Commission, reported in 1869, "We are of opinion that, when efficient measures are adopted for excluding the sewage and other pollution from the Thames and the Lea, and their tributaries, and for insuring perfect filtration, water taken from the present sources will be perfectly wholesome and of suitable quality for the supply of the metropolis." Since the date of that report most energetic action has been taken by the Thames and Lea Conservators with a view to excluding the sewage above referred to, and the day is not far distant when the work of exclusion will have become complete.

On the other hand the Sixth Report of the Rivers Pollution Commissioners, consisting of Dr. Frankland, the eminent chemist, and Mr. Chalmers Morton, the well-known agriculturist, recom-

mended, to put it shortly, that on account of their polluted condition the rivers Thames and Lea should be abandoned as sources of potable water. This wholesale condemnation has served to arouse popular prejudice against the metropolitan river sources of supply, which, owing principally to the stimulating expressions which have from time to time appeared in Dr. Frankland's monthly reports, such as "organic impurity," "previous sewage contamination," "living and moving organisms," &c., has acquired such a force at the present time, that another of the periodical acquittals appears imminent. What, let me now ask, is the most practical stand-point from which to regard the subject? The answer to this question is, I think, supplied in an answer given by Sir Benjamin Brodie in his evidence before the Duke of Richmond's Commission. Having been asked by Mr. Joseph Prestwich, Q. 7,043, "You consider, then, with regard to the effect of water upon the health of the inhabitants, it is rather a question for the medical observer than for chemical analysis?" He replied, "I really think so. I think that chemical analysis is not yet sufficiently advanced (whether it ever will be I do not know) to pronounce a decision upon the matter, and that you have a better chance of getting at the real connection between the injurious matters in the water and diseases generated by those matters through statistical observations carried on upon a large scale than through chemical analysis. Statistics elicit relations of cause and effect on which you cannot deliberately experiment."

We are in a position to start at once with the initial proposition that London, considering its magnitude, is the healthiest city in the world, exhibiting, as it did, a death-rate for the year ending 1882 of 21·4 per 1,000 of the population, as compared with 26·3 in Paris, 26·4 in Berlin, 29·2 in Vienna, 26·1 in Rome, 35·2 in St. Petersburg, 31·6 in New York. But it can be objected, and with considerable reason, too, that the low death-rate of London as compared with foreign towns is due to its superiority in sanitary matters generally, of which a good water supply is only one, and that consequently to ascribe the low death-rate that prevails in London to the excellence of the water supply is not warranted by the facts; in other words, that the relation of cause and effect has not been precisely ascertained. Admitting the force of this objection, I will endeavour to bring cause and effect into closer relationship. What class of diseases therefore point most conclusively to the influence of bad drinking water? Diseases of the zymotic class undoubtedly. The following table, accordingly, shows the annual death-rate per 1,000 from the seven principal zymotic diseases, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, typhoid, and diarrhœa, in London, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, and Leeds for the decade 1872—1882:—

TABLE I.

ANNUAL DEATH-RATE PER 1,000 FROM SEVEN PRINCIPAL ZYMOTIC DISEASES.

Years.	London.	Leicester.	Liverpool.	Manchester.	Salford.	Leeds.
1872	3.8	7.7	5.7	5.7	5.7	6.2
1873	3.3	5.0	3.9	5.9	6.0	5.9
1874	3.3	3.9	8.4	5.5	6.5	6.3
1875	3.9	6.2	4.5	4.6	7.2	4.6
1876	3.6	4.9	5.6	5.2	8.5	4.5
1877	3.5	3.0	4.7	4.2	4.8	2.8
1878	4.1	3.8	6.1	4.0	5.1	4.5
1879	3.3	2.5	4.0	3.4	4.0	3.3
1880	3.7	5.7	5.1	4.2	6.8	3.3
1881	3.6	4.2	4.5	2.3	2.9	2.9
1882	3.5	3.0	4.4	3.8	3.9	3.5

From a comparison of the above figures, it will appear that, of the six towns included, London shows the greatest immunity from the seven principal zymotic diseases. But if there be one disease which more than another is attributable to the consumption of impure water, it is probably diarrhoea. Accordingly, in the next Table I have calculated the percentages of mortality from diarrhoea alone per 1,000 in the same six towns during the years 1872—1881:—

TABLE II.

Years. 1872-1881 per 1,000 }	London.	Leicester.	Liverpool.	Manchester.	Salford.	Leeds.
	0.89	2.38	1.59	1.51	1.77	1.61
1872	3490	306	998	755	249	602
1873	3879	312	911	753	278	500
1874	3077	256	879	668	296	502
1875	3198	300	842	516	283	560
1876	3518	260	694	566	263	492
1877	2479	182	605	317	207	217
1878	3651	300	979	520	340	624
1879	1913	85	407	234	144	240
1880	3767	395	1028	589	477	611
1881	2988	189	508	245	153	321

From the above Table it will be seen that, during the period over which the figures extend, the mortality in London from diarrhoea was by far the lowest of the six towns included in the Table. But, again it may be objected that the foregoing Tables do not make out a clear case in favour of the wholesome quality of the Thames and Lea waters, inasmuch as London is largely supplied with water from the chalk springs, which would have the effect of diluting and reducing the death-rate from the above-mentioned diseases. To meet this objection I will now refer to a most remarkable Table, for the use of which I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Baldwin Latham, C.E., F.G.S., &c., by whom it has been compiled from the Registrar-General's returns. It will be seen, on reference to the Table, that far from placing the river water supplied to the metropolis in a position of advantage as regards the death-rates, it is a positive disadvantage to have the death-rates of the chalk-water drinking districts included in the figures, which of course makes the

inference in favour of the Thames and Lea to be drawn from Tables I. and II. the more conspicuous and remarkable.

TABLE SHOWING THE AVERAGE RATES OF MORTALITY PER THOUSAND OF THE POPULATION FOR THE TEN YEARS 1868 TO 1877, IN THE SEVERAL DISTRICTS IN LONDON AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. COMPILED BY MR. BALDWIN LATHAM, C.E., F.G.S., &c.

Name of District.	Source of Water Supply.	Birth-rate.	Death-rate.	Ph. bids death-rate.	Fever death-rate.	Enteric fever death-rate.	Scarlatina death-rate.	Diarrhoea death-rate.	Cholera death-rate.	Diphtheria death-rate.	Dysentery death-rate.	Estimated Population 1877.
Lambeth	{ Lambeth and Southwark and Vauxhall Water Companies.	38.55	23.30	2.46	0.61	0.32	0.92	1.00	0.05	0.13	0.02	229,190
Wandsworth	{ Southwark and Vauxhall and Lambeth Water Companies.	36.02	19.85	2.04	0.41	0.20	0.83	0.93	0.05	0.12	0.02	169,890
	Totals	74.57	43.15	4.50	1.02	0.52	1.75	1.93	0.10	0.25	0.04	
	Average	37.28	21.57	2.25	0.51	0.26	0.87	0.96	0.05	0.12	0.02	
Greenwich	Kent Water Company	37.65	22.76	2.53	0.53	0.27	0.81	1.05	0.04	0.10	0.09	110,920
Woolwich	Kent Water Company	37.38	20.21	2.61	0.54	0.27	0.98	0.93	0.06	0.19	0.03	74,000
	Totals	75.03	42.97	5.16	1.07	0.54	1.79	1.98	0.10	0.29	0.12	
	Average	37.51	21.48	2.58	0.53	0.27	0.89	0.99	0.05	0.14	0.06	
Camberwell	{ Lambeth, Southwark and Vauxhall and Kent Companies (Kent Company in part of Peckham).	36.20	20.73	2.18	0.41	0.21	0.77	0.97	0.07	0.09	0.03	150,650
Lewisham	{ Lambeth and Kent Water Companies.	31.42	15.82	1.60	0.27	0.19	0.67	0.67	0.02	0.14	0.01	64,000
	Totals	67.62	36.55	3.78	0.68	0.40	1.44	1.64	0.09	0.23	0.04	
	Average	33.81	18.27	1.89	0.34	0.20	0.72	0.82	0.04	0.11	0.02	
London mortality		35.70	23.13	2.65	0.49	0.26	0.86	1.03	0.05	0.11	0.02	3,533,484

These results show that the death-rate from all causes in the river districts and the districts supplied with water from the chalk are practically identical, although it is worthy of note that the death-rate from enteric fever, from scarlatina, from diarrhoea, from diphtheria, and from dysentery, is in each case slightly lower in the districts supplied with river water than in the districts supplied with chalk water, whilst so far as cholera is concerned the returns in both are identical.

Next, let us examine briefly some of the expressions in Dr. Frankland's Reports. (a) "Previous sewage contamination."—Dr. Frankland himself has admitted that the reason this expression has been omitted from his later reports is that, "The term was a good

deal misunderstood by people who are not acquainted with the object of that return, and so it was thought better to omit it.”

(b) “Organic impurity.”—Referring to this expression the three eminent chemists, Messrs. Crookes, Odling, and Tidy, in their report to the Local Government Board in the year 1882, on “London Water Supply,” which report was based upon the analytical examination of 2,110 samples of water collected during that year from the mains of the seven London companies taking their supply from the Thames and the Lea, remark, “The circumstance that filtered Thames water, as supplied to London, contains a variable, but always minute proportion of organic matter, amounting on the average to less than three-eighths of a grain, and never exceeding three-quarters of a grain per gallon, would be of significant importance only if it could be shown to be an unwholesome constituent of the water. But taking a series of years, and relying solely upon the water analyses supplied to the Registrar-General, it does with singular perversity happen that the years in which the metropolitan rate of mortality is exceptionally high, are the years in which the “proportion of organic impurity” in the water is relatively low; while the years in which the metropolitan rate of mortality is exceptionally low, are the years in which “the proportion of organic impurity” in the water is relatively high; not, of course, because the organic constituent of river water is any more wholesome than it is prejudicial, but most probably because the climatic conditions of the year which affected the rate of mortality in one way affected the proportion of organic matter in an opposite way. The same chemists, in their report for the year 1881, comment on the use of the expression, “organic impurity,” in the following emphatic manner. “But despite of all protests, the unfounded use of the words ‘impurity and pollution’ will doubtless be continued for some time ‘to startle those unacquainted with the subject.’ Sooner or later, however, we venture to think that this scarcely useful term will follow in the wake of the fellow expression, ‘previous sewage contamination,’ which, no longer serving to point a moral in the right direction, has been judiciously though tardily abandoned.”

(c) “Living or moving organisms.”—I find that Sir Francis Bolton, Water Examiner to the Local Government Board, reported on the 16th February, 1872, upon the subject matter of a memorial addressed to the Government by the Vestry of the parish of St. Mary, Newington, which quoted from Dr. Frankland’s reports, and laid special stress upon the presence of “living and moving organisms” in the water supplied by the companies to the parish. Sir Francis, dealing with that portion of the memorial, remarks:—

“The following is the number of occasions when living or moving organisms were reported as seen in the water:—

OF THE SOUTHWARK AND VAUX- HALL COMPANY.			LAMBETH COMPANY.	
1869	.	8	1869	5
1870	.	1	1870	0
1871	.	4	1871	4

"From the foregoing extracts it will be seen, without taking into consideration the great increase of population, that the death-rate in the Parish of St. Mary, Newington, has not apparently been in any way affected by the state of the water, as in 1869, when the 'living and moving organisms' were seen on thirteen occasions, the deaths from typhoid fever and diarrhoea were 19, in 1870 they were seen only once, and the deaths were 22, while in 1871 they were observed on eight occasions, and the deaths are registered at 20, thus the highest death-rate appears in the same year when the 'living and moving organisms' were absent." I would observe upon this, that the logical inference would appear to be that the presence of "living and moving organisms" in drinking water appears rather to exercise a beneficial effect upon the health of the consumers.

Such is the statistical evidence that I adduce in favour of the Thames and Lea as sources of supply. What can be said to the contrary? Attempts have been made, it is true, to connect some of the various London cholera epidemics with the London water supply. Thus, Dr. Frankland, in his evidence before the Duke of Richmond's Commission, referring to the epidemic of 1866, told the Commission that he had "come to the conclusion that there was a direct connection between the water supply and the outbreak of the disease in the eastern portion of London." But when Dr. Lethoby was called to give evidence, he was asked, "You are aware that it has been alleged that the main cause of the cholera in the East-end of London was due to the water supply, do you entertain that opinion?" "No; I entertain the opposite opinion. It was a matter of duty with me to investigate the whole of the circumstances connected with the East London supply. In the first place, it was supplied to the hospital to which I am attached; in the next place, it was supplied to the eastern division of the City, where, as officer of health, it was my duty to look well into the matter; and, in the third place, I was very desirous to ascertain whether or not the water had been in any way concerned in the propagation of the disease. I therefore investigated it very fully;" and a little farther on in his evidence, he was asked this general question, "Do you think the present supply of water to the London people is wholesome water?" "I do; a thoroughly wholesome water." Indeed it would appear to be the fashion nowadays, whenever an outbreak of disease occurs in any part of London, the reason for which is not at once apparent upon the surface, to ascribe it to the bad quality of the water supplied to the particular

locality. Thus Sir Francis Bolton, a few years ago, made an investigation of the circumstances attending an outbreak of diarrhoea in South London which had been attributed to the water supply, and ascertained that the real explanation of it consisted in the fact that for some days before it appeared rotten plums had been extensively hawked in the neighbourhood and eaten by the inhabitants.

Would London be better off if the present sources were abandoned, and a new supply from some other source introduced? Two new sources are available:—

(1.) The chalk.

(2.) Lakes and rivers more or less distant from London.

(1.) Assuming that an adequate supply could be obtained from the chalk for the requirements of London, which is entirely problematical, should we be any better off as regards quality? Mr. Baldwin Latham's table shows us, in the first place, that our health will certainly not be improved by the introduction of a chalk supply. Again, it is at least open to question, whether chalk waters are not more productive than river waters of certain diseases, such as calculus, gravel, &c. I find that it was stated by Mr. Bateman (Past President, Inst. C.E.), in the discussion upon Mr. Binnell's paper on "The Water Supply of the City of Paris," at the Institution of Civil Engineers, that when the town of Paisley was supplied with very hard water, gravel and stone were common maladies among the inhabitants, but that upon the substitution of a soft-water supply they disappeared. Moreover, Dr. Parkes, in his evidence before the Duke of Richmond's Commission, stated that, "In Germany especially there is a very strong opinion in certain parts that the phosphate of lime calculi and calculi generally are more common in districts where the inhabitants use very hard water." Secondly, to tap the chalk for the purposes of metropolitan water supply would certainly conflict with the canon laid down by the Duke of Richmond's Commission, "That no town or district should be allowed to appropriate a source of supply which naturally and geographically belongs to a town or district nearer to such source, unless under special circumstances which justify the appropriation." In order to get a supply from the chalk deep wells would have to be sunk into it, and extensive pumping operations carried on. This would produce what engineers call "a cone of exhaustion" which would extend for miles.

(2.) Lakes and rivers more or less distant from London. The same objection which has just been stated applies with even still greater force to these sources. But in addition there is the strategic objection that, in the event of invasion and the temporary occupation by an enemy of the district containing the source of supply, London might be subjected to the horrors of a water famine.

C. NORMAN BAZALGETTE.

TWO COLONIAL QUESTIONS.

I.—THE GERMANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A REMOTE harbour on the south-west coast of Africa has been the means of temporarily disturbing the amicable relations between the English and German Governments. The incident of Angra Pequena has caused many people to refer to their maps and wonder whether the bay is, strategically or commercially, such a valuable one after all, or whether, on the assumption* that any peg is good enough occasionally to hang a theory upon, it is simply serving a diplomatic purpose. A Bremen merchant has obtained a concession, set up some stores for the Hottentots, and been fortunate enough to secure the favour of Prince Bismarck in his commercial enterprise; hence the philippics of the press and the thunders of German wrath immediately it was thought that England or England's colonists ventured to cross the Chancellor's purpose of protecting a German trader and encouraging German commerce.

The difficulty that has arisen between the Germans and ourselves owes its origin chiefly to the procrastination of the Colonial Office and a want of definite statements on the part of our ministers and of the Parliament at Capetown. A glance at the map will show us that the Orange or Gariep River, which drains the interior basin of South-west Africa, is the northern boundary of the Cape Colony, and forms in itself a sufficiently clear line of demarcation. Between the Orange River and the Portuguese possessions, of which the River Cunene is the southern boundary, lies an immense tract of open and waterless country with the terrible Kalihari desert on its east, providing but scanty subsistence to the few last wandering Bushmen clans and their Hottentot congeners. Along the coast a strip of white yielding sand, varying in breadth from forty to a hundred miles, renders communication with the interior difficult in many places. Horses and oxen are subject to many diseases, and the only animal that can with any certainty be expected to live and work is the donkey. The country exceeds in size the combined area of the Cape Colony, Kaffraria and Natal, but is very sparsely populated. With this region, or with certain points in it, the Cape has already had commercial transactions and some official connection; and it was in order that no other Europeans might obtain a footing there that a commissioner, Mr. Coates Palgrave, was sent up in 1876 to travel and report on the country and its inhabitants. His report is the most valuable and authentic document we possess upon the subject, his long and intimate acquaintance with the character of the aboriginal races rendering him a particularly fit person to write upon them and their

country. He interviewed the scattered Hottentot and Damara clans, and represented the benefits that would accrue to them from a closer connection with the colony; and he brought some chiefs down to Capetown to be impressed with the visible signs of the white man's power and riches. The principal results of his expedition were the formal annexation of Walvisch Bay, together with the adjacent littoral, the establishment of a magistracy there, and a Residency at Okahandja, at the kraal of the Chief of the Kamahereros. The Colonial Government voted money for the magistrates and their staffs, and the title given to Mr. Coates Palgrave was "Special Commissioner to the tribes north of the Orange River."

The question of Angra Pequena and the bays further south is more complicated. It is clear that the Germans have succeeded in establishing themselves in the first port, and it is equally clear that they were completely within their rights in doing so. Whether they would have done so at all if the Colonial Office at home and the Ministers of the Cape Parliament had been more prompt and decided in their answers to official interrogations on the subject is a different question. It is nearly a year ago since the Bremen merchant, Herr Luderitz, purchased a tract of country from a certain "Captain of Bethany," a native chief, and began to trade. A correspondence arose concerning this enterprise between the Foreign Secretary and her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin. There seemed so little to be expected from this step as a commercial speculation that Mr. Merriman, one of the Ministers of the late Scanlen Ministry, and member for Namaqualand, writes thus:—

"It is difficult to imagine that any serious idea could have been entertained of establishing a colony in the ordinary sense upon so inhospitable a spot, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that, as an inlet for interior trade, or on account of the hitherto undeveloped mineral wealth, the possession of a territory on this coast may be of very considerable value. Ministers have thought it right briefly to call attention to the facts connected with the occupation, and to point out the grave consequences which will ensue from the unrestrained trade in arms and ammunition and from the possible disputes between Europeans of different nationalities beyond the borders of any civilized jurisdiction, but yet sufficiently close to a very large and singularly mixed population which is sure to take a lively interest in any quarrel that may arise."

Mr. Merriman did not absolutely propose the annexation of the country, but was anxious to obtain some definite statement from the Imperial Government as to their responsibilities. But however much Lord Derby agreed with the tenor of Mr. Merriman's suggestions, he did not wish to take the responsibility of controlling the coast upon his shoulders. Meantime the German Government were importunate in their requests to have the matter settled, and an assurance given of British protection. Lord Derby at once asked the Cape Government whether they would undertake the control of

Angra Pequena if it were made British territory. He stated that the matter was urgent, and "that it would be difficult to resist the representations of the German Government, but failing other protection for German subjects at that place they must assume jurisdiction over it." This telegram was sent out to the Cape in February, 1884, but it was not till May 7th—a most unaccountable delay—that Sir Thomas Scanlen, who was about to retire from the Premiership, replied that he left the matter to the disposal of his successors. Lord Derby telegraphed *again* for a decisive answer, but Sir Thomas Scanlen simply answered that he would have been prepared to submit a proposal for the protection of Angra Pequena by the Cape Government had he remained in office. His successor, Mr. Uppington, did draft a proposal, but it was too late. A German gunboat was on its way to annex the bay, carrying a Commissioner with full powers.

The sequel affords a curious illustration of the fashion of colonial diplomacy. It was felt by Lord Derby that the establishment of a number of German stations on the south-west coast might imperil the interests of the Cape Colony. It had already been pointed out that the Cape customs might suffer and danger arise on the northern frontier if the introduction of an unlimited number of firearms were allowed. It was proposed, therefore, that the coast between "the Orange River and the southern Portuguese boundary, including the British settlement at Walvisch Bay, should be brought under the control of the Cape Government, but this control would not be exercised within the territory at Angra Pequena, which would be under German protection." Moreover, the German Government were invited to concur in appointing a commission to deal with claims of British subjects who had acquired concessions. Of course, the result of the assumption of control of the littoral from the Orange River to the Cunene will be to isolate the German settlement of Angra Pequena. It is at this that the Germans are exasperated, and not perhaps altogether without cause. Had Lord Derby at once taken upon himself the trifling responsibility of protecting Angra Pequena some months ago, as he was requested to do by the German Government, the incident would have terminated.

To the political casuist the action of Lord Derby is inexplicable. He represents the colonial interests in a Cabinet which has most studiously avoided responsibility and disavowed a policy of annexation. In other parts of Africa Lord Derby, rather than protect the loyal Bechuanas or give peace to distracted Zululand by the assumption of a rightful position as ruler and arbitrator, has suffered the former to be overrun by the Boers, and the latter to be torn and disquieted by intestine war and then annexed by the Transvaal.

Conventions have been made and unmade with the Transvaal, the letter and spirit of treaties in South Africa have been violated by

the Boers; Commissioners such as Mr. Hudson and Mr. Mackenzie have been insulted and driven from their posts, and all this has been endured. Suddenly Lord Derby suggests the control of the littoral of South-west Africa from the Orange River to the Cunene, because a friendly power wishes to establish a colony at Angra Pequena! Apart from the question of abstract right, where is the Cabinet's consistency if they ignore definite responsibilities in one part of Africa, but assume them in others where the obligation to assume them is not one-hundredth part so binding?

To turn to the proceedings of the Cape Parliament, we find that in consequence of the hint given by the Imperial Government, a Mr. Innes gave notice amidst applause that he would move, "That in consequence of Angra Pequena having passed into the hands of a foreign power, the colony should take such steps as are necessary to secure to itself its north-western trade." It was understood perfectly well that if the Cape Colony would assume the protectorate and bear the cost they might annex what they wished. So as the Cape Government could not have Angra Pequena, they were to have the coast above and below it. A resolution, therefore, was passed in the Cape Parliament—one of the last acts of the session—by which the west coast-line was formally annexed as far as the Portuguese settlements. There was no discussion on the subject, the Cape Parliament being practically unanimous.

The colonial aspirations of Germany cannot but be of interest to England. Prince Bismarck has interested himself deeply in them of late. On June 24 he appeared before a Reichstag Committee for the first time since 1871, the subject being the subvention of the Government mail steamship lines to Asia and Australia. In a rough fashion the Chancellor sketched the colonial policy of Germany.

"It is not at present," he said, "the intention of the Imperial Government to establish colonies with official machinery, on the French or English pattern, but wherever private German subjects acquire possessions hitherto without owners the Government will consider itself under the obligation to give their full protection. No opposition is apprehended from the British Government, and the machinations of colonial authorities must be prevented."

This last sentence is evidently a thrust at the Monroe doctrine, which has found favour with the colonists in Australia and the Cape Colony. It was rumoured, though probably without much foundation, that the hurried annexation of New Guinea by Captain Chester in the name of the Queensland Government, was made in order to anticipate the designs of a German corvette called the *Carola*. With reference to the Congo the German Chancellor said the question was more complicated on account of the Portuguese pretensions and the Anglo-Portuguese treaty, both of which he refused to recognise. It has been suggested that the German Government will repudiate the action of the Cape Government in annexing the coast from the Orange River to the Cunene, as the *Cologne Gazette* remarks, "that

the act itself cannot be defended on any principle of international usage," but a calmer judgment may show that the protectorate of the littoral by the British is at least as legal as the protectorate of Angra Pequena by the Germans. A distinction may be drawn certainly between a *de facto* and a *de jure* occupancy, but the broad fact remains that for some years English influence has been paramount along the coast. In all questions of colonial annexations it is the men who have settled and laboured as colonists who deserve to control the country that marches on their borders. A Monroe doctrine, if not carried too far, is a fair one, and need not break up international amities. In fairness, the rights of the settlers must be considered first. Sporadic settlements on their borders depriving them of custom dues, or encouraging gun running, or assuming the form of convict institutions, are injurious to their interests. It is deeply to be regretted that Englishmen and Germans should have differed on a question of colonisation. The instincts of the two nations are very similar, and they amalgamate readily under the altered conditions of a colonial life. In almost every town and village of South Africa are found German traders and settlers, content with their lot, and glad enough to breathe the atmosphere of freedom that pervades her Majesty's colonies. The "German Legion" which was located on the eastern borders of the colony after the Crimean War, afford a standing proof of Teutonic prosperity in a land over which the British flag floats. Nor is there any *prima-facie* evidence that Germans occupying a coterminous territory as a separate community, should fail to agree with men of Anglo-Saxon extraction. It is idle to suspect a neighbour before he has given cause for suspicion.

The Press criticism of Germany is at present not only irritating, but in some respects incorrect. The *Cologne Gazette* remarks:—

"The more England settles herself comfortably on the Suez Canal and on the Red Sea, as the great military route to India, the more does there recede from her view that remote South African land in which the British element is retiring in hopeless contest with men of German blood."

If the immediate reference is to our disasters at Langnek and Majuba Hill, it should be recollected that the Transvaal Delegates were recently welcomed at Paris a short time ago on the grounds of being the representatives of Boers of French extraction, who settled at the Cape after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Consequently there is not much force in this appeal to nationality. Moreover the Germans at the Cape itself have always most emphatically distinguished themselves from the older stratum of the Boer population and from the more recent importations of Hollanders. It is a significant fact that the man who at a crisis in Cape history, when a movement was set on foot to introduce Cape Dutch into the Parliamentary debates, showed himself most emphatically opposed to this

retrogressive step, was a distinguished German, a Professor Hahn, who had worked as a scholar and a linguist in the very territory about which Germans and Englishmen are disputing on the west coast. The wisdom of his protest against the introduction of bilingual debates is amply proved by events, for it is an accepted truth that Parliamentary discussion in the Legislative Chambers at the Cape has been absolutely ruined by it. As a matter of special interest on the present occasion it may be recorded that Germans have proved themselves able missionaries, linguists, and learned colonists, carrying with them into Hottentot wastes the spirit of patient inquiry concerning the customs and languages and dialects of the Aboriginal races. The Boers have never made a single contribution to science by which the language and customs of the natives, or indeed the special attributes of the land they live in, could be better understood. An educated German and a nomad Boer differ from one another *toto cælo*. Professor Maxmüller owes some of his most interesting data in the "science of language" to men like Dr. Bleek and the missionaries of the Rhenish mission, who certainly have done good work in Damaraland and Namaqualand. Such details point to the fact that the Germans are our able coadjutors in the task of reclaiming a country like South Africa.

All German attempts at colonisation are in their origin essentially commercial and understood, and, therefore, differ very widely from those of France, which aim rather at conquest than at colonisation in its proper sense. The ruined villages of Madagascar are a testimony to the accuracy of the French artillery, but they are poor records of colonisation. The French endeavour to recoup themselves in their war expenses by exacting war indemnities from the conquered; the Germans in a more rational manner encourage German merchants and commercial enterprise.

Whatever differences exist between Germans and Englishmen may be adjusted by a timely reference to the common sense of the two nations. Africa is large enough for the Teutonic and the Anglo-Saxon races. Above all our Colonial Secretaries of the time being should earn the reputation of straightforward and decisive action. Lord Derby and the present Cabinet have, most unfortunately, been late and ill-advised in their annexation schemes. If, in any parts of our extended empire, English and German colonial interests are likely to clash, the best way to avoid this is by the assertion of a clear and reasonable policy, dictated neither by fear nor prejudice, but resting for its justification upon the conclusions gathered from international law as concerning colonial rights and privileges. Had Lord Derby assumed a protection of the remote bay of Angra Pequena when first desired to do so by the German Government, British influences would still have reigned supreme in South-west Africa.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

II.—WHAT ENGLAND HAS DONE FOR THE ZULUS.

At a time when the public mind is engrossed with a question of foreign policy so important as that of Egypt, and a domestic question so exciting as the reform of the House of Lords, it may seem almost hopeless to attempt to draw attention to anything else. Nevertheless, the difficulties to be solved in South Africa are so great, while the efforts to deal with them during the last few years have been, by general consent, so unsuccessful, that it seems to be the duty of any one who has gained by living in the country any special knowledge of its affairs to try to turn that knowledge to account. Though no regard be paid by the statesmen responsible for the administration of the colonies, and little impression be made upon the preoccupied minds of politicians in general, this good at least will have been gained, that the people of South Africa will see that their affairs, which during last session received scant attention in the House of Commons, and were absolutely ignored in the House of Lords, are considered worthy of discussion in the columns of the Press.

Since the present Government came into office it has been compelled to take measures for the pacification of four countries in South Africa, the Transvaal, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Zululand. In none of the four can the measures taken be said to have been successful; but in Zululand the failure has been most conspicuous. The terms under which the Transvaal was retroceded proved so unworkable that they have had to be superseded by a new convention. The settlement of Bechuanaland, too long deferred, was at length entrusted to a Commissioner, who in such a capacity was unpalatable not only to the people with whom he had to deal, but to the white people of South Africa generally. It has been found necessary to withdraw him already, and replace him by a man of very different stamp. Both in Basutoland and in Bechuanaland the Imperial representatives occupy a pitiable position. They are expected to restore and maintain order in countries which are as large as European States, and which are in a condition of chronic anarchy, with a paltry force of some score or so of native policemen. Naturally, the government is a farce, and the Imperial administration is brought into contempt with the natives, and into odium with the adjoining colonies and Dutch States. Nothing but evil can come from a system which sanctions lawlessness, as in Bechuanaland, and can neither protect loyalists nor coerce rebels, as in Basutoland. And the evil is felt not only in those districts themselves, and the civilised countries which have the misfortune to be on their borders, but its effects are apparent all over South Africa, and lawlessness which has been found to be profitable in Bechuanaland and Basutoland might be trusted to reappear in Zululand.

The climax of British maladministration has been reached in that country. The Zulus were a prosperous and powerful native race,

upon whom in 1879 we made what has been characterised by Mr. Gladstone as "a monstrously unjust war: one of the most monstrous in our history: one of the most monstrous in point of policy, and one of the most clearly indefensible in point of principle." Politicians of all shades of opinion are now agreed in its condemnation. After the war, which ended in the capture of their king and the entire break up of the native government, we forced upon the Zulus a form of administration which led to civil war and great bloodshed. We then substituted a second form of government, which resulted in still more bloodshed and internecine strife. We then declined to provide any government at all, which has ended in Boer adventurers doing our duty, and Zululand becoming, or being in process of becoming, a Boer province. Few people will deny that that is a true history of our dealings with the Zulus, and they will hardly maintain that it is a history of which we have any reason to be proud. The responsibility for it is not confined to politicians of one way of thinking; and in discussing it in some detail I wish to avoid doing so in any party spirit.

The real motive for the Zulu War is probably to be found in the obstacle which Zululand then presented to the scheme for the confederation of the South African Colonies and States; but the ostensible motives were two. There was the actual danger to the neighbouring white communities apprehended from the military system of Cetshwayo. There was also the barbarous cruelty towards his subjects, which was said to mark his despotic rule. Accordingly these were the two ideas which at the close of the war governed British policy. The administration of the country was placed in the hands of thirteen independent chiefs, who pledged themselves not to revive in any form the old military system, nor to allow the importation of arms or ammunition. In the selection of these chiefs all dynastic claims on the part of the royal house were ignored, Cetshwayo's relatives being studiously passed over. The British Government solemnly promised that Cetshwayo should never return to Zululand, and stationed a British Resident in the country to guide and advise the independent chiefs. Unfortunately, no power was given to this official to enforce his advice, a fact which the chiefs were not long in discovering. The intertribal fighting which followed was only what might have been expected where chiefs were placed side by side with no controlling power, some of whom had been raised to positions which they had never held before, while others had suffered degradation to which they were equally unaccustomed. This fighting was accompanied by great bloodshed, the slaughter of the Abaqulusi alone resulting in the loss of over a thousand lives, and the defeat of Sitimela in that of some hundreds, among these being included the lives of many women and children.

It was impossible for the British Government to contemplate with

equanimity such a condition of things. Here was a people whose country had been invaded by us, and all law and order in it destroyed in "a monstrously unjust" manner, and who had been plunged into yet further misery and bloodshed by our blundering efforts to substitute a government for the one which we had overthrown. Something must be done to remedy the mischief done by us. Our mistake had been to give the British Resident no controlling power, no paramount authority, which would enable him to protect innocent and punish offending chiefs. That defect must be supplied. There was then, and had been for some time, a considerable agitation on behalf of the restoration of the ex-King Cetshwayo. A certain number of the Zulus wished for his return, and a large number of people in England thought that in that way only could the injustice which had been done him be atoned. He would represent the paramount authority which the Resident had lacked, and which the British Government would not supply from fear of indefinitely increasing their responsibilities in Zululand. At the same time it was felt that our responsibilities were already great, and that such an experiment as the restoration of Cetshwayo, in defiance of the original objects of the war, and in direct violation of our solemn pledges to the thirteen chiefs, if it should prove unsuccessful, could only aggravate those already existing responsibilities. It was matter also for consideration that we had prohibited these Zulus from procuring arms and ammunition, that, in consequence of this, and the way in which we had divided and disorganised them, they lay almost at the mercy of enemies who formerly feared them, and that therefore they had a strong claim upon our protection.

In April, 1882, a debate on this subject took place in the House of Commons, and the Prime Minister made an important speech, in the course of which he dwelt upon the gravity of the step involved in the restoration of Cetshwayo. He emphasised strongly the binding nature of our obligations to the thirteen chiefs who had been created by us, and had accepted their positions on the distinct engagement from us that under no circumstances should Cetshwayo or his dynasty ever exist again in the country. He showed that the majority of these chiefs had been loyal in observing the conditions to which they had been bound by us. He depicted the dangers likely to arise from the restoration of the King, and said he thought such a step would add considerably to our responsibilities. Nothing could be truer than the words of Mr. Gladstone. If, after all the misery we had inflicted upon the Zulus, first by the war, and then by our attempt to fulfil the duty entailed by that war, we were to plunge them into a still worse state of anarchy by a second and more unfortunate attempt to give them a government, clearly the burden of our responsibilities would lie upon us all the heavier.

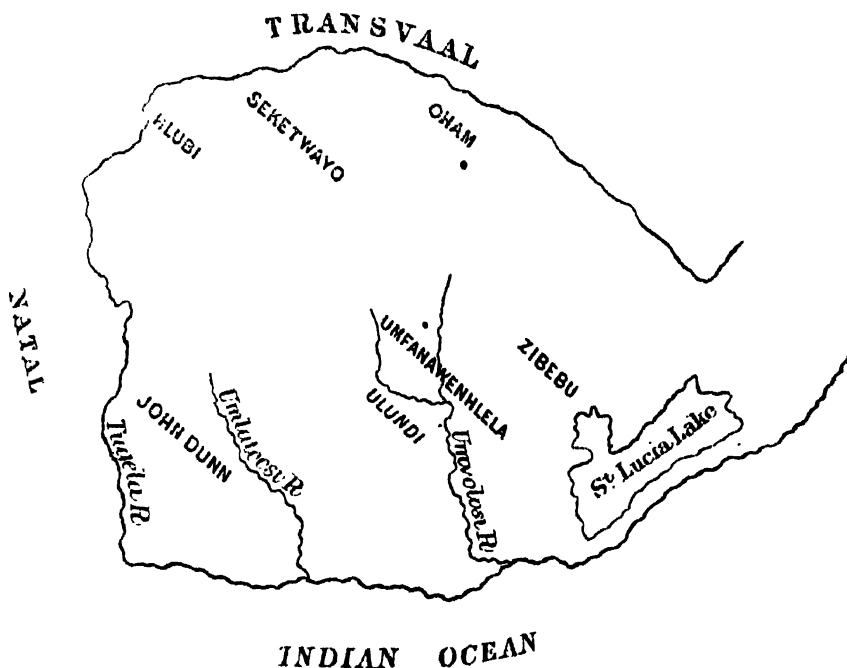
This, however, is exactly what has happened. Cetshwayo was restored. His "presence entirely failed in recalling the people to

their allegiance," and was "a new cause of political disturbance and an extensive shedding of blood." Hence we became liable for the addition, foretold by Mr. Gladstone, to our already heavy responsibilities towards the Zulu people. And the addition was all the more serious because the restoration of Cetshwayo was decided upon and carried out in defiance of the opinions of those most qualified to judge of it; such men, for instance, as Sir Henry Bulwer and Sir Theophilus Shepstone. That this should have happened is somewhat curious, because Sir H. Bulwer was sent out, as possessing the entire confidence of the Government, to give them his views on this very question. Sir H. Bulwer has always been in favour of the extension of a British protectorate over Zululand and condemned the restoration of Cetshwayo; but not, apparently, from any hostility to Cetshwayo personally, for he was originally opposed to the war of 1879, and acquitted Cetshwayo of any unfriendly intentions towards his white neighbours. He was, however, overruled about the King's restoration, and he has been constantly overruled since, though we have it on the authority of Mr. Evelyn Ashley, that he still enjoys the complete confidence of the Government. To the way in which his views have been disregarded may be due the rumour that he is going to resign his position.

If it be said that, though many weighty opinions were against the restoration of Cetshwayo, the Governments both of the Cape and the Transvaal were favourable to it, it must be answered that what they both desired was the establishment in Zululand of some effective supreme power to stop the existing disorder and anarchy. Failing the British Government, upon whom the duty rightly devolved and by whom it could have been properly carried out, Cetshwayo was the only alternative. But after it was seen under what circumstances Cetshwayo was to be sent back, no one either at the Cape or in the Transvaal prophesied anything but failure, and serious disaster.

It can be shown in a very few sentences that the method by which Cetshwayo was reinstated in Zululand was marked by precisely the same defect as that which caused the government of the thirteen chiefs to break down. The whole of Zululand was not given to Cetshwayo, but only the central portion of it, comprising about two-thirds of the country. The northern portion was given to Zibebu, a cousin of the King's, between whom and Cetshwayo there was deadly hostility. Zibebu had been appointed by the British Government one of the thirteen chiefs, and he positively declined to be again ruled by the King. If an attempt had been made to place him under Cetshwayo, immediate fighting would have taken place on a large scale: for Zibebu was a man of great ability with a large following of adherents. The southern portion of Zululand, next to the colony of Natal, was kept by the British Government, under the name of the Reserve, as a place of habitation for those others of the chiefs and

people who, like Zibebu, would not submit to the rule of Cetshwayo. The principles upon which the Reserve is governed are that the natives defray the expenses of the administration by a hut-tax. Every male is liable to be called out in its defence. No white colonisation is allowed in it.



The map will give a rough idea of where the principal chiefs were before the restoration of Cetshwayo, and if it be remembered that Zibebu was moved to the extreme north, while John Dunn and Hlubi were included in the Reserve, it will be seen exactly what Cetshwayo received and how he was situated. He was bound by the same conditions as those which had been imposed by the British Government upon the thirteen chiefs. He pledged himself not to revive the old military system or permit his people to acquire arms, and not to violate the boundaries either of the Reserve or of Zibebu's territory. A British Resident was stationed with him at Ulundi, and a British Commissioner in the Reserve; but neither of these officials had the least means of controlling either Cetshwayo or Zibebu. In other words, in this second attempt at a settlement, as in the first, there was a divided government and no paramount authority. Fighting at once broke out between Cetshwayo and Zibebu, and the natives in the Reserve became unsettled. There were two great battles between the rival chiefs, one in March of last year and the other in July. In both the Usutu, the party of Cetshwayo, were beaten; and in the last, which took place at Ulundi, the King was wounded and

driven to fly for his life to the neutral territory of the Reserve. There he lived for some months under the protection of British troops, and finally died of heart disease in February last. The loss of life merely in these two fights was very serious. In the last over 500 Zulus were killed, and in the first considerably more.

Upon the expulsion of Cetshwayo from Zululand, the British Government again became confronted with the problem of the settlement of the country. That there was still only one and the same satisfactory solution of it became more obvious than ever, namely, the establishment of a British protectorate. It was pressed upon them in the strongest possible terms by Sir H. Bulwer, Mr. Fynn, the British Resident who had been stationed with Cetshwayo, Mr. Osborn, the British Commissioner in the Reserve, and indeed every other person entitled to speak with authority on the subject. Mr. W. V. Campbell, who enjoys the confidence of the Colenso party, the party which is bitterly opposed to Sir H. Bulwer and all who hold similar views to his, visited Cetshwayo last autumn after his defeat, with the express object of ascertaining the truth of the Zulu question. He published his views in a pamphlet, and the conclusion he came to was this: that "to settle the Zulu question, one of two things must be done. (1) England must annex Zululand *in the interests of the Zulus*; or (2) England must restore Zululand to Cetshwayo in the same way as she has settled the Afghan territory." The second alternative was of course rendered impossible by the subsequent death of the ex-King.

There were two other alternatives which were mentioned by Sir H. Bulwer as possible, though not hopeful, methods of dealing with Zululand. One was to divide the country with the victorious Zibebu, by extending the Reserve up to the Umvolosi River, and allowing Zibebu to rule all the territory on the northern side of the river. The other was to establish Dinuzulu, Cetshwayo's son, a boy of fourteen, under a regency of chiefs, in the place of his father. The extension of the Reserve was seriously contemplated by Lord Derby, but was given up after a statement by Sir H. Bulwer that £6,000 would be needed from the Imperial exchequer for the first year, though the revenue derived from hut-tax would eventually cover all expenses.

There was a fourth alternative alluded to by Sir H. Bulwer and others,—but only to be dismissed as one that was utterly impossible and inexpedient,—and that was that, all this horror, bloodshed, and misery having been brought upon the Zulus by British policy, the British Government should now wash their hands of the country and people, and leave these poor natives to fight out among themselves the quarrels into which they had been precipitated by British crime and British blunder. In the clearest and most unmistakable language, Sir H. Bulwer, Mr. Osborn, and Mr. Fynn warned Lord Derby that such a course would mean leaving the Zulus "a prey to anarchy and

famine," and again, that it would plunge them "into prolonged anarchy and serious civil war." This, however, is the policy which has been adopted by the British Government. The unfortunate natives throughout Zululand Proper may fight until they exterminate themselves, or until they die of starvation—for ever since British interference in the country trade and agriculture have been at a standstill—or they may become the subjects of a foreign and detested power. The British Government will look on and content itself with "feeling a friendly interest" in these victims of its aggression at first, then of its maladministration, and of its cynical abandonment at last. Sir H. Bulwer, in advocating a British protectorate of Zululand, had said that "it was the best security against any future practical annexation of the Zulu country, against any annexation that would deprive the Zulus of their country." Mr. Osborn also, in condemning the policy of leaving the Zulus to their fate, had added, "There are also political reasons as well as reasons of humanity which forbid such a course." Judged by the light of subsequent events the meaning of these sentences becomes tolerably clear. As long ago as the year 1881, at the time of the first Convention with the Boers, Sir Evelyn Wood had strongly urged the retention of a strip of British territory between the Transvaal and Zululand, to prevent "Boer trespasses" and "intrigues fatal to the tranquillity of the Zulus," and he had pointed out that, since we had overthrown and disarmed the Zulus, "they were not so capable of defence as to be independent of our protection." The advice of Sir Evelyn Wood was not taken, and from that time to this Boers have been steadily encroaching upon Zululand, principally in the district allotted to the chiefs Seketwayo and Oham. The movement began, as Sir E. Wood foresaw, by a few Boers squatting in the winter in search of pasturage. Then as these were not interfered with, the British Government only making useless protests at Pretoria against this infraction of the terms of the Convention, more came and settled in the country. At the end of last year Mr. Fynn reported that fifty families had occupied the upper part of Zululand, and declined to move.

Just about this time a new Convention was being made between the British and Transvaal Governments, and an article was inserted to meet this very thing. It was as follows:—

"The Government of the South African Republic will strictly adhere to the boundaries defined in the first article of this Convention, and will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries. The Government of the South African Republic will appoint Commissioners upon the eastern border whose duty it will be strictly to guard against irregularities and all trespassing over the boundaries. Her Majesty's Government will if necessary appoint Commissioners in the native territories outside the eastern and western borders of the South African Republic to maintain order and prevent encroachments."

Nevertheless in the early part of this year the Boer movement into

Zululand began to assume more formidable dimensions. To some respectable Boers living near the Zulu border the anarchy so close to them was an undoubted evil. In some cases labour was difficult to get; in others Zulu refugees were driven over the border on to Transvaal farms. To the larger number of the Boers a welcome prospect was opened, by the divided and enfeebled state to which the Zulus had been reduced by British policy, of pursuing their usual tactics of gaining land at the expense of the natives. They would stipulate for a large territorial cession in return for their aiding one chief against another. There was no difficulty in making the arrangement. Ever since the defeat of Cetshwayo by Zibebu, the Usutu party had been burning to avenge themselves upon that chief and others who were antagonistic to Cetshwayo. They had murdered a chief called Umfanawenhlela with his wives and children to the number of twenty-seven; a man whose only offence was that, having been appointed by the British Government on the distinct understanding that Cetshwayo should never return, he declined to acknowledge the King when restored. Zibebu, however, was far too formidable to be treated in this summary way. He had already beaten the Usutu thoroughly twice. But by the aid of the Boers these defeats might be avenged. Accordingly a large number of Boers were promised farms in Zululand if they would help the Usutu to overthrow Zibebu.

It has been said by the Government that this voluntary alliance between the Usutu and the Boers has exonerated them from any responsibility for the consequences. But it was British policy which divided the Usutu against the rest of the Zulus, and forced them into the arms of the Boers because the British Government would not assume its proper responsibilities and govern the country. And by what principle of honour or morality can Zibebu and his people, who have simply defended the country given them by the British Government from Usutu aggression, be allowed to suffer for an unnatural alliance for temporary purposes between the Boers and their bitter enemies? Sir H. Bulwer's view of the position may be seen from two telegrams which he sent in May to Lord Derby. The first was as follows:—

"Zibebu well able to hold his own against the Usutu party, but not against this unjustifiable combination, and he will be destroyed, and Zululand, except the Reserve, will fall under Boer domination unless we interfere."

Two days later he made a stronger appeal.

"Situation is very grave. If we allow Boers to interfere and make Dinizulu king it will be a most serious blow to British power in South Africa. They will also become masters of Zululand, to the permanent loss of the Zulu people, and to the great injury of Natal, to which will resort refugees for whom there is no room and no future outlet. Native question will be thereby gravely complicated. In the Reserve also we should probably have immediate Usutu contest. For the great interest at stake I submit that we should not leave question to solve itself, and that if action is to be taken the longer delayed

the more difficult it will be. Situation yet possible to save by proclaiming Zululand part of her Majesty's dominions."

Sir Hercules Robinson also telegraphed that the Bechuanaland programme would be repeated in Zululand, and that a large part of the country "would eventually be parcelled out into European farms." All was of no avail. No steps were taken in the spirit of the new Convention. The British Government decided to look on cynically at the outcome of their own handiwork. Zibebu was attacked by a large Usutu force attended by five hundred mounted Boers. The well-armed Boers shot down the followers of Zibebu, over six hundred being killed. "All the women, children, and girls who escaped massacre are refugees in the Bemba mountains, hiding in caves and holes; they are without food and clothing, and the severity of a winter on the Bemba being nearly equal to the month of February at home, hundreds of them must perish." Of some British traders who were living in Zibebu's country, some lost their lives, and all their property. The chief himself had to fly for his life to the Reserve territory. Dinizulu has been crowned King by the Boers, who, if the Durban correspondent of the *Times* is to be trusted, have obtained in return for their services grants of land which must eventually absorb the greater part of Zululand. The Vice-president of the Transvaal is to be President of the new Boer State. It is easy enough to foresee that the ultimate fate of the now triumphant Usutu will not be much preferable to that of Zibebu. Either they will quarrel with their new allies, and after a conflict, in which the Boers will be able to count upon reinforcements from the Transvaal, they will lose the remainder of their country by force of arms, or else they will have to submit to steady encroachments of which the end will be the same. In either case they will eventually sink into the position of servile inferiority which is occupied by natives in all Boer countries.

It has been asserted on behalf of the Government that the large native population in the Transvaal is a proof that natives are perfectly content with Boer rule. That is very far from being the case, as we know from the lamentations of the natives at the time of the British withdrawal from the Transvaal. The fact is that the Boer government over a large part of the Transvaal is merely nominal. Where there is an effective Boer government, as in the Orange Free State, the native population is very small and decreasing. I am not saying this by way of abusing the Boers: there is much to be said on their side; but no one who is acquainted with their view, be it right or wrong, of the relations which should exist between the black man and the white can suppose for a moment that a native would willingly bring himself under Boer domination.

In relating the history of our treatment of the Zulus, I have tried to avoid its controversial side. I know that the party of which the late Bishop Colenso was the head held very strong views as to the

misrepresentation and unfair treatment to which Cetshwayo and his followers have been subjected. It is not my object to discuss whether they are right or wrong. The two points to which this paper has been directed are: firstly, that by the enormous suffering which has been brought upon the Zulus through our deplorable interference we have contracted very heavy responsibilities towards that people; and secondly, that the only way in which we can fulfil those responsibilities is by establishing a Protectorate over Zululand *for native purposes*. On these points both sides are with me. I have alluded to the views of Sir H. Bulwer and all the officials in Natal. I have quoted Mr. Campbell's opinion, as representative of the party opposed to them. It is well known that Bishop Colenso himself advocated Cetshwayo's restoration upon terms including the establishment of a British Protectorate.

Moreover, it is easy to show that the Government policy, apart from its inhumanity, is expensive and inexpedient. To protect the Reserve, while anarchy is rampant throughout Zululand, is a costly process, and requires a large force of British troops. It has, in fact, necessitated bringing hundreds of soldiers from Capetown and St. Helena to Natal, thereby denuding those garrisons. The Reserve territory, and Natal, already overburdened with its black population, are crowded with refugee Zulus flying from the misery of their own country; and while British arms and British territory have to protect them, Boers quietly settle on the fertile lands which they have vacated. Can that be described as a triumph of policy? Six years ago the Zulus were a fine people in occupation of a beautiful country. On account of the supposed sins of their King—for they had never done us any wrong—we overran their country and brought desolation and slaughter into their midst. Ever since that—and of this there is overwhelming evidence—they have asked and expected us to rule them: they say they are the Queen's children and belong to no one else. And we by one miserable shift after another have tried to shirk the duty with which we became saddled by the war first and the blunders afterwards. But after trying for five years, during which we have divided them one against another—five years marked with an amount of bloodshed, starvation, and misery such as provoked from a leading Zulu this remark: "Truly we Zulus did not kill in the old days of Mpande and Cetshwayo; we just jostled one another, and few were hurt; it is you Englishmen who have taught people to kill, to sweep clean"—after being instrumental in promoting such a condition of things, we have at length achieved the noble feat of transferring our responsibilities to other shoulders, and of handing over the Zulus, body and soul, and the greater part of their once happy country, to enemies whom not many years ago it was supposed that they were able and likely to sweep off the face of the earth.

FREDERIC MACKARNES.

MR. IRVING'S WORK.

THE presentation of *Twelfth Night* affords an opportunity for a review of Mr. Irving's work as an actor and manager. The comedy has been produced between two remarkable events in his career—the American journey in which he sowed the seed and gathered the firstfruits of a great Transatlantic reputation, and the second tour in which it may be hoped he will garner a harvest substantial enough to reward his labours. *Twelfth Night*, too, in the spirit and manner of its production, is congenial alike with the London traditions of Mr. Irving's career and with the ruling taste of American audiences. That taste, indeed, is catholic enough, and no character in the Irving repertoire that was performed in the United States failed to obtain due and hearty acceptance. But the genius of the American stage is for character acting, and there will be great delight among American playgoers in receiving from the impersonator of Louis XI., of Dubosc, and of Benedick, the new creation of Malvolio.

Twelfth Night is probably known in America, as indeed to the present generation of playgoers in England, only by the book; and to an intelligent reader of the play Mr. Irving's Malvolio should not be a surprise. On the stage, however, the part has usually been played in broad farce, and even when more humanly rendered has been merely fantastic. Very likely it was played in one of these ways when *Twelfth Night* was first performed. The fantastic reading would suit well enough the fancies of the time. One might even plausibly say that Shakspeare would not have desired that it should be played otherwise. He was as capable as any other dramatist of merely wishing to make people laugh. He was apt, half unknowingly and chiefly by an instinct of fidelity, to preserve the human consistency and consciousness of the characters he intended to be laughed at. The consistency and consciousness so preserved, though for a time overlaid by the broad humour of the acting, which is sure to establish stage traditions, comes to light eventually when the genius of some actor whose imagination is introspective becomes absorbed in the veritable human being whom Shakspeare has incidentally created. The prime object was amusement; but no veritable human being is merely amusing. Malvolio is as veritable a human being as Shylock, though contained within pettier and more egoistic limits. When Irving came to play him, even as when he came to play Shylock, the degree of human interest attaching to the character was notably increased.

Twelfth Night has two notes, which when well perceived help us towards enjoying all that is most permanently worthy in it. The

first of these is the incongruous mixture of bizarre eccentricity. The fabric is loosely held together—oddly woven. Its pattern is broken up. Its beauties are incidental, except the prime and total beauty of that immortal fascination which is characteristic of its authorship. Its strongest effects are in whim and idiosyncrasy. They are most successful with an audience when lightly sketched and loudly revelled in. They are most interesting to a close and thinking observer when boldly, firmly, seriously acted out; so that we come to see in quiet how much philosophy and human nature underlay the nonsense—how much that may pique and stimulate the criticism of the nineteenth century was contained in the fun that made the early seventeenth century uproarious.

The other note of *Twelfth Night* is its agreeable and noble representation of the relations between great people and their dependants. Shakspeare's ideas on this subject were derived no doubt from such information as he had of the social and intellectual usages of court and high life in an age remarkable for social charm and intellectual competency. They certainly were superior to the ideas of the intercourse between superiors and inferiors which came into vogue later; and probably, allowing something for poetical elevation, they were truer to fact, both in reference to the capacity of great people to appreciate all that was most admirable in the members of their *entourage* and in reference to the demeanour and mental and conversational compass of the latter. The confidential association between Orsino and Cesario is full of a beauty that could not have been realised in any other vein, and the kindly consideration of Olivia for Malvolio, though devoid of any personal sympathy or community of ideas, enables us to apprehend, what would escape us if Malvolio were treated as a mere common person, the basis and theory of his inordinate vanity.

"Poor gentleman," as Olivia calls him, it is not difficult to discern the rock on which his poor wits have split. They are not very seaworthy. When Irving comes on the stage as Malvolio, every inch a gentleman, and in no sense whatever a foolish butt, but very weak-headed all the same, one comprehends exactly how such a man might fall into the follies attributed to him. There is a vacuousness in his expression which yet is not vanity. The man is as full of conscious dignity, and of the consciousness of dignity in all that is dignified, as he is of his own importance. The two ideas are blended in him. You see he hates frivolity; is a pragmatist critic of light wit; prides himself on powers of reflection and of conduct; believes such powers to be characteristic of gentility; finds nothing in superior household service incompatible with the recognised exercise of such qualities, but assumes that possessing them by gentle nurture he may display them in his mistress's company. Nay, by virtue of the inalienable prerogative

of birth and education, he may venture courteously to reprove in her concessions to lowness of behaviour in her relatives and friends, and to the professional zanyism of a wretched dependant of his lady in whose witticisms Malvolio can see nothing either amusingly foolish or wittily wise. You may be quite sure that this consequential but not farcically ridiculous person—buoyed up as he is by a sense of his superiority to the majority of those about him—whatever else he does will not become purely grotesque. There will always be a restraint of good breeding upon him which will prevent him from losing a nicely balanced manner and obvious high prepossession of mind irreconcilable with farce. He will not let himself go, or, if he does, it will be in passion.

All this is fulfilled in Irving's performance. Lean, lank, with self-occupied visage, and formal, peaked Spanish beard; dressed in a close garb of black striped with yellow, and holding a steward's wand, in the lightness of which there is something of fantastic symbolism, he steps on the stage with nose in air and eyes half shut, as if with singular and moody contemplation. He is visibly possessed of pride, of manners, and of intelligence. His pride though intense is not diseased, until the poison-dish of imagined love has been presented to him and has begun its work. Irving's gait; his abstraction of gaze, qualified by a polite observance of his lady, and a suspicious vigilance over his fellows in her service and her turbulent relations and followers; his sublime encounter with the fool; his sententious observations on everything in general, and the infinite gravity yet imaginative airiness of his movements, carry the Malvolio of Shakspeare to a higher point of effect probably than it has ever before reached on the stage. This signifies much when Malvolio comes to be seen in the more tragical parts of his comic action.

I do not wish, as Coleridge said, to flounder-flat a humorous image, but there is no evading certain results of the genuinely humanistic as opposed to the entirely humoristic rendering of certain of Shakspeare's characters. The gaunt and sombre steward is not and is not likely to be a purely amusing character. Even his tormentors at one point relent a little at the thought that they may carry their cruel joke too far, and for the nineteenth century it is carried too far to be entirely funny. Malvolio in the dark hole uttering sage, conscientious words to prove to the false Sir Topas that he is not mad becomes a pathetic figure. The language evidently requires to be delivered with all Mr. Irving's serious and significant earnestness. And so from the beginning, in his first speech, Malvolio distils the essence of that solemn wisdom over which jesters won easy victories. In his second speech he as it were recognises the function of the fool, but pronounces him a

barren rascal, not good at his business, and hazards a doubt whether to laugh at professional fools is not to play zany to them. Then Olivia expresses in a few words her notion of his character. He is sick of self-love. He tastes, therefore, with a distempered appetite. If one is generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, one takes as bird-bolts these jests of the clown which Malvolio considers cannon-bullets. If a man is engaged as a fool, his railing is no slander. And, then, going sententiously a little off the track, as is the manner in this play, Olivia moralises more broadly, and declares that even if a man does nothing but reprove, and is a discreet man, it is not to be considered railing in him.' In this speech we have set clearly out her own gracious, easy, well-rounded character, and the true measure of the crabbed, conceited gentleman whom yet "she would not have miscarry for the half of her dowry."

Malvolio's fellow-servants and the idle relatives and friends whom Olivia's gay and indulgent disposition permits to consort with them, are not likely to form so sound and accurate a judgment of his peculiarities; but they have their eyes, and Maria's especially are very sharp. Mr. Irving has probably derived as much of his Malvolio from the waitingwoman's pungent descriptions as from the mistress's measured censure. When he suddenly appears like a ghost upon the scene of the servants' hall revel—nay, not like a ghost, but in the uncompromising reality of everything in the way of night-gown and nightcap that should make him ridiculous, but somehow does not—we feel the force of his half-foolish, straitlaced character. We see that Malvolio is a man who, even for his bedchamber, arrays himself with solemn propriety, and into whose head such an idea as looking absurd in any guise is not likely to come. His manner, too, is that of a sour precisian, and he launches upon the debauch from the height of his punctilio a censure of Puritanic solemnity.

In the tone of his first remonstrance about the fool there is the germ, though scarcely visible to us and not at all to Olivia, of that lofty imagination which is by-and-by to leave Olivia sleeping on a day-bed, and "after a demure travel of regard" around a deferential circle of attendants, to wind up a watch or play with some rich jewel while kinsman Toby is approaching to be rated for his disorders. The germ can only properly be indicated by acting of the utmost delicacy, and must always have been missed in the key of farce or mere whim.

The scene of the day-dream and the reading of the forged letter is the climax of the representation. Here Irving is in an element of character and incident eminently congenial to his powers. The soliloquy in which Malvolio expatiates on his grandeur as Olivia's possibly prospective lord, is made a rich, firmly painted picture by the prim vividness of the actor's delivery. We see the branched velvet

gown and the humour of state, and the obedient start of "seven of my people;" and when the "familiar smile" is deliciously "quenched with an austere regard of control," we mirthfully contrast the Toby of Malvolio's vision with the raging rollicker at the back of the stage, over whom the union with Olivia is supposed in the day-dream to have given the steward a "prerogative of speech." Presently Malvolio finds the letter, and a fine piece of acting begins. The scene cannot be said to be lingered over, for the man is carried along just as fast as his fanciful realisation of the fact that he has received a love-letter from his mistress will permit, but the process is slow. Each word seems to yield something; every look illustrates; every repetition suggests; every smile is a rich response to imagined blandishments; even the silly mystery of "M, O, A, I," expands and deepens into a problem. And so by degrees the fully realised infatuation becomes clear and obvious to the audience.

I say this much about Malvolio, because however I may admire a manager who worthily resets Shakspearian jewels, I admire still more an actor who reveals new facets of their beauty. Justice has been amply done to the various merits of the performance, and it is only necessary here to recognise the originality as well as the charm of Miss Ellen Terry's Viola. Upon this character her sweet and happy idiosyncrasy has wrought an exquisite modification. Viola undoubtedly lies in most of our minds as an extremely sentimental person, the impression being chiefly derived from the speech, "She never told her love." In order to conform to this conception it was necessary to suppress any exuberant gaiety in those passages in which Viola is tickled by the thought that, she, a woman, is about to be loved as a man by Olivia. Those who see Miss Terry in the part will be convinced by the most irresistible of demonstrations that Viola was rather one of those thoroughly healthy and happy young women who, while fraught with the capacity for loving and certain to be true in love, will scarcely pine grievously under their own love-troubles, or regard those of any ordinary woman as likely to be fatal. It is not very seriously of herself that she tells the story about concealment feeding on the damask cheek. She will not play patience on a monument unless the smiling at grief be very genuine. She feels the pathos of the story. Her frame quivers as she tells it to Orsino with lowered head, and his head presses upon hers in mere brotherly sympathy. But Viola is hearty though not heart-whole, and Miss Terry persuades us readily that the true Viola is one from whose gentle nature gaiety is not likely to be permanently estranged. A task more to her mind or more responsive to her gifts she has rarely undertaken.

A true narration of Henry Irving's work up to the present time must banish from the minds of all who read it much that has been

dinned into the ear of society by ill-natured repetition. It is not true, for instance, that he has overlaid the great productions of our dramatists by superfluous and lavish decoration. He has done less for mere show, perhaps, than any other enterprising manager, and many of his greatest successes—the first run of *Hamlet*, to wit—have been made with scarcely any expenditure whatever beyond that of the most average *mise en scène*. *Romeo and Juliet*, indeed, as mounted, was a matchless realisation of Italian beauty—light, real and artificial, architecture of uncommon reality and grace, foliage fresh and umbrageous, exquisite interiors dimly seen or glowing and brightly lit, the chill majestic gloom of the marble mausoleum—all these lent exquisite atmosphere to the old sweet story. But who could quarrel with care and cost so expended? At no point of Mr. Irving's undertakings could it be even plausibly stated that he had overloaded, over-decorated his stage. That up to the full degree of verisimilitude stage decorations should be real-looking and agreeable to behold, and that the actor, so long as his art has full effect, is entitled to associate all other arts with it for the due representation to the eye of what dramatic poetry has provided for the mind, is surely indisputable.

Any supposition that Mr. Irving's management has subordinated acting to other arts is best met by considering the position to which he has brought himself and his company. It were a tedious and vexatious argument to distinguish between different styles or schools of acting. Enough that the common consent of each civilised nation places at the head of its actors those who are capable of presenting, without derogation from their superior beauty and dignity, the works of its classic dramatists. A succession of such actors has been kept up with difficulty, or rather in this country by hap-hazard, and some years ago the succession in England seemed likely enough to be interrupted. Our veterans were too conventional for the taste of a lively age. But there was nothing to substitute for the old school. A persuasion took possession of casual public opinion that there was nothing at the theatres but burlesque, and burlesque of a very contemptible kind. The only reservation made was in favour of the Robertson plays, which we now see to have been somewhat poor and of thin interest.

It was at this juncture that Henry Irving entered upon his career. London had previously noted a few gleams of his especial genius, but with little prevision of its finer flights. In the whimsical rôle of Doricourt at the St. James's Theatre, and in a Dickensesque character part at the Queen's, he had given hints of the peculiar abilities which were to be revealed in the character of the mercenary father in *Two Roses*. But except the power and originality of his physiognomy, there was little in the actor, as there could be little in these comic

and character parts, to suggest the genius that burst upon the town in the great creation of Mathias in *The Bells*. I speak of it thus, because that performance comprises, in spite of its melodramatic form, every quality that goes to make up greatness in tragedy and comedy. Depth of horror, wildness of frenzy, pathos of worn lassitude, fierceness of passion, imaginative poetry of human feeling, are found in it, along with gay distraction, gentle and playful affection, ready wit, real and affected humour, and an infinity of that actor's detail for which the Lafonts of the French stage are celebrated.

Very much to the credit of one who, whatever other qualities he possessed, was a shrewd judge of acting power (the late Mr. Bateman), Mr. Irving's success as the Burgomaster of Erckmann-Chatrian-Lewis was held to justify his appearance as Hamlet. On this revolutionary performance it is not necessary to dwell. It established Mr. Irving at a bound as the great Shakspearian actor of his day, and his chief work since has been to associate with his increasing fame the honours of chief interpreter of the works of our greatest dramatic poet.

If his sum of good work has not been so fully recognised as it might be, something of the deficiency is perhaps due to the fact that the critical articles in the daily newspapers are written on first-night performances. These are much more perfect at the Lyceum than at most of our theatres, by reason of very conscientious rehearsal; but, as Thomas Hood used to say that print tested verse, so only actual performance before an audience really settles a play down to what it ought to be. Hence it is that the first-night critics comment on what the public never see. The truer critic of a play is often he whose friendly perception guides him to what is intended and will be effected, rather than he who displays incisively and photographically all the defects which nervousness in the artists and stiffness in the mechanism may cause in the first representation. The truest critic of all is the one who sees the play with candour and discernment more than once, from beginning to end, after it has taken its definite and permanent form.

Even when perfected a performance varies, for in good acting as in vivid personal individuality there is constant change. This may seem contrary to the canons of art, just as the logical French cannot understand how two actors can play different Hamlets, Othellos, or Shylocks, without one or the other of them being egregiously and culpably wrong; but in France as in England, observing playgoers are very familiar with the phenomenon of variety, even in the same actor on different nights, especially where art is rather the vehicle of genius than the mechanism of industrious effort. With Irving, as with many of his greatest predecessors, though the situation is the same the man is often totally different, as temperament is qualified

by mood or happy thought. Rightly apprehended, there is no more piquant privilege, when we really respect and admire an actor's mind and art, than to observe his variations and compare their effects upon our susceptibilities with those produced by the poet's text.

To have raised the stage is a work of which any actor may well be proud, and to the actor who has accomplished it his countrymen owe a deep debt of gratitude. Theatres there will always be, but it does not necessarily follow that there will be actors or acting worthy of the name. We have had many warnings of the depths of vulgarity and folly to which, under stress of supposed necessity, managers will descend. Redemption from such degradation comes by way of high-spirited and high-minded enterprise, conducted in a poetical spirit, with literary feeling, with sympathetic recourse to the purest artistic adjuncts, with constant reference to intellectual as well as spectacular interest, and also with such practical business skill as may prevent all these excellent attributes from being unprofitably wasted. Such a redemption Henry Irving has wrought out. He has done so in our English fashion, without official aid or state subvention, with no Academy or Conservatoire to draw upon, but establishing the best possible Conservatoire in his own theatre—a true school where good acting may be learnt as well as a place of public entertainment where good acting may be enjoyed.

Mr. Irving may also be said to have founded a school by the intellectual and suggestive quality of his acting. People may like or dislike Irving's performances, but all who are capable of thought and expression confess the power of his mind as visible both in his own conceptions and execution and in the general purport and various beauty of the representations which he directs. They are always fully charged with meaning. The meaning is held accountable to sound judgment. The judgment is in amicable and co-operative alliance with prolific fancy and invention. Theory suggests beauties, beauties illustrate theory. By-play, properties, arrangements of the scene, touches and incidents of unexpected natural charm, ever multiplying but never in restless disturbance of well-balanced effect, give the eye perpetually something to notice, the mind something to pleasurably assimilate. All this, it is quite certain, is of the parentage and under the training of one ingenious, accurate, imaginative intelligence.

Of the characteristics of Lyceum acting this at least may be said, that it has broken with that mere tradition which carried actors mechanically through their performances with a certain degree of credit, while suggesting nothing to the audience and giving nothing to the critic to describe, except in terms of general eulogy or general blame, as the acting attained or fell short of an understood standard of tech-

nical merit. Delivery, attitude, action, and bearing being reasonably in accordance with the words, no more was asked; and eminence depended in the main on certain ultra-favourable traits of voice and appearance, or on an uncommon power of simulating tragic passion without loss of vocal *timbre* or of picturesqueness of aspect. All this is changed. It has gone, we may hope for ever. People may fancy they like the old well-rounded school, just as they remember and hum with pleasure the music of Bellini and Donizetti, but when Irving or Wagner has stirred the depths of fancy and taught us how much keener are intellectual than merely sensuous pleasures, we become more exacting in reference to operas and stage plays; we expect them to pierce deeper fountains of emotion, to thrill more subtle chords of sensibility, to kindle a greater variety of imagination.

While we must attribute much of this to the uniform excellence and full attraction of the Lyceum management, we shall err if we do not trace it chiefly to the inspiration of Henry Irving's special and individual gifts as a Shakspearian actor. There are some—a diminishing number, happily—who, confounding "Shakspearian" with "classical," and conventional tragic acting with Shakspearian acting, as it is bound to be, and having some predilections, chiefly physical, as to what should be the grand and beautiful or smoothly terrible vein of classical tragedy, conclude that Shakspeare is ill-acted unless acted in this style. The Irving school has done something to discredit this error. The (reputed) noble style is often not adapted for Shakspeare, and rarely seems to bring out the full pressure of Shakspearian meaning and histrionic opportunity. The very fact that every Shakspearian performance of Mr. Irving, except the necessarily melodramatic Richard III., has given rise to keen discussions on the exact meaning of the poet, is very significant. Objectors of an old-fashioned type fail to see that the romantic drama of Shakspeare is more humanly complex than classic tragedy. It almost follows, as has been exemplified by Irving, that a subtler and more studious method, characterised by acute insight and sensitive fidelity to the poet's mixed and naturalistic style, does more for the presentation of Shakspeare than the most massive and elegant action and delivery without these qualities.

What is to be the future of the Irving school? There is yet much to be done—much in the development of Shakspeare; much in the establishment of a modern tragedy; much in the elevation of melodrama; much in the eradication of staginess; much in the closer assimilation of stage representations, not to actuality, but to the just preconceptions of an educated public. Tragedy will be unconventionalised without losing its stage effect. Melodrama will be divested of its exaggeration, and have breathed into it the breath of art without suffering in its distinctive popularity. Comedy will

overtake the life of the day and yet not surrender its *peculium*, that abounding wit which in real life can never be run freely and extempore into artistic moulds. Such is the to-come of theatric art, and its progress will be all the more rapid and all the more pleasant if puzzled prejudice learns to acknowledge greatness which it cannot explain.

I cannot help expressing the very general wish that among the next ensuing productions at the Lyceum, after the American laurels have been replenished and refreshed, may be *Lear* and *As You Like It*. *Lear*, with its weird grandeur, its stormy billowings of passion, and its quavering notes of pathos; *As You Like It*, sunny and shady in sylvan beauty, decked with all the sprightly guise of poetic masquerade, ravishing with the infinite charm of fair, frolicsome, pure womanhood, solemnised with the tender gravity of exile, sententious with the quaint wit of wise folly and the delicate communings of ruminant philosophy.

One would not dissever from these hopes of the future, any more than from the happy recollections of the past, the blithe and beautiful presence of the actress who by singular good hap, probably also by excellent choice and judgment and rare artistic affinity, has been and will be associated with Irving's professional conquests. Miss Ellen Terry no doubt has, like her colleague, certain shortcomings in technique. There are ladies with not a tithe of her brains who can declaim better. But in insight, feeling, tremulous inspiration, airy vivacity of movement, action and speech, and in captivating mobility of expression, she has a pre-eminence in her time of which good pictures of her unique and characteristic beauty may convey some idea to those who come after us, but which we playgoers of to-day must enjoy with a feeling half melancholy, half ecstasy that it is exclusively ours. What her Cordelia will be we may know from her Ophelia; her Rosalind we may perhaps prefigure in proportion as we can realise to ourselves Shakspeare's incomparable conception. But the brightest and best endowed with fancy among us will neither guess from the book nor gather from past recollections what Ellen Terry will be when she "takes no worse a name than Jove's own page," and bids courage to Aliena in ever memorable and ever lovely Arden.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THERE are times when the banalities of social small talk are entitled to a hearing by earnest critics, and when the colloquial commonplaces relating to the season and the atmosphere must not be dismissed too contemptuously by serious observers of the rate and tendencies of political progress. If the domestic retrospect of the past month is on the whole uneventful, it must in some measure be attributed to the circumstance that we have been experiencing the temperature of the tropics, that the holiday season is at its height, and that, owing partly to the climate, partly to the traditional usages of our race, the tension of partizanship has been relaxed and the political interest of the country has been in the predicament of suspended animation in which it pleased Lord Salisbury, when he threw out the Reform Bill, to describe that measure as remaining. It is, indeed, true that the country has been to a large extent deafened by the din of rival demonstrations. Statisticians given to curious speculations would probably discover that if the reports of the speeches delivered on the Liberal and Conservative side, as they appeared in those journals which paid them the greatest attention, were longitudinally extended they would cover no slight portion of the pavement between Hyde Park Corner and Charing Cross. Some of these harangues have been animated and vigorous. A few have been delivered to enthusiastic audiences. A more limited number still may be calculated to mark an epoch in the development of the great question now before the country. But on the whole it must be allowed that they followed so swiftly upon—in some cases they even anticipated—the prorogation of Parliament, that it was impossible for them to excite the interest, or to elicit the enthusiasm which the merits either of the cause, or of the rhetoric employed, may have demanded. It is less than a fortnight since the Queen's Speech was read. Although the Parliamentary session of 1884 has been barren of legislation it has been full of exhaustion and excitement. Some of the party leaders, Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, have addressed crowded assemblages in provincial capitals. But Mr. Gladstone, who never more conspicuously filled the position of a great popular leader than at the present time, does not speak in Midlothian till the end of the present week, and till Mr. Gladstone has spoken it is certain that the note for the commencement of the genuine struggle will not have sounded.

We have no wish to underrate the significance of such Conservative demonstrations as have been held against the Reform Bill, any more than rational Conservatives will ignore the extraordinary burst of enthusiasm that the measure called forth in the midland

capital—a capital which is likely, ere long, and for some time to come, to be the scene of many stirring rhetorical combats—when, at the beginning of the month, Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain made their appearance in Bingley Hall. Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill secured an attentive and a plauditory reception from twenty or thirty thousand persons met together in Pomona Gardens, Manchester. It would, indeed, have been wonderful if they had failed to do so. Every one knew that Manchester possessed some thousands of Tories who might be relied upon to keep the rhetorical rendezvous indicated by the leaders of the party. Upon this occasion, moreover, certain special inducements were not wanting. It was at Manchester that, for the first time after the Sheffield Conference of Conservative Associations, and its, to him, triumphant result, that Lord Randolph Churchill addressed a great audience of his countrymen. Lord Randolph Churchill has played his cards with a courage and a success that Englishmen instinctively admire. He now occupies incomparably the most interesting, and in some ways the most distinguished, position in the Conservative party. When it was plain, as it was made plain at Sheffield, that he had personally a genuine following in the country, and that he was therefore a power to be reckoned with by his titular superiors, he resumed the communications of political amity with Lord Salisbury. As a consequence he passed from the position of Lord Salisbury's critic to that of Lord Salisbury's lieutenant, and it may even be said, successor. Unquestionably next to Sir Stafford Northcote he occupies the most commanding place among Lord Salisbury's titular followers. But Sir Stafford Northcote is a waning and not a waxing force. He is descending into the vale of years, his courage is greater than his strength. Unless, therefore, there is any fresh disagreement between Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, the latter must, in the nature of things, at no distant date appear before the country as the future Conservative leader of the House of Commons. The country, it is, indisputable, already sees him in that capacity. Lord Salisbury has confirmed the opinion of the country by the relations, whose development he has assisted, between Lord Randolph Churchill and himself. Episodes of this sort naturally excite popular interest, and quite apart from the solid permanent strength of Manchester Conservatism, the circumstance of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill standing side by side in the Pomona Gardens was enough to account for the success of the demonstration.

Though, as has been said, a perfectly correct idea cannot be formed of the hold which the Liberals have on the country in the present Reform agitation, till Mr. Gladstone has placed himself, as by his Midlothian speeches he will do, at its head, we are in a condition to estimate the character and therefore in some degree to forecast the results of the Conservative tactics. The first feature to be noticed in these is that

Lord Salisbury has avowedly given in his adhesion to Lord Randolph Churchill's doctrine of the Tory democracy. If his Manchester speech had proved a failure, regarded as a demonstration harangue, it must have been of the highest significance as a commentary on Conservative strategy. Lord Salisbury's immediate object is to eject the Government from office, and to secure the transfer of the business of Reform and all its accompanying operations to himself and his party. He wishes above all things to force a dissolution, and by way of facilitating this he is willing to promise anything and everything so far as Reform is concerned. Consequently it is no longer a question whether a Franchise Bill and a Redistribution Bill shall be passed, at the earliest possible moment, on the lines which the Government propose, but whether they shall be passed by Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. That is to say, Lord Salisbury has taken another lesson from Lord Beaconsfield and is endeavouring to dish the Liberals and Radicals now, as Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby boasted they had dished the Whigs seventeen years ago. It would be ridiculous to expect any regard for Conservative scruples or consistency in the competition which the Tory chief has with characteristic cynicism proclaimed. Lord Salisbury is not only, according to his own statement, willing to pass exactly the same Franchise Bill as he will not allow Mr. Gladstone to pass, but he has placed on record his adhesion to a Redistribution Bill far more Radical than Mr. Gladstone has yet shown any disposition to introduce. Speaking at Manchester he declared that Lancashire should not be content until it got sixty-three members instead of thirty-three, and that Middlesex should not be content until it got fifty-four instead of sixteen. This programme involves the whole principle of equal electoral districts, and the country will not, it may be imagined, fail to notice the significance of Lord Salisbury's admissions. Verily, the educational influence which Mr. Disraeli boasted that he exercised upon his party is posthumously perpetuated in its effects. Here is Lord Salisbury, aggressively playing and emphatically announcing just the same violently pedagogic rôle as that of Mr. Disraeli. The Tory leader in fact appeals to the constituencies to compel the Government to dissolve, in order that he may have the opportunity of trumping the Government's card. In an article which appeared in the last number of this Review on Lord Salisbury, it was stated that the history of Conservatism was a history of compromise and surrender. A good deal of exception has been taken to that remark, but if any further proof were required of its intrinsic and incontestable truth, it would be found in Lord Salisbury's Manchester speech.

It is true that another line than this has been adopted by some of the more staid and fastidious leaders of the Conservative party.

When Lord Salisbury sneered at the Hyde Park Demonstration as an instance of "legislation by picnic," it may not have occurred to him that he was prophetically describing the precise tactics which would recommend themselves to some of his friends. Yet this is the literal and indubitable truth. During the past fortnight several Conservative peers and some untitled territorial magnates of the Conservative party have invited select gatherings of Conservative working men and others to spend a happy day in their parks and pleasure grounds. Mr. Roland Winn invited them in their thousands to Nostell Priory. Lord Carnarvon invited only a hundred and fifty of them to Highclere. But the idea underlying the two entertainments, and underlying many others, was identical. In the first place it is the object of those who have thus illustrated their hospitality to convince their guests that the landed aristocracy of England in general and the peers in particular are the friends and not the enemies of popular progress. *Qui s'excuse*, &c., and the obvious commentary on these exceedingly gratuitous panegyrics of the peers is that neither Mr. Gladstone nor any other Liberal minister said a word against the Lords till, for reasons which their whole subsequent attitude shows to have been purely factious, they declined to pass the Franchise Bill. Is it possible to imagine a more equivocal or damaging compliment to the Lords? Does it not seem as if, "frighted with the noise themselves have made," they were anxious to assure the masses whom they fear that they meant nothing? Again, is there not something a trifle obsolete and wholly ridiculous in the effusive patronage which they now bestow upon the masses by letting them hold picnics in their parks and perhaps view some part of the interior of their dwellings? It surely seems a little late in the day for amiable and intelligent noblemen like Lord Carnarvon to play the part of the good genius of the constitution, and to cajole the *canaille* into a belief that the members of the hereditary legislature are the natural friends of the people by these paltry civilities. There is alas! a deep vein of flunkeyism and snobbishness in the English nature, but is it to be supposed that these interesting traits will blind them to the fact that the Tory peers and squires, who rejoiced at the check given to Reform, are now insulting their intelligence and mocking at their shrewdness by extending to them a notice of adulatory and interested condescension which every man of independent character, whatever his rank, ought to repel with disgust? It would assuredly seem as if the noblemen and squires, who are with a vengeance exemplifying Lord Salisbury's theory of "legislation by picnic," fancy it is the easiest thing in the world to wheedle British citizens out of their sense of self-respect.

In the Queen's Speech it was mentioned that the public interest which the Reform movement has generated was accompanied with

remarkable exhibitions of loyalty to the Crown. In some quarters exception was taken to the wording of this particular paragraph, and Mr. Gladstone was accused by the critics who see in him only the incarnate spirit of political evil, of a sinister intent to drag the Crown into the political conflicts now being waged round the extension of the Franchise. Who is really open to that imputation? It is not Mr. Gladstone, but sober and well-meaning peers such as Lord Carnarvon who invest the Reform movement with so malignant and unconstitutional a significance. If Tory peers of this stamp are to be believed, Mr. Gladstone has brought forward his Franchise measure actuated chiefly by a desire to overthrow the House of Lords. Even that is only a preliminary step to viler machinations. "To-day," says Lord Carnarvon, "it is the House of Peers which is threatened. To-morrow it will be the Constitution and the Crown." There could be no better commentary on this alarmist rhodomontade than the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Newcastle-on-Tyne. That borough, which is itself a noble epitome of all that is most characteristic and enterprising in the achievements of the nineteenth century, whose representatives are two advanced Radicals, has given the future King and Queen of England a reception which the very genius of courtiership could not surpass. It is free to any one who thinks about the organization of human society to hold that in itself a republic is a more desirable form of government than a monarchy. But just as it is certain not a threat would have been insinuated against the House of Lords unless Lord Salisbury had deliberately set at nought the will of the people as expressed by the House of Commons, so no truth can be more circumstantially established than that the English throne is absolutely safe and unassailable in this country, provided that its occupant is satisfied to act within the limits, and on the conditions, defined by the usages of half a century, and to display himself or herself as the symbol of the social and material unity of the English people, rather than as the champion of hereditary and exclusive privilege. The Prince and Princess of Wales were welcomed enthusiastically on Tyneside because the whole spirit of the attitude of the Royal Family towards public affairs is diametrically antagonistic to that recently displayed by the Peers.

It is seldom that in the course of a short month the English people have been so forcibly, and from so many different quarters, reminded of the burdens imposed upon them in their character of an imperial race. Their position in Europe, their position in Egypt and in India, their position as the mother of colonies in every part of the world, has been urgently brought home to them. The Egyptian Conference has broken down, and the English Government have taken another step in the direction of asserting the exceptional power, with which circumstances have clothed them

in Egypt, by the dispatch of Lord Northbrook as High Commissioner. Moreover, a Nile expedition, having as its object the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum and the settlement of the Soudan, is about to be dispatched. During the closing days of the session a vote of £300,000 was asked for and obtained, and as more than that sum must have been spent already, it will be necessary largely to supplement it at no distant date. The theory of the pessimists, who condemn Ministers alike for everything they have done or have failed to do in Egypt, is that the Mahdi has the whole Soudan behind him, and can descend upon Egypt proper at any moment and almost in any force that he chooses. Where so much must be matter of speculation, it would be absurd to speak with certainty, but all the information, which comes to us from this remote region, goes to show that the Mahdi is not supported by the combined native races of the Soudan, and that the Arabs north of Berber and between the Nile and the Red Sea are permanently detached from the false prophet. If it be admitted that England has now made herself answerable for the future of the Soudan, it must be pointed out that the solution of this problem does not in any degree involve the conquest of the country for Egypt. It is quite clear that the Soudanese cannot be ruled by pachas from Cairo. The alternative of some form of native administration remains. In forecasting the future of the Soudan it must not be forgotten that it possesses many tempting and remunerative opportunities for commercial enterprise. We know from bitter experience that commerce may prove an apple of discord as well as a guarantee of peace. Whatever the settlement in store—and on this point it is impossible for any one to speak positively—it may be fairly assumed that the approaching dispatch of the English Nile expedition will open a new chapter in an agitated and anxious history.

Nor is it necessary to restate now what was stated here at sufficient length last month, though as was natural in a provisional and hypothetical manner, the conditions with which, as a consequence of the failure of the Conference, we shall have to deal. According to the Conservatives, the Conference collapsed because Prince Bismarck had made up his mind that it should fail, and this resolve on the part of the German Chancellor was due to the hostility to England with which Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, since he acceded to office four years and a half ago, had inspired him. The price which England has to pay for the Liberal mismanagement of our foreign relations and our imperial affairs generally is represented as being the embittered estrangement of France, whom we had humiliated ourselves so deeply to conciliate, the ill-will of Germany, and the development of a combination consisting of Germany, Austria, and France, pledged to give us trouble in every quarter of the globe. It

was in order to perfect this combination, as we were told, that Count Kalnoky visited Prince Bismarck at Varzin, and that a meeting of the three emperors has been arranged for a little later in the year. Additional colour was given to this preposterous interpretation of events by the tone of the articles that have recently appeared on the subject in the German press. But is a newspaper war, waged between the press of two countries, such a novel experience that the phenomenon can only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a deadly feud between two Governments? The real character of the sentiments entertained towards us both by Germany and France is intelligible enough, and can be explained in a much simpler manner than suits the imaginations of those who aim at propagating the belief that the Prime Minister and his colleagues are bent upon placing us in a position in which we shall have to encounter the compact antagonism of the whole western world. France is jealous of us because we will not make room for her in the valley of the Nile, and will not either engage in such enterprises as those on which in Tunis, Algiers, and elsewhere she has expended so much strength. Germany, on the other hand, is annoyed at what Prince Bismarck doubtless considers the English want of decision. We have not made ourselves, as unquestionably we might have done, the masters of Egypt. Prince Bismarck is accustomed to act with the swiftness of a dictator, and as a mighty minister who has a fine disregard for parliamentary majorities. He is irritated that the English Government should not only exhibit so much vacillation, but should keep so many questions open so long. Almost a year passed before he obtained a definite answer from us on the Angra Pequena question. Many of the issues, such as those raised by the Congo business, the consequences of our annexation of the Fiji islands, and the North Sea Fishery wrangles between German and British subjects, have yet to be disposed of. The German Chancellor, in a word, finds us an unsatisfactory people with whom to deal—too dilatory, too irresolute; whereas, on the contrary, France finds us too obstinate and too aggressive. That the future of Egypt engaged the attention of Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky at their recent meeting is as certain as that it engaged the attention of the Egyptian Conference in London. But it must be recollected that the position of affairs with which the Austro-German alliance was first concerned has in the last two years, and even in the last twelve-month, undergone a material change. Thus France, which was then supposed to be brooding over a war of revenge for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, now chiefly poses before Europe as the would-be mother of a great colonial empire. Again Russia is no longer busy with her intrigues in the Balkan peninsula, but is concentrating all her energies upon her position in Central Asia. These circum-

stances are, quite independently of the position of affairs in Egypt, enough to account for the protracted interviews of Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky at Berlin.

Equally in the case of France and England the difficulties and dangers by which the foundation and extension of a colonial empire are beset have been illustrated during the last month. M. Jules Ferry having settled the question of the revision of the constitution has committed himself to the long since imminent, but always just averted, conflict with the Chinese Empire. The arguments that must convince the French Government of the inexpediency of entering upon a struggle of which no one can foresee the dimensions or the results are, it might be thought, overwhelming. In the first place, unless by some daring and dexterous stroke M. Ferry can reduce the conflict to a mere military promenade, and finish it almost as soon as it has begun, his ministry will probably be defeated at home, and his country will once more enter upon a vicious cycle of political vicissitude and disturbance. In the second place, unless operations can be restricted to the Tonquin side, France will run the risk of the gravest international collisions. A blockade of the Chinese ports by a European power would mean not only a heavy increase in the price of tea and a grievous interference with English trade, but an interference equally grievous with the trade of the United States and Germany. Thirdly, a Chinese war would tie the hands of France at the very moment when she may well consider it of importance to have them free, in view of the development of the Egyptian question or other contingencies nearer home.

To return to the policy of Prince Bismarck; it is what it has been and will continue to be—the isolation of France. For this reason he cannot but hail with satisfaction the extraordinary folly of France in entering upon a preventible war with China. That conflict is one which from the complications it may possibly involve must excite serious misgivings and apprehensions with the European powers and *pro tanto* increase the international unpopularity of France. Again, the war, if war it is to be, will tie the hands of France more closely than they are tied already. That the German Chancellor wishes to accentuate any ill feeling between France and England is likely enough. His object is to deprive France of any potential ally, and it was with this motive that he sanctioned the Italian support of the English proposals at the recent conference,—for we may be certain that Italy would not have sided with England unless she had ascertained that by doing so she would provoke the resentment of Germany or Austria. As regards the German colonial movement enough has been said elsewhere in this Review, and we need to do no more here than point out that what Prince Bis-

marck wants is not the establishment of German colonies but the recognition of German interests in our settlements. If Prince Bismarck does not view Mr. Gladstone's Government with approval there is every reason to believe that he is anxious to conciliate England as a nation. The practical outcome of the present situation of affairs is that, with France committed to the costly hazard of a Chinese war, England has the opportunity of settling the Egyptian question upon terms singularly advantageous to herself and agreeable to the German Chancellor.

Nor is England learning in a less practical shape than her nearest continental neighbour the onerous and indefinite responsibilities of a world-wide colonial empire. From our North-western Indian frontier, where the newly-appointed delimitation commission is about to begin its labours, to the western coast of Africa, events pregnant with the greatest importance are in progress. The sequel of the meeting held at the Westminster Palace Hotel at the end of last month to concert steps for the federation of England with her colonies, has been an application from the Australian colonies to the Imperial Parliament to pass an enabling Bill which would allow them to federate themselves with Great Britain. That request will inevitably be repeated, and for the delay which has now occurred the Conservatives are responsible. The Irish members declared that they would not oppose the project. The Conservatives placed their veto on it, the only inference being that the party whose motto Lord Beaconsfield defined as *Imperium et libertas* has, rather than allow ministers to boast of a single great legislative success achieved during the session of 1884, obstructed the first efforts for the fulfilment of a policy to which they are traditionally pledged. For another incident equally unwelcome to the colonies, a department of the Government, the Admiralty, is to blame. Nothing more impolitic or more wantonly calculated to alienate colonial opinion can be conceived than that ships which were really being employed on imperial service should have been ordered from home to fly the colonial and not the imperial ensign. This little occurrence makes it clear that in any arrangements which we may make with a view to gratify the colonial desire for federation we must reckon with the petty opposition that will be offered by certain departments of the Government at home.

But for the present it is South Africa that is the most fertile source of our colonial anxieties. Nothing is to be gained by blinking the fact that the Dutch colonists are supported by our own fellow-subjects in resisting what they call the "imperial factor," and in pertinaciously thwarting any arrangement which carries with it the assertion of English influence and authority. What has just occurred in Zululand is identical, so far as its broad significance is concerned,

with what has occurred in Bechuanaland. The Dutch are determined that from the whole of South Africa England shall be excluded. No graver intelligence has come to hand for a long time than that which reached us a few days ago, to the effect that the Boers at Pretoria have proclaimed a protectorate of Zululand under the guise of a republic. Mr. Mackenzie's recall from Bechuanaland, and the debates by which it was preceded in the Cape Parliament, showed plainly enough that, in the words of a local newspaper, "anything was better than an imperial control, and anything was deemed preferable to the so-called dictatorship of Mr. Mackenzie." The announcement made in the speech from the throne on the prorogation of Parliament, that the convention with the Transvaal Government had been ratified by the Volksraad at Pretoria, is practically cancelled by this latter piece of news. Nor is it with the Boers that we have alone to reckon. The Dutch who are our own fellow-subjects, living in our colonies, are just as hostile as the Boers themselves to English ascendancy. It is not, indeed, the Transvaal from which the movement undermining the authority of England in these parts has principally proceeded, but the Cape Colony. It was Mr. Rhodes, an English subject, who said in the recent debate in the Cape Assembly that "first and foremost they must endeavour to remove the Imperial factor from the situation." Last year "he had implored the House to pass a resolution for acting in conjunction with the Transvaal, in order to prevent the introduction of the imperial factor in Bechuanaland. It must now be eliminated, or there will be great danger for South Africa." Now, whatever is to be the future of our dependencies in South Africa, it is clear that the present condition of affairs cannot last much longer. Whether in Bechuanaland or in Zululand, the Boers are, not only to their own satisfaction, but with the complete approval of the English colonists, overpowering and absorbing the natives. Conventions are ratified only that they may be violated and destroyed. Can the burden of empire under these conditions be retained, or is it worth retaining? It really seems that the time has come when Lord Northbrook's dispatch as High Commissioner to the north of Africa might be advantageously followed by the despatch of another responsible statesman in the same capacity to the south. The attack on Montsioa, the assassination of Mr. Bethell, the abuse heaped upon Sir Hercules Robinson in the Volksraad, the denunciations of the "imperial factor" in the Cape Parliament, crowned by the proclamation of a Dutch Republic in Zululand within a few weeks of the acceptance by the Volksraad of the convention with England—all these things and many others certainly appear to show that the period for illusion has passed.

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IS ENGLAND A GREAT EUROPEAN POWER?

THE responsibilities which at the present moment confront us in Egypt, and which may ere long be extended over a far wider area, have caused many an Englishman to ask the question: Are we a great European power? It will be acknowledged that power, great or little, means the possession of some strength or qualities valuable to mankind, and a faculty of keeping what we possess. It is not merely great wealth or influence, but the power of defending it, which constitutes greatness in this very imperfect world. No one denies that England is wealthy, but people are apt to forget that wealth does not mean only a big balance at the bankers, and a huge rent roll. Much more is included in national wealth, and as so much, forcibly reminding one of the "Groans of the Britons" when they petitioned Rome to help them against the Picts and Scots, has been said about our perils and infirmities, it may be well to call attention to some of our advantages. Though the revenue of the country no longer increases by leaps and bounds it does grow steadily and by no means slowly. The productive power of the people shows always an increasing ratio per inhabitant, and in this respect we move faster than other European nations. In the middle of the last century we were fighting for leave to navigate the ocean freely. Now, we appear to be absorbing the whole carrying trade of the world, chiefly because by the skill and good management of our seamen fewer men do the same work. Not far from sixty per cent. of the water carriage of the world is performed by ships sailing under the British flag, and of these between seventy-five and eighty per cent. are steamers. Population is growing at the rate of about one million in three years, and the people eat more than twice as much meat per head as is the average for European nations. Anxiety is sometimes shown as to the meat supply in case of war, but we actually produce enough in Great Britain to supply all the needs of the people if calculated on the scale of consumption in France or Germany. We import only the excess which the beef-fed Briton insists on consuming. The average

nett income per inhabitant is sixteen per cent. higher than in the United States, and more than double the European average. The number of paupers gradually but surely declines, the savings banks show a rapid increase in the hoarded capital of the working classes even in Ireland. Compared with the earnings of the country taxation is much lower than the European average; and, if account could be taken of the blood tax paid in person by continental nations, with its influence on progress, the result would be startling. The birth-rate is increasing, the death-rate diminishing. The national debt is being paid off by degrees, though municipal and local debts representing expenditure on health and education are increasing. And, if this be a comfort to anybody, we are perpetually adding annexation to annexation. Above all, our people have the civil liberty which permits the most emphatic denunciation of political opponents, and the religious liberty which holds all doctrines from pantheism and atheism in almost equal respect, allows one man to prove that we are but highly developed apes, and another to preach the Gospel according to the Salvation Army. These last privileges, combined with the comfortable condition of progress just sketched, are surely worth preserving. They constitute the wealth which is one of the signs of a great power, and it only remains to decide whether we are able and willing to defend ourselves and our possessions, or, if we are not, whether we should universally succumb, with the meek entreaty, Give peace in our time, O nations.

The first idea which suggests itself is that a state, spending eleven hundred millions a year and saving more than sixty millions, might find it worth while to spend whatever may be necessary to provide for its own requirements and make itself and its property safe from aggression. And this is, unquestionably, the feeling of the country. The late Mr. Delane, whose power of gauging popular feeling became from long practice a sort of genius, used to say that the English people would willingly give anything in reason to make their interests safe, but that there was a profound disbelief in the capacity of the War Office and Admiralty, and an impression that additional supplies would go towards increasing the emoluments of old generals and admirals rather than towards creating an efficient army and navy. Lord Derby, with his usual caution, suggested that the first step was to discover what we really require in order to place England in readiness to fulfil the duties demanded of her by the position she occupies. In Parliament we see a perpetual contest between a class of wild alarmists on the one hand and optimist ministers on the other. The former insist that England is without means to make her will respected, or even to defend her ocean trade; the latter declare that there is nothing whatever in the facts and figures of the alarmists to cause a moment's anxiety. The military journals ~~were~~ over the degenera-

tion of the army; the naval journals and the "One who Knows" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, denounce and deplore the feebleness of the navy. Lord Wolseley says that never in history was the army so efficient as now, and Lord Northbrook shows that we are building ships of war twice as fast as France. In such a chaos of conflicting opinions no one can be surprised that the House of Commons is weary of the discussion, or that the waving of the alarmist flag is a signal for the emptying of benches. Under these conditions it is not possible for the country to have any clear opinion on the question now asked, and the uncertainty has bred a kind of recklessness on the most important subject which can engage the attention of a nation, namely, the condition of its health and strength, whether it is, like a strong man, able to give and to take the blows which form so large a portion of human experience, or whether, as a sick man, it must plead for gentle treatment and, confessing weakness, take shelter under the protection of its stronger neighbours. If we are strong, let us know it and cease this perpetual groaning: if we are weak, let us make up our minds what price of territories, cash and humiliation we are prepared to pay for protection.

It seems to be taken for granted that the tendency of modern progress is in the direction of democracy, and that the Demos will be so wise and passionless, so capable of seeing the other side of all questions, so bent upon progress in arts of peace, that England will for ever hereafter set an example of wisdom, moderation, and avoidance of strife; that however fierce the continental monarchies may be, we at least shall be prepared to turn the other cheek to the smiter. Where are the signs of it? It is now a quarter of a century since Mr. Buckle published the first portion of his *History of Civilisation*, in which he so eloquently proclaimed the gospel of good sense, pointing with triumph to America as our example of all that was peaceful, and claiming for Europe a close approach to the transatlantic model. The coming millennium was inaugurated with the solemnity of religious rites at the opening of the first Great Exhibition. * Hardly had we all agreed to recognise the value of democracy and the peaceful tendency of trading self-interest, when the two halves of America were burst asunder by the volcanic force of those very interests; democrats flew at each others' throats and heaped up a war debt of greater magnitude than had been conceived possible of accumulation in so short a time. Democratic France, a democracy under the name of an empire, thought to serve her interests by invading Mexico. The war of 1859 in Italy was without doubt the result of popular aspirations for freedom from the yoke of Austria. The war of 1866, which produced of necessity that of 1870, was forced on, not by the Royal Houses, but by one great Minister who would have been President if Prussia had been a republic, and its object was a popular one, the union of Germany.

The Emperor of Austria was entirely in favour of peace in 1866. In that year, after the collapse of the Imperial armies, the most distinguished of Austrian statesmen said to the present writer, "This is England's fault. We expected your fleet in the Baltic two years ago, and were prepared to withdraw at once from the hostilities against Denmark, which have led by a natural sequence to this fatal campaign." The most rigid of non-interventionists will not deny that, if our first interest be universal peace, we may sacrifice that interest by refusing to take any part in European questions, even when those questions arise from the desires of nations rather than of kings. And it would also appear that the wars of the most civilised powers now arise rather from popular desires than from the ambition of their rulers.

If we go farther east and think of the events which led to the late Russo-Turkish struggle, we find precisely the same causes producing the same effects. The court and the governing classes of Russia dreaded that war, and their fears were justified by the sequel. The few Englishmen who were personally acquainted with the early details and heard from the lips of the higher officers their opinion, know that the upper classes were dragged into it at the tail of the secret societies, those very societies which have since shaken the throne so severely. They heard also bitter reproaches against England for having cleverly drawn them on till they could not recede. We did not intentionally draw them on, but, by our hopeless indecision, we certainly led them on without intending to do so. It may be new to Englishmen to hear this. None the less it was the common talk of the court of Russia and the higher officers in 1877. Then, how far has trade tended towards keeping England herself at peace? Since we became a trading nation, nearly all our wars, under whatever disguise they may have been undertaken, have been brought about by the exigencies of trade, supported by traders and turned eventually to the advantage of trade. Some of them indeed, such as the Chinese opium wars, have been fought avowedly for trading purposes; some like the long struggles in the eighteenth century, had other nominal causes, but were in truth the struggles of trade to free itself from restrictions imposed by foreign powers. Others again, like the series which we call the conquest of India, were begun by traders and carried on because the tide of conquest must flow till it meets with a solid barrier to stop its progress. Weak neighbours irresistibly invite aggression. In times of great prosperity, when our trade is brisk and our merchants are all engaged in profitable transactions, the traders are peacefully inclined, because they fear to disturb the even current of prosperity. But it is far otherwise in periods of depressed commerce. The most pronounced Jingoes were to be found seven years ago among the merchants of London, and the great city news-

paper, *The Times*, has for months past been preaching daily sermons on the wisdom of non-effacement in Egypt, of snatching the goods the gods provide us there, leaving France to storm outside if she likes. We only just escaped a war with Russia in 1878, and the reason why we did not fight was because the advocates of intervention were divided in opinion, many of them wishing to go to war with Turkey side by side with Russia. So they neutralised the efforts of the Jingoës, and the result was peace. Mr. Gladstone did not then by any means assert a policy of peace at any price. The thunder of his eloquence against a policy of irritation and what he considered useless wars was accompanied by lightning flashes of spirit in which he declared himself ready to throw the whole power of England into the scale for a reasonable or noble cause. So far then it appears that neither the growing power of democracy nor that of trade can be counted upon as trustworthy agents in the cause of peace. If we have not taken part in any late European wars it has been because there was no conceivable object to be gained by our interference. They might act upon our imagination, but they never stirred our hearts, nor touched our pockets.

A curious and interesting illustration of democratic possibilities has just occurred in France. The English public is accustomed to associate great armaments, conscription and the rest of the military burdens on industrialism with monarchies, but the Republic, or rather the popular chamber of the Republic, has gone farther than any monarchy would dare to go in the direction of interference with individual liberty for the sake of military power. All the monarchies allow means of escape from the chief burden of service to young men of wealth and education who are not destined as officers for the higher ranks of the army. The system is that of "One year volunteers." By paying a certain sum (it was 1,500 francs in France), and passing examinations, educated youths could insure for themselves a comparatively refined life during their active service, which service would close at the end of the first year. The French Deputies lately carried by large majorities the committee stage of a bill which will, if finally passed, put an end to the "one year voluntariat" and oblige every son of France, not an officer, to serve three years in the active army, however inconvenient it may be or destructive to his chances in his contemplated profession. This is the direction taken by democracy. It can hardly be said to be the way of peace. Mr. Mathew Arnold, in his *Culture and Anarchy*, tells a story of a manager of works at Clay Cross, who said during the Crimean war that, "sooner than submit to conscription, the population of that district would flee to the mines and lead a Robin Hood life under ground." Yes, but he meant, "sooner than be enlisted forcibly by aristocrats." Are we quite sure that in this "epoch of expansion" we may not see the proletariat forcibly

enlisting the wealthy classes as one means of producing equality? A naval Sedan might make some of us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

There is, however, one development of our modern commercial life which has had a direct tendency towards peace, and would expand that tendency into a great European force if other nations would, as they do not, follow our lead. The adoption of Free Trade, while increasing our wealth and favouring the existence of a population greater than could have lived in these islands on any other conditions, has made us dependent on places beyond sea for a considerable portion of our food supply, and would hamper us to a certain extent in case of war with one or more great maritime Powers. But the effect of this is commonly exaggerated. It has been shown above that we grow meat enough for ourselves if calculated on the continental scale of consumption; and though we should be pinched for corn if blockaded for a considerable period, it is impossible to conceive that no supplies would reach us. A permanent blockade could only take place if our naval power were destroyed, and in that case the whole empire would be tumbling to pieces and we should have to make the best terms we could. Other nations are not quite free from this difficulty. In spite of her protective tariffs, France imports about a fifth of the grain which she consumes, and the proportion increases. No doubt the tendency of any maritime war would be to raise the price of food, especially corn, to check the astonishing wastefulness of the people in this respect, and to drive an immense number of recruits into the army from inability to provide for themselves otherwise. This last result deserves consideration which has not yet been given to it.

But a blockade of our coasts is inconceivable. People talk of the naval power of France because she has of late years been active in providing new iron and steel-built ships to take the place of her old wooden ironclads which are fast falling to pieces. But naval power does not rest on the number of ironclads afloat, though even in this respect we are considerably superior. It depends on power of adding rapidly to existing fleets, keeping them on the ocean by means of numerous centres of supply and the exertions of a mercantile navy, and, above all, upon the sea-faring genius of the people. Now it so happens that we are by far the greatest ship builders, that we have the greater part of the coal-fields of the world at our disposal, harbours for refuge and refitment scattered all over the navigable ocean, and not only at home but almost everywhere the pick of sea-faring population. France is just beginning to set about acquiring a few of the useful spots left untouched by England. Her carrying trade by sea is only about one-tenth of ours, and her navy is recruited by the same means as her army—conscription. The simplest statement of facts is so enormously in our favour that it appears as if it must be

exaggerated. Judged according to the laws which from time immemorial have governed power at sea, a French fleet acting anywhere out of reach of France would be like a flying column in an enemy's country—as Admiral Courbet who knows that between Toulon and Saigon there is not a ton of French coal to be had—is now beginning to find out. It is to supply this want that costly expeditions to Tonquin and Madagascar are sent forth, but it may be predicted with some certainty that whatever life may hereafter be visible in the new ports will be greatly due to the presence of ships flying the British flag.

It would be quite as easy to show* that our best course would be to join the peace alliance of continental Europe against France and Russia, and we all know that this was the idea of Lord Beaconsfield to a certain extent. It might be said that because our interests touch and cross those of France everywhere, because Russia will soon be our close neighbour on the continent of Asia, and because we have a small army while the great central European Powers have enormous land forces, we should do well to ally ourselves with those who are strong where we are weak, and to whom we could offer the immense advantage of our naval power. There would be as much sense in such a programme as in the proposed effacement of Great Britain in Europe. The objection to the one course is, however, the same as to the other. We should be voluntarily placing ourselves in an unnatural position and tying our hands when we ought to preserve the greatest freedom. No one, except here and there a very full-flavoured Jingo, desires that we should mix ourselves unnecessarily in the quarrels of the continent, and, on the other hand, to proclaim ourselves indifferent to anything that may happen would be to assert a position which Englishmen will never accept, or, accepting, will throw to the winds under several conceivable circumstances. Suppose, for example, that in a general European war Germany and Austria were crushed and treated as Poland was in 1772. Could we see with equanimity a new Napoleon with a doubled fleet close all the ports of the continent to English trade? Such things are possible. The close of the Seven Years' War left France apparently exhausted and on the high-road to revolution. In less than half a century all Europe was at the feet of the Emperor. Surely our best course is to avoid entanglements and keep our powder dry.

It is quite true that we are not in a state of preparation to face alone on the continent the armies of any single great European Power. But as a matter of fact we never were during the whole period of our greatest life. To quote many instances would be wearisome and useless: one example may stand for all. At the beginning of the Seven Years' War during which England obtained the freedom of the seas, chased France out of America, and estab-

lished herself firmly in India, there were just three battalions in this country, and so divided were we politically that the Duke of Newcastle could not have colonels for new ones because the patronage would be in the hands of his rival, the Duke of Cumberland. The French were threatening invasion, and Admiral Byng caused our English fleet to show its back to the enemy near Minorca. It is true that continental armies were not so great as they are now, but the disproportion was even greater. To match the three English battalions, Prussia had 150,000 men and the allied armies intended to act against Frederick numbered about 430,000. Yet no one can doubt that the support of England was the one thing needful to enable the king to struggle on through the terrible seven years' strife. Pitt said that he intended to conquer America in Germany, which meant, as Professor Seeley has pointed out, that "he saw how, by subsidizing Frederick, to make France exhaust herself in Germany, while her possessions in America passed defenceless into our hands." History repeats itself, and more unlikely things may happen than that France may now build up a colonial empire of the second class and see all that is valuable in it pass hereafter into English hands.

If we now multiply by ten the figures just given of the Continental armies in Frederick's time we shall not be far from the truth; but if we multiply the English force by a hundred the number will still fall far short of the present standard for home defence. Exclusive of India and all the colonies, but including the Mediterranean fortresses and Egypt, it will be within the mark to put the regular army, with its immediate reserves, at Frederick's strength when he began the Seven Years' War, that is, 150,000. Roughly speaking, we may put the militia at 100,000, not forgetting that the right of conscription for the militia is still extant; and we may count the volunteers at 200,000, for if some of them now in the force would be unable to serve in war, others would soon come to take their places. There are, then, no less than 450,000 men¹ available for defence, and of them pro-

(1) These rough figures are within the mark. The numbers actually present in the United Kingdom, as stated by Lord Hartington in the House on the 7th July, were—

Regular Army, N. C. officers and men, excluding officers .	84,900
First Class Army Reserve	37,493
Militia Reserve	28,482
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Total available for general service at once, exclusive of Mediterranean garrisons and Egypt	150,875—150,875
Second Class Army Reserve	8,065
Militia, exclusive of Militia Reserve	82,525
Yeomanry	11,400
Volunteers	209,000
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Total available for home service, a portion of whom would be sure to volunteer in war	310,985—310,985
Grand Total exclusive of troops in Egypt and Mediterranean	461,860

bably 200,000 might be lawfully used, or would readily volunteer, for general service in a European war. Now this is a greater number of men than fought on the German side at the battle of Gravelotte, and quite sufficient, if properly organized, to turn the scale in any European contest during our time. Half the number would have raised the siege of Paris during the Franco-German war. It is true that, taking the regular army without its reserves, hampered as it is with the necessity for foreign reliefs, there is still need of a small increase for that particular purpose of relief. But, regarded as a whole, England could put a very substantial force of men into the field, even if all the volunteers were left at home. How comes it, then, that we are in difficulties whenever we enter upon such a trifling business as the Egyptian campaign of 1882? It arises from the prevalence of a belief that England is effaced from the list of Great European Powers, and has no need to be prepared for war. The result is as simple as shameful. The men are present with their arms—this is all that the public asks; but everything else is absent, or present in such small proportion as to leave the army practically useless for the field. We want organization, proper distribution, and preparation. There is a true story told of a man whose wife had fallen into a stream which would carry her over a cataract. She was caught by a friendly rock, and might be rescued. Her husband rushed to a boat which was near, launched it on the swift waters, sprang in, and then found that there were no oars. Such would be the position of England if she were called upon to mobilise an army in time of great danger. We have a costly boat on which we spend immense sums of money annually for repairs, but in time of trial it would be found that there were no oars. To carry this illustration a little farther, we must suppose that the proprietor of the estate is anxious that the boat should always be ready to save life, and the boatmen are constantly asking the steward for oars, but he replies that he has no money for them, and meanwhile the proprietor is being adjured to buy a bigger boat instead of supplying oars for the small one. The expedition to Egypt two years ago was on a small scale compared with what might be required, and could easily be provided so far as men are concerned. Yet we have lately heard from the witnesses before the Committee of Investigation that the arrangements for transport were so bad that the force could not have moved forward at all if Arabi Pacha had thought of that obvious measure, the cutting of the Sweet-water Canal. We were saved from humiliation because he only dammed it, and the dam leaked or was able to be broken. Clearly the oars were wanting, but we found a chance plank wherewith to paddle. A scheme was prepared some years ago for the movement of troops by sea, and the main principle of it was that each body, whether cavalry, infantry, or artillery, should

embark complete with its own regimental transport and so on, medical and other departments, with their own stores. Yet no sooner do we come to practice than, from want of preparation or some strange idea of economy, we find the old errors of the Crimea revived. Regiments land without means of motion, and medical stores or other necessities are buried under ammunition or rotten hay, or something of that kind. These faults have been pointed out again and again by experts. Probably Lord Wolsley has called attention to them. The answer is the same. The Treasury will not give the money.

An Intelligence Department was formed under Lord Cardwell to investigate the state of affairs and draw up a scheme of mobilisation. The only scheme produced was one for a case of invasion. It showed a plethora of infantry, and a striking deficiency in everything else. Not a step was taken to correct the proportions or supply the auxiliary services. The monthly *Army List* contained the absurd skeleton corps for awhile, and then the whole scheme was laughed out of existence. It had only shown what might be and ought to be. The steward would not provide the oars. Such facts as these explain the feeling expressed by Mr. Delane when he said that the country would grudge nothing to have a good army, but disbelieved in the skill or good faith of the administrators. We may say, then, of the land forces that there are men enough if they were all put in their proper places, and the whole organized with an eye to the requirements of war rather than to make a show in blue books.

And what of the navy? Here, at least, there is no question what the wishes of the country are. Our first line must be strong, or all our strength is shorn, our position even as a colonial power endangered, and our very liberties at the mercy of others. Nothing is more improbable than a duel at sea between England and any one Continental Power. But in such a case, none are so strong in ships as we, though it would be well to push on the changes in armament a little faster. And if it came to *Alabama* work, we could put ten swift ocean steamers in cruising trim for every one which the next greatest maritime Power could provide; that is to say, we could find the ships at once. It is by no means so certain that we could find the suitable guns. Here, again, it is much to be feared that we are unready, and we are receiving business lessons from abroad, even in naval matters. Quite lately the German fleet at Kiel was the subject of an experiment which may yet be famous. A telegram arrived from Berlin to mobilise the force as quickly as possible. In a few hours all the crews were on board, and the ships, ready for action, steamed out of the harbour. Since then landings and other useful manœuvres have been practised. Again, torpedo-boats now form one of the most important parts of a fleet. But the use of

them needs to be practised in peace, not left to be improvised in war. The Italians have constant practice with them, and on a definite system. An enemy's ship approaching an Italian harbour might, perhaps, expect to see a small group of the dangerous little craft pushing out from the port. But it would not see them. The practice is for the torpedo-boats to slip outside as early as possible and creep round, advancing at last from different points of the compass, some even following the course of the big ship. A keen interest is taken by every European Power in the preparation of their ships and their naval tactics, and schemes are ready for different eventualities, just as they were for the Prussian army when it astonished Europe in 1880. It has been pointed out earlier in this article that we are vastly stronger at sea than any other Power, but it is much to be feared that some of them are stealing a march upon us in training, because our country is lulled to sleep by the sweet promise of perpetual freedom from European war.

Professor Seeley has lately shown in *The Expansion of England*, that Napoleon always had in mind the recovery of that mastery of the outer world which had been taken from France by England. His attempt to expand France led to all his European conquests and to our long struggle with him. France seems again to be bitten with the same mania, and it is not sweet words which will prevent collision, nor only a consciousness that we are too strong to be meddled with. As a matter of fact we are strong, but our groans make the world count us as weak. And our own disbelief in war has bred a careless acceptance of unreadiness in organization and that preparation which is the chief feature of continental armies and navies. It is here that the shoe pinches, and the naval and military authorities cannot but be aware of the fact.

There are, however, certain consolations when we study the condition of the Powers whose interests cross ours in so many directions. Take France as a type of modern military organization, and let us see what she has lately done. The force present in Tonquin, including the troops which were there before the serious concentration took place and the reinforcements sent at different times, was under 20,000 men. Yet to obtain even these she was obliged to draw upon the cadres of the home army, partly deranging her scheme of mobilisation, and she could not furnish more without seriously weakening her whole system. An armed nation is good for great wars, but it cannot put 100,000 men in the field without completely throwing out the whole system of organization and weakening the country for defence. Vast as is her land army compared with ours, she dare not engage us unless she had first made sure of the neutrality of all her neighbours. The Tunis expedition, unopposed as it was, placed her for the time completely at the mercy of Germany, because it

pulled many of the bolts and nuts out of her military machinery for great wars, though the great machine itself stood idle. Or suppose the case of Russia desiring to invade India. We have there some 200,000 troops, English and native together, and our great feudatories have an even larger number. Supposing the Indian forces properly prepared for war as the armies of continental nations are prepared, what sort of force must Russia send through hostile Afghanistan across mountain passes to attack us, what would such an enormous expedition cost, and what would be the result of failure? It is not too much to say that in a general European war England could hamper Russia in Asia much more readily than she could hamper us, and we could draw the life-blood out of her through the arteries in her vulnerable heel. In short, France is vulnerable in her navy and her foreign possessions, Russia is vulnerable in Asia and, as formerly, in the Black Sea. If she became a Mediterranean Power she would be still more vulnerable. Even without attacking her we could neutralize a large contingent of her forces. Probably it would never be worth our while, but since the possibility exists, why suppose that England is not still a great European power? Granted that in the present state of foreign politics there seems no likelihood of a war in which it would be worth our while to meddle. Granted that the perpetual nagging at Russia is undignified and absurd, because her interests are much more likely to clash with those of Austria than with English interests in the East. Granted most heartily that a good understanding with both Russia and France is a wise policy. But all this does not hinder us from having an equally good understanding with other Powers; still less does it require the abdication of our place as a great European Power. On the contrary, our wisest posture is one of quiet observation, and our words to continental nations should be, "Our first and greatest interest is general peace; you are all at liberty to break it if you please; in that case we know not which side we should take, or whether we should even take any side at all. But of this be well assured, we could not see with equanimity either despotism or anarchy triumphant in Europe, and we demand that our right and our power to throw a heavy sword into the scale be recognised and acknowledged." We still need a great deal of preparation and organization, but the people which has the carrying trade of the world, the greatest force at sea, and, including India and the colonies, little short of three-quarters of a million of armed men, with limitless resources to draw upon at home and in the East, can never be counted otherwise than as a great European Power.

THE SECOND DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE sudden death of the Duke of Wellington at a railway station in Brighton gave a rude shock to public feeling, both at home and abroad. The absence of all warning before the blow fell, carried men's thoughts back to the scarcely less abrupt close of his father's life; and led them to make involuntary contrasts between two careers which, except in their termination, bore no mutual resemblance. The newspapers handled the subject with much delicacy. One, indeed, fell into the mistake of asserting that he made use of his influence as Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex for party purposes. But the general tone of that particular notice was singularly just and kindly, and on the whole, therefore, it must be conceded, that the world has behaved not ungenerously towards the memory of one, who certainly, when living, took no special pains to insinuate himself into its good graces. Nevertheless it appears to me, that some fuller account may, with perfect propriety, be given, of a life not marked indeed by any startling incidents, yet well worth a wise man's study, even if only on account of the circumstances which combined to make it what it was. And this, on the strength of an intimacy extending over more than half a century, I purpose very briefly, and in a spirit of perfect impartiality, to attempt.

To begin at the beginning, truth compels me to state that a cloud overshadowed the childhood and youth of the late Duke of Wellington, from the deadening influence of which he never in after life succeeded in shaking himself free. For him the amenities of home life had no existence. His illustrious father, engrossed by state affairs, found neither time nor inclination for affectionate intercourse with his children, while, from their mother, circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter had, from an early date after their marriage, unhappily, estranged him. The effect of these untoward incidents on the moral nature of the boy was both acute and enduring. They created in him something not far removed from absolute abhorrence of public life, and rendered him sceptical as to the reality, anywhen and under any circumstances, of domestic happiness. Those who, like myself, felt privileged, as old friends, to censure him at times for allowing talents of a high order to run to seed, cannot have forgotten the terms in which we were usually answered: "You are no fit judge in the case. In the first place, I deny that Nature gave me the talents of which you speak, and in the next, had she done so, there were warnings enough constantly before me to prevent my devoting them to the service of the public. My father's thoughts were given up entirely to the country, and the consequence was that he

whom all the world may be said to have envied, was often heard to say there is nothing in life worth living for. I very early made up my mind not to follow his example in that direction, and have never for a moment repented of the resolution."

With all possible respect for the late Duke's veracity, and a more truthful man than he never existed, I confess to entertaining some doubts respecting the latter of these assertions. I suspect, on the contrary—indeed, I more than suspect—that he did look back occasionally with regret on time and opportunities thrown away; and that this sense it was of injustice done to himself which lay at the root of that contempt for public opinion, of which he was prone to boast. Be this, however, as it may, there can be no doubt that he seldom lost an opportunity of placing himself before the world in the worst possible light, and that they who judged him only by his peculiarities, as well in writing as in conversation, knew absolutely nothing of the man. That he was alive to the dignity of his position is, indeed, quite true, and not, perhaps, very tolerant of the intrusion on his time and purse of persons who had no claim whatever upon either. But a kinder heart than his never beat though he did his best to hide the fact from others, and, I may fairly add, to conceal it from himself.

I am not going to write the memoir of one who ostentatiously, so to speak, kept himself aloof from the strife of factions. Born in 1807, the late Duke of Wellington may be said to have seen nothing of his father till 1816. First in 1807, as a General of Division in the Copenhagen expedition, and by-and-by in 1808 when commanding the force destined to operate in South America, Sir Arthur Wellesley broke up his home, and never, with the exception of brief intervals, re-established it, till after the final close of the war with France. Had the great Duke's family relations been more tender than they were, this severance of a father from his son during the first nine years of the boy's life could have hardly failed to work injuriously upon both. The mutual love of father and child grows, so to speak, out of the impression made upon the heart of the former by the winning ways of the latter. And if the opportunity of watching these be not afforded till the stage of infancy has long gone by, there is some risk, even under the most favourable circumstances, that they may fail to be recognised, or, at all events, fully appreciated. Unfortunately for both parties, this was exactly what came to pass between the great Duke and his son. "My father," the late Duke used to say, "never showed the least affection for any of us. Charles, Jerry,¹ and I, were taught to go to his room the first thing every morning

(1) Jerry was the late Dean of Windsor, whom the Duke took into his family and educated with his own sons. Their love never grew cold.

after we were dressed ; and without interrupting his correspondence, for we always found him writing, he would look up for a moment and say, 'good morning,' and that was positively all the loving intercourse that passed between us during the day." The consequence was, that while the boys looked up to him as a being of superior order, not one of them ever really loved him as a father. Even Charles, the younger of the two brothers, who was undoubtedly his favourite, never shook off the appearance of restraint in his presence ; and of Douro he seemed well-nigh to ignore the existence. It is very difficult to account for all this, because no man was ever more capable of warm and lasting friendships than the great Duke ; and his fondness for children, especially in his later years, was remarkable. But its effect on the two boys, and especially on the elder, was most unfortunate. It went a great way to form his character, at a time when men's characters in some of their salient features at least, are more generally moulded than the unthinking are aware of ; and the course subsequently followed in carrying on his education had little tendency to set matters right.

The advice given by the great Duke to all who consulted him, as how best a youth might be prepared for service in the army, was in every instance the same. "Give him the best education England can afford. Send him to a public school, and then to the university, that he may learn to become something more than a mere fighting machine." On the advice given to others he himself acted, and in 1817, being at that time in command of the army of occupation in France, he engaged Mr. —, subsequently vicar of —, to become tutor to his boys. Mr. — was an excellent man, and a first-rate scholar, yet it cannot be said that he excelled in his capacity as private tutor. A gentleman more judicious than he would have early discovered that the great need of children circumstanced as his pupils were, was sympathy, and that the surest method of improving them, both mentally and morally, was to win their affections. He did not see this, but, on the contrary, either acted upon by the atmosphere of the place, or following the bent of his own mistaken sense of duty, he ruled them with a rod of iron. The Duke saw too little of the family circle to be aware of this, and when the boys became old enough to be sent to Eton, he sent Mr. — with them to superintend and assist them in their studies. Whatever might be his shortcomings in other respects, no fault could be found with Mr. — as a pedagogue. Under him, Lord Douro became a correct and even an elegant classical scholar, an accomplishment which he justly valued, and in the exercise of which, his memory being unusually retentive, he in the dark days of his growing infirmities took great delight. I have heard him repeat, with much feeling, *ode after ode* of Horace, when his hearing had become dull, and his

eyesight all but extinguished. And his appreciation of their merits was shown by the graceful translations which he made of them. Some of these appear to me not unworthy of publication, and a lady in whose judgment he reposed much confidence advised him to make a collection of them, with a view to amuse his hours of compulsory idleness. But a letter addressed to her within a few days of his death puts in so clear a light what was his own opinion on that head, as well as some of the literary projects which did pass through his mind, that I feel myself bound to subordinate my own judgment in the case to his. Here is the letter:—

“STRATHFIELDSAYE, August 5th, 1884.

“MY DEAR MRS. ———

“I have been thinking of your recommendation, but the worst of it is that I have no copy of anything. Indeed, it sometimes amuses me to write the same thing three or four times, for I neither keep copies nor remember.

“I have more fancy for prose maxims in the style of *Roche foucault*—what think you as a resource for blindness?

“Yours faithfully,

“WELLINGTON.

“P.S.—There is something contemptible about a sonneteering Duke.”

In due time, Lord Douro and his brother removed to Oxford, where they were entered, the former as a nobleman, the latter as a gentleman commener, at Christ Church. Their sojourn there was marked by only one noticeable incident, and that deserves to be referred to, solely because it led to their sudden transference to Cambridge. The case was this:—

It happened on a certain evening that Lord Douro gave a wine party in his rooms, at which his brother among others of his friends was present. Possibly the young men may have taken a little more wine than usual, but however this may be, a sudden suggestion was made, that to break out of college would be great fun now that the hour of locking up was past. No sooner said than done. Several, of whom Lord Charles was one, instantly rushed down-stairs, made for the gate of which the wicket still stood ajar, and locking the porter in his lodge, sallied forth into the street. They had achieved their purpose, for beyond mystifying the porter, they had no object in view; and so after once or twice parading in front of the gate and laughing heartily, they considered it judicious to return. This proved, however, to be by no means the simple operation they had counted upon. The porter, finding his door closed on the outside, crept out by the window, and as the young men had forgotten to take the wicket key with them, he turned it in its socket, and had them at his mercy. There was nothing for it except to ring the bell, and give in their names. These were of course transmitted to the authorities, and next day the delinquents were summoned to

appear before the Dean, Lord Douro, though not of their number, being summoned along with them. The result was, that to the youths who really committed the fault heavy impositions were set; while Lord Douro, on the plea that the outrage had been concocted in his rooms, was rusticated for the remainder of the term.

The Duke, when the affair was explained to him, took, as was natural, a somewhat different view of the case from that held by the Dean. He therefore wrote to that dignitary, and pointed out, in the most respectful terms, that personal disgrace attended upon rustication, and that to subject to such a penalty a young man admittedly innocent of the offence with which it was connected, was scarcely in accord with justice. He therefore begged the Dean to reconsider the sentence. Dr. Gaisford, the Dean of Christchurch at that time, though an admirable Greek scholar, was notoriously what is called a bear. He not only refused point blank to comply with the Duke's request, but added, that his Grace might know very well how to command an army, but was no judge at all of how discipline in a college must be maintained. The reply to this communication was the immediate removal of the two lads from Oxford, and their transfer to Cambridge, where they completed their academical education.

It was the not unfrequent custom in those days, when the half-pay list was crowded, for parents who intended their sons for a military career to purchase for them what were virtually unattached commissions, thus enabling the lads to make a start in their profession without interrupting their education. The Duke followed this course with his sons, both of whom, before they matriculated at Oxford, were ensigns on half-pay. In Lord Douro's case, this process brought him nominally into connection, first with the 81st regiment, and next with the 71st Light Infantry, from which by paying what is called the difference, he passed in 1825 as a cornet into the Horse Guards Blue. In July, 1827, he became a lieutenant, and in May, 1828, a captain unattached, on both occasions by purchase. July of the same year found him serving with the 60th, not, however, without once more paying the difference. And finally, treading over again the same ground, purchasing, that is to say, in November, 1830, an unattached majority, and in August, 1831, paying the difference, he became a major in the Rifle Brigade. And such he remained for exactly three years. It is not worth while to trace his further progress in the profession. A lieutenant-colonel unattached in 1834, he mounted by brevet to the rank of lieutenant-general, and in 1863 he retired from the service, receiving back out of the heavy sums that had been paid for his promotion, only the price of an unattached lieutenant-colonelcy.

Lord Douro's active service never carried him beyond the limits of England and the Channel Islands. All that he was called upon to

do, however, he did well. The *dépôt* of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade especially was pronounced by his Colonel, the late Sir George Brown, to be, when commanded by him, in excellent order. And a more severe critic in such matters than Sir George Brown, the British army could not produce. But though taking a lively interest in his regimental work, and studying in Jomini and other military writers the art of war, Lord Douro was not cut out, either physically or otherwise, for a soldier's life. With a slender frame he suffered, from youth to old age, under extreme delicacy of stomach; a constitution which must have broken down under the hardships of a campaign. And the recollection of what befell when the second Duke of Marlborough took command of troops, was continually before him, as a warning on no account to put in hazard the reputation of a glorious name. Hence from 1834 up to the great Duke's resignation of the office of Commander-in-Chief, he was content to act as his father's aide-de-camp, being treated by his chief on all occasions with perhaps an increase of the official reserve to which the rest of the aide-de-camps were accustomed.

But though never seeking active employment abroad, Lord Douro—or as in 1852 he became—the second Duke of Wellington, never ceased to take a lively interest in everything connected with the army. Of his father's system of organization for the infantry he was, as might be expected, a great admirer, yet while the father hesitated to sanction an improved weapon for that arm of the service, the son made no secret of his anxiety to see it adopted. And on the subject of education for both men and officers, he took large views. It was this care for the best interests of the profession indeed which induced him only twelve years ago to offer a prize of £200 for the best essay on Field Manœuvres, as the improvements in fire-arms might have affected them. For that prize officers of all ranks were invited to compete, and many competed; including among others, General Craufurd, the son of the leader of the renowned old Light Division, and Lord, then Colonel, Wolseley. Colonel Hamley, now Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hamley, at that time chief of the Staff College, and himself the author of the best work extant on the operations of war, consented to act as judge. And the prize was assigned to Lieutenant, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Maurice, whose subsequent services in South Africa and Egypt justified the expectations then formed of him, and from whom, if he live and opportunities present themselves, services still more brilliant may be expected. So likewise into every move that was made to befriend the families of soldiers, the late Duke threw himself. He subscribed handsomely to the funds of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, and acted for many years as President of the institution. He did the same by the Bath School for Officers' Daughters, and when the constitution of Wellington College took a shape little anticipated by the

class for whose benefit it was understood to have been founded, he by a handsome subscription aided the public-spirited gentlemen who designed the school at Westward Ho, in carrying their plan into execution. But it was not thus alone that he acted on the belief which he held in common with his father, that on him the army had special claims. More than one poor officer's widow partook of his bounty, and more than one officer's orphan was indebted to him for the education he received. It is only just, however, to the Duke's memory to add that in no instance was it easy to impose upon him. If the case brought under his notice was one of which he had personal knowledge, he dealt with it at once; if otherwise, a reference was always made to the Mendicity Society, to the funds of which he was a regular contributor.

The late Duke, when Lord Douro, sat in Parliament, prior to the passing of the first Reform Act, for one of Lord Hertford's boroughs. On the dissolution which took place while that great measure was yet in abeyance, he contested North Hampshire, and was beaten by Mr. Scott, the father of a gentleman who later on became connected with him by marriage with one of his nieces. He afterwards stood for Norwich, and, not without a sharp and expensive contest, carried the day. He always spoke of Norwich as, at that time, the most corrupt borough in England, and told some queer stories connected with it, one of which I give almost in his own words. "It was agreed between my opponent and me that we should neither of us bribe. I knew pretty well that our agents would not hold themselves bound by our promises, and that the other side would bribe largely. But I positively refused to follow the example, though we were running neck and neck. Late in the day, when we were slightly ahead, one of my agents came to me and said, 'There are one hundred voters or more who declare they will go over to the other side unless we agree to their terms. What am I to do with them?' 'Tell them,' was my answer, 'we don't want them just yet, but at the proper time you will bring them forward, and in the meanwhile keep them amused. He did keep them amused by locking them up till the polling booths were closed, and so I won my election without breaking my word.'"

The Duke never took any active part, either as Lord Douro or Duke of Wellington, in the proceedings of Parliament. He voted with his party as in duty bound, but neither desired political office, nor would have accepted it had it been offered. In point of fact, his views were considerably in advance of those of the Tory leaders. In 1828, for example, when the question arose how the seats vacated by corrupt practices in East Retford and Penryn were to be disposed of, he unhesitatingly declared in favour of giving them to Manchester and Birmingham. Mr. Arbuthnot, to whom he made this declara-

tion, repeated it to the great Duke, then Prime Minister, and got this answer: "Douro's opinion, is it? Douro is a d——d radical." Had the radical suggestion been acted upon, how different might have been at this day the state of the constituency and of the country from what it is. But though declining to serve a party, the late Duke was always willing to serve the Crown, which he did for five years, between 1853 and 1858, as Master of the Horse.

The late Duke travelled a good deal. He visited Russia in his father's train, when, in 1825, the latter was deputed to congratulate the Emperor Nicholas on succeeding to the throne. He retained a lively recollection of that visit and of the hospitality of the Russian nobles, their bear shooting, and other wild sports. In most of the other European capitals he was likewise well known and justly appreciated; for he spoke French and German fluently, and made himself as agreeable in the society of Germans and Frenchmen as among his own countrymen. And as a social companion, few were his superiors. Even to the last he retained no small portion of that talent, which in earlier life was conspicuous in him—the gift, for so it may rather be called, of easy and pleasant conversation. Get him on the subject of the many distinguished men and women whom he had encountered at home and abroad, and his stories were as racy as they seemed to be exhaustless. Place him beside savants or specialists, and he seemed to know as much of their crotchets as they did themselves. And so it was on almost all occasions. His knowledge of art and of physical science, though not perhaps very profound, was extensive; and in history, especially Roman history, he was well read. Of his classical attainments, I have spoken elsewhere, and of the uses to which he turned them. Among modern English poets he was not I fancy very much at home, beyond the era of Scott and Byron. But he seemed to have Shakespeare at his fingers' ends; and from Milton and Pope, and even from Dryden, he could quote readily. Among later historians, Froude was his favourite, whose views respecting Mary Queen of Scots and the English in Ireland he adopted unreservedly.

When mixing more than he latterly did with the world, the late Duke courted the society of men of mark without distinction of party. He was as intimate with Lord Brougham and Mr. Roebuck, as he was with Sir Walter Scott and Mr. John Wilson Croker. He had a large acquaintance also among inventors and authors by profession, by some of whom, I am sorry to say, he was but scurvily requited for the attentions he paid them. One in particular, who shall be nameless, persuaded him to lend his name in order that a loan might be raised on the security of a life assurance. As long as the debtor lived, the interest on the loan was paid; but on his death it was discovered that he had neglected to keep up the premiums, and the Duke was in consequence called upon to disburse several thousand pounds. It is not worth while, however, to dwell on

incidents of this sort. They were at one time, though on a smaller scale, of not unfrequent occurrence, so much so indeed as to put him, when Lord Douro, more than once, to serious inconvenience.

In early life the Duke was a bold and skilful horseman, and had at least one narrow escape from destruction when hunting near Dover. Among the downs which form a marked feature in that locality are frequent pits or small crevasses, to the edge of one of which his horse carried him so suddenly that to pull up was impossible. Instead of throwing himself off, for which indeed there was scarcely time, he planted himself firmly in the saddle, and plunged with the animal into the gulf. The horse was killed, but the rider escaped unhurt.

The great work of the Duke's life may be said to have been the preparation of his father's supplementary dispatches for the press. It was no doubt for him a labour of love, and he had able assistants in collecting the materials for the publication. But not a letter or memorandum passed into the printer's hands till he had read it, and in the correction of every proof he took the utmost pains. All who have had experience in operations of this sort must be aware how severe is the strain put by them upon the attention, and when we take into account the extreme delicacy in the treatment of private names which characterizes the whole work, we may well wonder how a man of his tastes and habits should have submitted to the drudgery. If it be true that his father treated him with harshness and neglect, he took for such treatment a noble revenge. The memory of that great man was to him a species of religion, and he spared neither labour nor expense, and large expenses were incurred, to do it honour. Verily he has had his reward, for in these volumes his name will be through all time associated with that of the greatest warrior and most honest politician England ever produced.

For several years after the establishment of Wellington College, the Duke appeared to take little or no interest in anything connected with it. By some inexplicable oversight he had not been officially called upon to do otherwise; for though the Dukes of Wellington for ever are, by Royal Charter, appointed members of the governing body, for him, the son and representative of the great man to whose memory the building was dedicated, no special place of usefulness was found. Reasonably, or unreasonably, he felt this to be a slight, and never once, as far as my recollection goes, attended a board meeting. But when, on the death of the late Lord Derby, he was elected to the Vice-chair of the Institution, he entered heartily, and to good purpose, into all its requirements. He had already presented to the College the bust of his father by Nollekens, which faces the main entrance, and now finding that in the infirmary there was insufficient accommodation, he built at his own expense an additional wing, into which patients suffering from infectious diseases might be received. No meeting, moreover, was ever held, without finding

him in his place, till increasing deafness rendered it impossible for him to direct the course of business, and then he resigned.

Between the late Duke of Wellington and his brother, Lord Charles, there prevailed at every period of their lives the warmest affection. It showed itself when they were children together, and suffered neither interruption nor abatement till the younger brother died. How it operated at other times may be judged of from an incident, for my knowledge of which I am indebted to the lawyer under whose advice they acted on a memorable occasion. It is not, perhaps, generally known that among the great duke's papers no will was found. There was indeed the draft of one dated soon after his marriage, but it had never been executed, and of this, for obvious reasons, no use could be made. Hence it devolved upon his sons to fulfil to the best of their ability as well the known wishes as the moral obligations of their father. This they did down to the most minute detail, and then arose the question, which of certain effects, greatly prized by both, should go to one son and which to the other. The controversy that followed at once surprised and touched the cool-headed man of the law. Instead of each asserting his claim to whatever could be regarded as his own by right, the pressure was all in an opposite direction. The difficulty was to persuade either to appropriate anything which he could prevail upon the other to accept. Such is a specimen of the temper which characterised all the dealings of these two men with one another—of a friendship which may well be described as romantic, because in our present state of society it is unhappily rare.

During the last decade of his life the Duke ceased to spend what is called the season, or even a portion of it, in London. He resided almost entirely at Strathfieldsaye, paying occasional visits to his estate in Hertfordshire, and to his friends in other counties. He was a preserver of game, but not a rigid one, and went to considerable expense in breeding trout, and stocking with them the river Loddon. And for a while he yielded to none of the many guests whom at the proper seasons he gathered round him, in love of field sports. Even after the symptoms of glaucoma began to develop themselves, he abated nothing of his desire to afford amusement to others, and so far as might be to share it with them. But the infirmities of premature old age grew upon him rapidly. In 1879, he submitted to the removal of one eye, in the hope that the spread of the malady to the other might be arrested. It was not arrested, and therefore under the skilful hands of Mr. Critchett, an operation was performed which at least retarded the progress of the disease. Still there was constantly before him the prospect of total blindness at no remote period, while of deafness growing day by day more dense, he was perhaps too conscious. With extraordinary courage, he faced these deepening evils. That they should have had the effect of rendering

him occasionally irritable is not to be wondered at, the marvel would have been had they not so operated. And when the fit came upon him, all who were near at hand got the benefit of it; for in such cases the Duke was no respecter of persons. But harsh words spoken under such circumstances, though they might sting at the moment, were soon forgotten.

When the ability to take part in rougher sports failed him, and reading became next to impossible, the Duke sought escape from ennui in whist. It was his well-nigh daily custom, especially when the sun set early, to repair to the house of a friend and neighbour considerably older than himself and scarcely less blind, and there to spend the time between five and seven in the evening at the card-table. Never surely was gambling more innocent. Bets were prohibited, and the stakes fixed at a penny per point; in the effort to win which there was unfailing eagerness, and as much skill as a careful study of the best authorities on the game enabled the combatants to acquire.

When the house was empty of guests, as during the London season it often happened to be, the Duchess was his frequent companion at the river-side. She was also his reader in the evening, till growing deafness made it impossible for him, sentence by sentence, to follow her, and then the village schoolmaster was called in. These exercises he sometimes varied by dining with one or two of his country neighbours, or entertaining them at his own table, when whist, with occasional concerts, some of the latter of no mean order, took the place of reading. His correspondence likewise was by this time largely carried on, so to speak; at second hand. By far the greater number of his letters were written from dictation, because every one who approached and all who surrounded him were eager to do him service. But why go on? Gradually though surely, the inevitable hour drew near. He never complained, except by denouncing at times, in forcible terms, a bad night he had spent, while those who watched him most closely saw that these bad nights were by no means the accidents which he affected to regard them. He was now seventy-seven years old, yet looking at his feeble frame, and his countenance, pale and refined into absolute beauty, a stranger would have guessed his age at eighty-seven, or more. He had lived his allotted time.

The late Duke of Wellington had his faults like other men; it is certain that he never tried to hide or cover them with a cloak of hypocrisy; but he had his excellences too. A more considerate landlord never lived; considerate not towards the tenantry alone, but towards his successor likewise. The rents of farms on the Strathfieldsaye property have always been conspicuously low, and the Duke, aware of that fact, and taking into account the necessities of those who should come after him, refused, when other landlords were

making periodical abatements, to follow the example. But he never pressed a tenant who asked for delay; and when farms were thrown on his hands, as a few were, he laid out a great deal of money in getting them into good condition. Then, instead of letting them go to the best bidder, he arranged that each incoming tenant should, for the first year or so, occupy on easy terms, after which the original rent should be exacted. It was a bold experiment to make, but thus far, I believe, it has succeeded. Besides, whatever was required in draining and sometimes in manures, he liberally supplied, and the consequence was, that among all who followed his remains to their last resting place, none mourned his death more sincerely than an attached tenantry.

Another peculiarity of the late Duke was that he never allowed any of his own worn-out labourers of good character to come upon the parish. His walks and rides were all kept clean by cripples, and the uncovering of the Roman remains at Silchester was executed entirely by broken-down old men whose wages sufficed to keep a roof over their heads.

A good deal has been said and written respecting the removal of the great Duke's statue from London, and the light in which that measure was regarded by his son. The truth is, that the son certainly regretted the proceeding, and would have kept the statue where it was had that been possible. But the determination to remove the arch put the retention of the statue in its original place out of the question, and with a good grace he submitted to the inevitable. On one point, however, he made a determined stand. He refused to sanction, directly or indirectly, the design for the new statue being submitted to competition, and he succeeded in persuading the Government to intrust the work to Mr. Boehm. Against this judicious arrangement very few voices have been raised outside the narrow circle of professional rivalry.

Two monuments were erected by the late Duke on the grounds of Strathfieldsaye: one to the memory of his illustrious father, the other to that of the gallant horse which bore him throughout the great day of Waterloo. The former stands just outside the park, at a point where, immediately in front of one of the lodges, the old London road falls at right angles upon that which connects Reading with Basingstoke. The monument to Copenhagen is a simple slab or grave-stone, standing on the spot in the paddock, just outside the kitchen garden, where the brave horse lies, and bears the following inscription: "Here lies Copenhagen, the horse ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day of the Battle of Waterloo. Born 1808, died 1836.

"God's humbler instrument, though meaner clay,
Should share the glories of that glorious day."

G. R. GLEN.

IDEAS ABOUT INDIA.

II.—RACE HATRED.

If agricultural distress is the major premiss of revolution in India, the growth of political education in the towns is its minor—political education, that is, unaccompanied by any corresponding growth of political power.

With all my belief in Asiatic progress, I confess that before my recent visit to India I was not prepared to find this latter at all so far advanced as in fact it is; and from first to last I remained astonished at the high level at which native intelligence in political science already stands. I had judged it till then by such scraps of Indian newspaper criticism as I had come across, quoted not seldom by English writers in a hostile sense, and I had judged it wrongly. The newspapers of India, at least those edited in English, are neither on a par with our own, nor do they bear an equal relation to the mental powers of those whose views they expound. I mean that, whereas in England an article in *The Times* or in one of the leading magazines on a given subject, is as a rule intellectually superior to the speeches statesmen are delivering on the same subject, in India the oral arguments are always the best. Nor is it too much to say that for conversation of a political character there are few races in the world which can equal those of India, or that it would be difficult from our own House of Commons to choose men capable of sustaining a successful argument with the best educated Indians on any of the subjects specially interesting to them. I was throughout struck by this. The native mind is quick, lucid, and, it seemed to me, also eminently judicial; and I found it distinguished by the absence of all such passionate exaggeration as I had been led to expect. Though in some of the public speeches I heard made at Calcutta the flowers of rhetoric were certainly not wanting, I did not find anything but what was substantial in the arguments used, and I was repeatedly conscious of being tempted myself to use stronger language than any which even at private meetings was indulged in by the speakers. It seemed to me that a great deal more might have been said without violating the truth, that evils were often minimised, advantages dwelt on, and that there was a general disposition to understate rather than exaggerate matters in discussion. *Often in conversation I have been on the point of protesting against the too naïve confidence of men known as demagogues in the good faith of English political action, against their implicit trust in the virtue of reason and a just cause, and their belief that when they should have proved their griefs

to be well founded relief would thereupon be given. They seemed intentionally to ignore the selfishness and indifference of party statesmanship in England with regard to India; and to be only too willing, in spite of political deceptions, still to be deceived. It is indeed remarkable that, considering how much real ground of complaint there is against the present state of things, how just and deep are the causes of personal resentment stirring the minds of men; how galling to them are the every-day incidents of being ruled by an alien race, and how little prospect there is of any speedy change, there should be so few agitators of Indian opinion who speak even in secret of any real rupture with England as a thing to be desired. I hardly met with one on my travels seriously so minded; and all seemed vividly to remember the evils of their past history, and to see in them a warning of possible dangers in the future and a reason for caution in their words and actions. This, I say, was remarkable, and to one who like myself was seeking the germs of self-governing power in India, presented itself as a very hopeful sign. Froth, fury, and passionate denunciation I found little of in India. Of logical argument I found much, and of that reasoning from facts which is the best of all reasoning, and which in politics goes by the name of common sense.

While, however, I observed and am able to testify to the extreme moderation of what may be called the responsible leaders of native opinion in their purely political views, I could not fail in my intercourse with the educated of all classes to become aware of the ever-widening gulf of personal dislike which separates these from the individual Englishmen who rule them. The question of race hatred in India is a very delicate one to approach; and I am conscious of accepting no little responsibility in venturing to treat of it at all; and if I have resolved to attempt it, it is that I consider it would be affectation in a writer on India to pass over so marked and growing a feature of modern Indian society, and that there are cases where the truth at any risk should be told, and where facts, however painful and humiliating, are better stated in their nakedness, while they can still be stated calmly, than left to disclose themselves in some violent form at a day when calm judgment shall have become impossible. It is my distinct impression, from all that I have seen and heard, that the ill-feeling now existing in India between the English there and the indigenous races is one which, if it be not allayed by a more generous treatment, will in a few years make the continued connection between England and India altogether impossible, and that a final rupture of friendly relations will ensue between the two countries, which will be an incalculable misfortune for both, and may possibly be marked by scenes of violence, such as nothing in the past history of either will have equalled. We have seen within

our own recollection a complete obliteration of kindly feelings in Ireland, brought about originally by injustice, later by want of understanding. We are seeing the same thing repeated through the same causes to-day in Egypt. And to-morrow we may well find the case of India equally hopeless. I do not believe it to be already so; but the injustice is there, and the people are beginning to be awake and to resent the stupidity of those who representing England in India wantonly affront them; and unless the English public at home, with whom as yet the Indian races have no quarrel, becomes awake to the danger of its own indifference, the same irreparable results of a general race hatred will follow. Only it should be remembered that, whereas Ireland and Egypt are countries insignificant in extent and population, and for that reason easily overawed by force, India is a vast continent peopled by races ten times more numerous than ourselves, and that the convulsion when it comes will be on a scale altogether out of proportion to our experience, and so the more alarming. Let India once be united, as Ireland and Egypt are, in a common sentiment of hatred for all that is English, and our rule there will *ipso facto* cease. Let it once finally despair of English justice, and English force will be powerless to hold it in subjection. The huge mammal, India's symbol, is a docile beast, and may be ridden by a child. He is sensible, temperate, and easily attached. But ill-treatment he will not bear for ever, and when he is angered in earnest, his vast bulk alone makes him dangerous, and puts it beyond the strength of the strongest to guide him or control.

The account given me by the oldest and best informed of my native acquaintance (and I am not talking here of Bengali demagogues, but of men holding it may be or who have held high office under Government, and deservedly trusted by it), of the gradual estrangement which has come about within their recollection between themselves and the English in India, is most instructive. In the days, they say, of their youth, thirty and forty years ago, though there were always among the Company's officers men who from their abuse of power were disliked and justly feared, the general feeling of the natives towards the English civilian was one of respect and even of affection. The Indian character is affectionate, enthusiastic, and inclined to hero worship; and the English in early days, from their superior knowledge and strength of character, exercised no little fascination on the native mind. Nearly all of the older men talk with reverence and esteem of certain teachers who instructed them in youth, and of certain early patrons to whom they have owed their success in after life; and they willingly acknowledge the influence exercised over themselves and their generation by such individual example. The English official of that day, they affirm, had more power than now, but he exercised it with a greater sense of

responsibility, and so of honour in its discharge. He took pains to know the people; and in fact he knew them well. Except in the very highest ranks of the service he was readily accessible. He lived to a great extent among the people, and according to the customs of the people. He did not disdain to make friends with those of the better class, and occasionally he married among them, or at least contracted semi-matrimonial relations with the women of the land. This may have had its ill consequences in other ways, but it broke down the hedge of caste prejudice between East and West, and gave the official a personal interest in the people, which no mere sense of duty, however elevated, could supply. The Englishman of that day looked upon India not unfrequently as his second home, and taking the evil with the good treated it as such. England could only be reached by the Cape route. Travelling was tedious and expensive, the mails few and far between; and many a retired officer had at the end of his service become so wedded to the land of his adoption, that he ended his days in it in preference to embarking on a new expatriation. It is easy to understand from this that the Anglo-Indian official of the Company's days loved India in a way no Queen's official dreams of doing now. Also that, loving it, he served it better than now; and was better loved in return.

Steam communication, however, with England, and the increased facility given by it of maintaining home associations, had, even before the death of the Company, begun to effect a change in the way of living of its officers, a change which the Mutiny of 1857 accentuated and finally made complete. Gradually, as a visit to England became easier, leave was more frequently applied for; and the officer, returned from furlough, brought back with him a renewed stock of Western prejudices. He no longer considered himself cut off from the political life of his own country, or occupied himself so exclusively with the politics of India; and he came to look forward to other ways of distinction than those the Indian service offered him. Lastly, the Mutiny itself, with the bitter memories it left behind, put an end to the contracting by Englishmen of native habits and native ties. With the introduction of railways, quick posts, and telegraphic messages, Englishwomen ceased to dread India as a field of marriage; and every official now dreamed of making an English home for himself in the station where he lived. Thus he cared yearly more and more for English news and English interests, and less and less for those of India. I shall no doubt incur anger by saying it, but it is a fact that the Englishwoman in India during the last thirty years has been the cause of half the bitter feelings there between race and race. It was her presence at Cawnpore and Lucknow that pointed the sword of revenge after the Mutiny, and it is her constantly increasing

influence now that widens the gulf of ill-feeling and makes amalgamation daily more impossible. I have over and again noticed this. The English collector, or the English doctor, or the English judge may have the best will in the world to meet their Indian neighbours and official subordinates on equal terms. Their wives will hear of nothing of the sort, and the result is a meaningless interchange of cold civilities.

Nothing in the world can be more dreary than the mixed assemblies of the Indian natives and their Anglo-Indian patrons—inverted Barmecide feasts, where everything is unreal but the meats and drinks, and all the rest is ill-concealed distrust. I have more than once assisted at them, and always with a painful feeling. The English host seems constantly to be saying, "I like to see you at my table because I am an English gentleman and wish all there to feel themselves at home. But I hope to God you will be careful in what you say, and take no liberties." The uneasy guest, though not with his lips, replies, "I am here because it is wise to stand well with those in power, but I know that your ladies look upon me as something of a wild beast, and you yourself perhaps grow a little brutal after your third glass of sherry."

I could relate more than one tale in illustration of this, but I do not wish needlessly to embitter so painful a feature of the case. It is sufficient to say regarding it that the Englishwomen of India look upon the land of their exile unaffectedly as a house of bondage, on its inhabitants as outside the pale of their humanity, and on the day of their departure as the only star of hope on their horizon. The feeling may be a natural and an unavoidable one, for it is probable that race prejudices are more deeply rooted everywhere in women than in men, but I affirm that it is most unfortunate, and under the circumstances of growing education in the country, a very great and increasing danger.

The excuse commonly made by the Anglo-Indians for the lack of social cordiality between themselves and well-to-do natives is that the caste regulations of the latter bar real intercourse. A man who will neither eat with you nor drink with you, it is said, nor admit you to his own wife's society, cannot be really intimate in your house. But I confess I cannot see the force of that argument. In my own case I certainly did not find that caste prejudices prevented my forming the most agreeable relations with a number of Indian gentlemen, Brahmins of high caste, and Mohammedans, as well as Parsis and native Christians, nor did I find any who did not seem quite willing to treat me on an equal footing. I found no difference of any insurmountable kind between their ideas and my own, not more, indeed, than would have been the case had they been Spaniards or Italians. The fact of their not breaking bread with me

I am sure constituted no kind of obstacle to our kindly relations. On the other hand, it is obvious that, as regards the native Christians at least, the rule cannot apply. These have no caste prejudices, yet they are just as much excluded from the pale of English society as the rest. I remember meeting a gentleman of high position and large fortune in the Madras Presidency, who as a young man had been an enthusiastic admirer of everything English. He was by birth a Brahmin of the strictest sect, and had violated all the rules of his caste when he had insisted on going, at the age of twenty, to finish his education in Europe. He had even gone so far as to forsake his own creed there and join the Church of England, and on his return to India he had married a Christian lady, and was now living with her according to English custom, as an Englishman in an English house. Of course he had had much to suffer by breaking with the beliefs and customs of his ancestors, and his position with his own people had become a difficult one, though he seemed to be still on good terms with them, and I am far from saying that I consider him to have acted wisely. But the peculiarity of the case was this, that, though he had spared no pains to make friendly advances to the English of the cantonment where he lived, he had never succeeded in being admitted at all into their society, or in being in any kind of way accepted as a person with whom they could associate. He was a man of large fortune, a member of the town council, a scholar of very considerable mental attainments, and a gentleman of blameless character. Yet he was as distinctly a pariah with the Christian English, whose customs he observed, as he had become with the oldest fashioned of the Hindoo relations he had left. I think, though he did not tell me so, that in his heart he regretted his change of creed, and he was certainly among the bitterest enemies I met of the present system of Anglo-Indian rule.

It will hardly be credited in England, but in this present year of grace, 1884, no hotel-keeper in India dares receive a native guest into his house, not on account of any ill-will of his own, but through fear of losing his custom. When I was at Bombay in the winter I was treated with the greatest kindness and attention by various members of the native community, and by none more so than by Mohammed Ali Rogay, the leading Mohammedan of the city. He had travelled in Europe, dressed in European dress, and had even so far adopted our manners as to subscribe to all the public charities and to drive a four-in-hand. Yet, happening one day to ask him to dine with me at my hotel, it was explained to me that this could not be, at least not in the public room, "lest the English guests should take offence and leave the house." In Bengal and Northern India things are still worse, and I think it is not too much to say that no native gentleman, whatever his rank, age, or character

may be, can visit a place of public resort frequented by Englishmen, especially if he be in native dress, without a certain risk of insult and rough treatment. Railway travelling is notoriously dangerous for them in this respect, and nearly all my native acquaintances had tales to tell of abuse from English fellow-passengers, and of having been turned out of their places by the guards to accommodate these, and now and then of having been personally ill-treated and knocked about. Men of high position, therefore, or self-respect, are obliged either to secure beforehand special compartments for their use, or to travel third class. The second class they are especially afraid of. I should not make this statement unless I had received it from unimpeachable sources. But I have been assured of its truth among others by two members of the Supreme Legislative Council at Calcutta, who separately narrated to me their experiences. I know also that one of the principal reasons with certain of the leading natives of the Presidency towns who have adopted the European dress has been to escape thereby from chance ill-usage.

A painful incident of this liability to insult occurred last winter in my presence, which, as ocular evidence is always best, I will relate. I had been staying at Patna with the principal Mohammedan nobleman of the city, the Nawab Villayet Ali Khan, a man of somewhat advanced age, and of deservedly high repute, not only with his fellow-citizens, but with our Government, who had made him a Companion of the Star of India for his services. On my departure by the morning train on the 7th January last, he and some thirty more of the leading inhabitants of Patna accompanied me to the station, and after I had entered the railway carriage remained standing on the platform, as orderly and respectable a group of citizens as need be seen. There was neither obstruction, nor noise, nor crowding. But the presence of "natives" on the platform became suddenly distasteful to an English passenger in the adjoining compartment. Thrusting his head out of window he began to abuse them and bid them be off, and when they did not move struck at them with his stick, and threatened the old Nawab especially with it if he came within his reach. I shall never forget the astonishment of the man when I interfered, or his indignation at my venturing to call him to account. It was his affair, not mine. Who was I that I should interpose myself between an Englishman and his natural right? Nor was it till, with great difficulty, I had procured the aid of the police, that he seemed to consider himself other than the aggrieved person. Now I can affirm that there was absolutely no reason for his conduct. He was a middle-aged man of respectable appearance—a surgeon-major, as it turned out, in command of a district in the Punjab; he was travelling with his wife; it was in the morning, when ideas are calmest, and he was otherwise without excuse for excitement. In fact, it was

a plain, unmistakable act of class arrogance, such as it has never been my lot to witness in any other Eastern country that I have yet visited. Moreover, it was evident to me that it was no unusual occurrence. The railway officials and the police treated it as a matter of small importance, did their best to screen the offender, and declared themselves incompetent to do more than register my complaint. On the other hand, the Nawab and his friends confessed with shame that, though they were insulted, they were not surprised. It had happened to all of them too often before for them even to feel any special anger.

"We certainly feel insulted," writes one of them to me a day or two later, "but are powerless to take any action on it. We are used to such treatment from almost every Anglo-Indian."

"We account for his conduct," says another, "by supposing that he thought us" (the natives) "to be nothing less than brutes and wild creatures;" while a third remarks:—

"From this you will see how our ruling race treats us with scorn and contempt. Had we been in English dress then we would not, perhaps, have been so much hated."

"I beg to assure you," writes a fourth, "that the incident was not" (an only) "one of its kind, but such treatment is becoming general. The alarm and dread with which the Anglo-Indians are regarded cannot be described. Alas! we are hated for no other reason but because we have a dark colour; because we put on a national dress; and because we are a conquered race."

"Allow me to say that it will be difficult for England to hold India long if such a state of feeling is allowed to progress without any check."

And so on through a mass of letters. I have hope now, however, that the Government, before whom I laid this case, is taking it up. The Nawab has lodged a formal complaint with the Collector; Lord Ripon has promised that it shall not be allowed to drop; and my only fear is, that through the procrastination with which all inconvenient complaints are met in India by the subordinate officials, the apology due to the offended gentlemen will be deferred so long that its effect will have been in great measure lost.

Another cause of the bad relations in modern times between the Indians and their English masters has been explained to me to be this. Under the East India Company the official hierarchy, being the servants of a commercial corporation, were mainly recruited from certain families already connected by ties of service with India, and imbued with traditions of rule which, though far from liberal, were yet on the whole honourable to those who held them, and not antagonistic to native sympathies. The officer of the Company looked upon himself as the protector of native India against all comers, his own

countrymen as well as others; and it was generally found that, where European planting and native interests clashed, the Collector or magistrate was inclined to favour the latter rather than the former in decisions which might come before him. As a rule he belonged to a rank of life superior to the non-official Anglo-Indian, and the distinction of class was felt. Indeed, it often happened that there was more sympathy of breeding between the Company's servant and the well-born Hindu or Mohammedan gentleman than between the same servant and the English adventurer of the towns or the English indigo-planter of the country districts. With the adoption, however, of open competition for the civil service, another class of official has been introduced into India, who is distinctly of a lower social grade, and who in so far exercises less authority over his trading fellow-countrymen, and, the natives say, is less kind and considerate towards themselves. A young fellow, say the sort of an Ulster farmer, is pitchforked by a successful examination into high authority in Bengal. He has no traditions of birth or breeding for the social position he is called to occupy, and is far more likely to hobnob with the commercial English of his district than to adapt himself to the ceremonial of politeness so necessary in Oriental intercourse. He is looked upon by the European planters as one socially their inferior, and by the well-bred native as little better than a barbarian. He is lowered, therefore, I am told, in the social scale, and is far more frequently under the influence of his tag-rag English fellow-countrymen than in former days. I cannot say that I have met with men of this description myself, but I have heard of them frequently, not only from the natives but from the English too, as a new difficulty of the situation. What I did notice was, that throughout the agitation on the Ilbert Bill, the planters had a considerable backing in the official world. It was evident that the two societies were united in a way which would have been impossible in old times, in their opposition to the native hopes. This change of class in the members of the Civil Service, and what I am personally inclined to think more important still, their change of duties, must be considered if we are to estimate the increased irritation between race and race. The modern system of bureaucratic regularity, where all is done according to printed forms and fixed rules, entails on the civilians many hours daily of irksome office work, unknown in early times; and has had the double effect of wearying their zeal and of secluding them still further from the people. Red tape has strangled initiative in collectors, magistrates, and district officers, and has left them no time for personal intercourse with those they govern. "How can we sit gossiping with the natives," say these, "when we can hardly get through our daily work as it is by the greatest economy of time?" A valid excuse,

truly. Yet it was exactly by gossip that Lawrance and Nicholson, and Meadows Taylor gained their influence in former days.

I consider myself fortunate in having been at Calcutta at the precise moment when the Ilbert Bill controversy was at its fiercest, not on account of any special interest I took in the Bill itself, but for the instructive display of rival passions and motives it evoked. Lord Ripon has most unjustly been blamed for unnecessarily causing the conflagration. But in truth all the elements of a quarrel were there already in the strained relations just described as existing between Englishmen and natives; and it was an accident that the particular ground occupied by the Ilbert Bill should have been chosen on which to fight the battle of race and prejudice. The history of the affair as viewed with native eyes was this. When Lord Ripon arrived in India he found the ill-feeling between the two classes very bitter, and he wisely determined on redressing as far as in him lay class disabilities, thus carrying out the liberal doctrines proclaimed over and again for India by his party while out of office. For such a work no man could have been better suited by temperament or conviction. It is hardly sufficiently understood in England how large a part personal integrity plays in acquiring the sympathy of Orientals for their rulers, and how impossible it is to govern them successfully either by the mere mechanical instruments of a system or by individual talents however great when these are divorced from principle. The display of ingenuity and tactical resource which imposes on our own political imagination and sways the House of Commons is absolutely valueless in the East; and charlatanism is at once detected and discounted by its acute intelligence. The Englishmen therefore who have succeeded most permanently in India have rarely been the most brilliant; and the names which will live there are not those which their English contemporaries have always ranked the highest. Moral qualities go farther; truth, courage, simplicity, disinterestedness, good faith, these command respect, and above all a solid foundation of religious belief. Such qualities the natives of India acknowledged from the first in Lord Ripon, and no amount of mere cleverness could have placed him on the pedestal on which he stands to-day with them,—or rather, I should perhaps say, on which he stood until the desertion of the Home Government forced him into an abandonment of his position as a protector of the people.

I am glad to be able to bear testimony to the fact that no Viceroy, Lord Canning possibly excepted, ever enjoyed such popularity as Lord Ripon did in the early part of last winter. Wherever I went in India I heard the same story; from the poor peasants of the south who for the first time had learned the individual name of their ruler; from the high caste Brahmins of Madras and Bombay; from

the Calcutta students; from the Mohammedan divines of Lucknow; from the noblemen of Delhi and Hyderabad, everywhere his praise was in all men's mouths, and moved the people to surprise and gratitude. "He is an honest man," men said, "and one who fears God," and in this consciousness all have seemed willing once more to possess their souls in patience. To say that Lord Ripon has been a failure in India, through any fault of his own, is to say the reverse of a fact patent to the whole native world. He has been the most successful governor India has ever had, because the most loved; and the only sense in which he can be said to have failed is in so far as he has failed to seek the favour of the English ruling class or impose his will on the Home Government. Of his legislative measures I must speak with less enthusiasm. The spirit in which they were brought forward was Lord Ripon's own; but the drafting of the Bills was the work of others; and they have been doubtless disappointing. Thus, the Local Self-Government Bill, though admirable in idea as marking a first step towards native administration, is in itself a poor thing, and is appreciated as such even by Lord Ripon's most cordial admirers. The powers it grants are too exiguous, the ground it covers is too small, the checks it imposes are too stringent, for the Bill to excite any great enthusiasm with the natives, and it is difficult for an Englishman to peruse its provisions without wonder at its ever having gained the name of an important measure of reform. Put in a few words the Local Self-Government Bill means that the native communities are to be allowed to mend their own roads, to levy their own water rates, and devise their own sanitation, on the condition and provided that the Commissioner of the district does not think them incapable of doing so. This for the first time after a hundred years of English rule! I know what the natives think of the measure, and how little it fulfils their expectations; but no higher tribute can be paid to Lord Ripon's popularity than that they have been sincerely grateful to him for it.

Thus too the Ilbert Bill, of which we have heard so much. It was in itself an infinitesimal measure of relief from native disabilities. It provided that native judges, under certain exceptional conditions, in country districts, should have jurisdiction over Englishmen, a jurisdiction long ago fully granted them in Ceylon with no ill results, and also granted in India in the presidency towns. The only province, as far as I could learn, which would have been at all seriously affected by the Bill was Bengal, where the English planters saw in it a check to their system of managing and mismanaging their coolies. I heard a good deal about this from some Assam planters with whom I sailed on my way out to India, and I know that that is how they regarded it. "It is all nonsense," these told me, "to suppose you can get on without an occasional upset with

the niggers, and our English magistrates understand this. But if we had native magistrates we should be constantly getting run in for assault." In other districts, however, where milder manners prevail, there seemed to be no such dread of the Bill; and as to the probability of any real abuse of their position by native judges with Englishwomen, I am certain that the whole thing was purely fictitious. But the agitation against the Bill became dangerous only from the fact that it was all along fostered by the Anglo-Indian officials, who chose the Bill as a battle-field on which to contest the principle of Lord Ripon's Liberal policy. In the Local Self-Government Bill they had seen a first blow struck at their monopoly of power, and they seem to have made up their minds to permit no second blow. They were aided by the English lawyers who recognised in it a menace to their professional advancement; and by the planters for the reasons I have given; and, following the example of *The Times*, the whole press of England soon joined in the cry. The natives too from first to last fought the battle as one of principle, though with far more moderation than their assailants.

I was present in Calcutta on the day when the compromise, negotiated by Sir Auckland Colvin, was announced to the public, and I know the effect it produced on native politicians. It was everywhere looked on as a surrender, and a disgraceful one; and there was a moment when it was doubtful whether popular indignation would not vent itself in more than words. But Lord Ripon's personal popularity saved the situation, and moderate counsels prevailed. It was recognised even by the most violent that the pusillanimity of the Home Government, not of the Viceroy, was in fault; and it was felt that should popular indignation turn now upon Lord Ripon, no Viceroy would ever again dare befriend the people. The compromise therefore was accepted with what grace was possible, and bitter feelings were concealed, and the day of indignation postponed. I consider the attitude of native opinion on this occasion vastly creditable to the political good sense of India, though it would be highly dangerous to trust to it another time. The evil done will certainly reappear, and be repaid upon Lord Ripon's successors. Down to last year the natives of India, completely as they had lost faith in the official system and in the honest purpose of their covenanted rulers, still looked to the Home Government as an ultimate Court of Appeal, able to defend them if not always willing. The weakness, however, of the Cabinet on this occasion to resist a wholly unjust and unscrupulous attack upon them was now apparent, and I doubt extremely whether they will ever again have confidence in Ministerial professions. The Government was entirely committed to the passing of the Bill, yet it gave way before the clamour of an insignificant section of the public, abetted

by the sworn enemies of all reform in India—the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy. The spectacle was not an edifying one, and I know that the natives appreciated it entirely on its merits, and I am much mistaken if they did not also come to the conclusion that the justice of a course was insufficient for its triumph in politics, and that the only path of victory henceforth lay through agitation. If this is so, there is little chance of peace in the future of the sort which governments love.

I do not like to complain of evils without at the same time suggesting remedies, but it is difficult to recommend an immediate remedy for the evils I have been depicting. The ill-feeling which exists between the English in India and the natives is due to causes deep-seated in the system we have introduced, and until that system is changed, little real good will be effected. I would, however, point out that there is as yet no true hatred of race between Englishmen and Indians, but rather one of class only, and that it is yet within our power in England to change the threatened curse into a blessing. The quarrel of India up to the present moment is with the Anglo-Indians only, not with the English nation; and though recent disappointments have begun to shake their confidence in the Home Government, the natives have not wholly lost their belief in the sympathy of the land where liberty was born. Between the two classes—the English of India and the English of England—they still draw a distinct line, and race-hatred in its true sense will not have been reached until this line is obliterated. They say, and truly, that in England such of them as go there find justice, and more than justice, that they are treated as equals, and that they enjoy all civil and social rights. They come back proud of being British subjects, and preserve none but agreeable recollections of the Imperial island. They do not wish for separation from its Government, and are loyal before all others to its Crown. But the contrast of their subject life in their own land strikes them all the more painfully on their return, and they are determined to procure reform. "Reform, not Revolution" is their motto, but reform they have made up their minds to have.

With regard to the direction any new change should take, the educated natives argue thus: Purely English Administration, they say, in India has had its day and needs to be superseded. It has wrought much good in the past by the introduction of order and method, and by raising the standard of public morality, and by widening the field of public interests. As such it deserves thanks, the thanks of a sick man for his nurse, of a minor for his guardian, of a child for his preceptor. But further than this, India's gratitude cannot go. It cannot be blind to the increasing deficiencies of those who rule it, or forego for ever the exercise

of returning strength and coming maturity. The Anglo-Indian bureaucracy has become too hard a master; it has forgot its position as a servant; it has forgot the trust with which it was charged; it has sought its own interests only, not those of India; it has wasted the wealth of the country on its high living. Like many another servant it has come to look upon the land as its own, and to order all things in it to its own advantage. Lastly, it has proved itself incapable of sympathy with those whose destinies it is shaping. It neither loves India nor has been able to command its love; and by an incapacity of its nature it is now exciting trouble, even where it is most anxious to soothe and to cajole. Meanwhile the sick man is recovering, the child is growing up, the minor is about to come of age. He has learned most of what his tutors had to teach him, and his eyes are open to the good and the evil, the wisdom and the want of wisdom, the strength and the weakness of his guardians. He desires a participation in the management of his own affairs and a share in the responsibility of rule. To speak practically, the Civil Service of India must be so remodelled as to make the gradual replacement of Englishmen by natives in all but the highest posts henceforth a certainty.

It is not proposed, I believe, by any section of the Indian public to extend present demands farther than this. But, as with all political reformers there is an ideal towards which they look as the goal of their endeavours, so in India the goal of advanced thinkers is complete administrative independence for the various provinces on the model of the Australian colonies. Their thought is that by degrees legislation as well as administration should be vested in native hands. First it may be by an introduction of the elective system into the present councils, and afterwards by something more truly parliamentary. The supreme Imperial Government all wish to preserve, for none are more conscious than the Indians that they are not yet a nation, but an agglomeration of nations so mixed and interblended, and so divided by diversity of tongues and creeds, that they could not stand alone. An Imperial Government and an Imperial army will remain a necessity for India. But they see no reason whatever why the practical management of all provincial matters should not, in a very few years, be vested in their hands. That the present system of finance and the exploitation of India to the profit of Englishmen would have to be abandoned is of course certain. But there is nothing in India itself to make this undesirable.

I refrain here from any attempt to sketch a plan of ultimate self-government for India, but I have argued the matter out with the natives, and I intend on another occasion to set it forth fully in print. Suffice it now to say that a change of some sort is immediately neces-

sary, or at least an assured prospect of change, if worse calamities are to be avoided. The danger I foresee is that, with an immense agricultural population chronically starved, and a town population becoming every day more and more enlightened and more and more enraged at its servitude, time may not be given for the slow growth of opinion in England as to the need of change. I am convinced that if at the present moment any serious disaffection were to arise in the native army, such as occurred in 1857, it would not lead to a revolt only. It would be joined, as the other was not, by the whole people. The agricultural poor would join it because of their misery, the townsmen in spite of themselves, because of their deep resentment against the Anglo-Indians, and the native servants of the Crown because of the checks placed on their advancement. The voice of reason, such as now prevails in the academical discussions of the educated class, would then be drowned in the general noise, and only the sense of anger and revenge remain. I know that many of the most enlightened Indian thinkers dread this, and that their best hope is to make the reality of their grievances, the just causes of their anger, heard in time by the English people. They still trust in the English people if they could only make them hear. But they are beginning to doubt the possibility of attracting their attention, and they are very nearly in despair. Soon they may find it necessary to trust no one in the world but themselves. To-day their motto is "Reform." Let us not drive them to make it "Revolution" to-morrow.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

* P.S.—Since the above was written an ominous step has been taken in regard to India. Lord Ripon has been prematurely recalled and the appointment of his successor is being hailed with delight by all those interested in existing things as an indication of the final abandonment by the Government of its schemes of reform. This may not be so, and I trust that it is not. But it is impossible to look without increasing fear upon the future. Lord Dufferin's task will be to conciliate, and he will succeed if a man can. But I doubt if even he will find it any longer possible in India to serve its two masters, the Indians and the Anglo-Indians; and, unless he be prepared to protect the former in their growing rights at the expense of some popularity with the latter, he will not avert trouble. He will want all his courage for the task, and a fixed purpose, as well as all his skill.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.

IN the most unpicturesque portion of the most picturesque college in Oxford are the rooms which used to be occupied by Charles Reade. The name "Dr. Reade" is still painted over the door, and, though there is alteration in the sitting-room, the long looking-glasses, for which, both here and at Albert Gate, the eccentric fellow of Magdalen College had an especial fondness, still adorn the walls. In Magdalen College, however, the memorials of Charles Reade are very few. He was nominated for a demyship—it was the time when election depended on nomination—owing to the illness of some favoured protégé, whose patron thereupon discovered originality and excellence in young Reade's essay. He was elected Vinerian Scholar in 1835, and obtained a third-class in Literis Humanioribus in the same year. In 1844 and 1849 he was Bursar of his college, while in 1851 he became Vice-President, and wrote the Latin record of his year of office in the neatest of hand-writing and with the most Tacitean terseness. In after years, when his home was in Bolton Row or at Albert Gate, his visits to Oxford were made generally in the Long Vacation, and the company he entertained was that of Bohemian artists rather than Oxford fellows. There is, indeed, very little trace of Oxford in Charles Reade; he exercised no influence on the university, while the effect of an academic training on him appears more in the characteristics of some of his heroes than in the moulding of his own style and workmanship. Robert Penfold, in *Foul Play*, being an Oxford man, had, we are told, learnt to be versatile and thorough, and there was an indefinable air of Eton and Oxford in Alfred Hardie, which often helped him in the vicissitudes of *Hard Cash*. But the author of these creations was himself dramatist, journalist, novelist, Bohemian—anything but an Oxford man of the approved academic type.

Like many other artists and men of genius, Charles Reade for some time mistook the real bent of his powers. His earliest efforts were dramatic rather than literary, and, indeed, throughout all his life, just as George Eliot wished to be considered a poet, so did his ambition incline to be considered as writer of plays rather than of novels. It was with a play that he first assailed the close theatrical profession at the Haymarket: it was on the production of plays that he wasted the money he made in writing novels; it was at a play-house (Drury Lane, when *Freedom* was brought out in August, 1883) that he made his last appearance in public before his fatal journey to Cannes. Yet of all his productions in this department only two, *It is Never too Late to Mend*, and *Drink*,

obtained a real success. The other well-known plays, *The Scuttled Ship*, *Masks and Faces*, and *Two Loves and a Life*, were produced in collaboration with Tom Taylor and Dion Boucicault. The mistake here is common and easily explicable. Charles Reade had many of the instincts of the dramatist; in his presentation of character, in his love of "situation," in his choice of contrasted scenes, in the very rapidity and picturesqueness of his style he shewed true dramatic aptitude. But the successful playwright, at all events in our contemporary age, excels more in scenic construction than in literary workmanship, and has a keen appreciation of the public taste for stage-carpentry rather than the development of character.

As a novelist, Charles Reade is not unworthy to be ranked with literary giants such as Thackeray, and Dickens, and George Eliot. He cannot justly be compared with any of them, for his gifts were dissimilar. He was not an artist like Thackeray; he had not the undeniable genius and prodigality of literary power which is found in Dickens; nor had he the gift of keen analysis or the profound thoughtfulness of George Eliot. Here and there he has the note of Dickens, witness the magnificent funeral scene of Edward Josephs in *Never too Late to Mend* (chap. xxvii.); but he has more points of comparison with writers for whom he had a great admiration, though they were in many respects his inferiors, such as Wilkie Collins, Bulwer-Lytton, and Miss Braddon. With them he shares his love of intricate plots, his diligent study of police intelligence, his portraiture of the conventional villain, his power of exciting interest in his tales; but he has also gifts which they either do not possess, or possess in inferior forms. Nothing is more remarkable than the laboriousness with which he accumulates his materials. His knowledge is accurate and extensive in such different subjects, for instance, as prison-life, lunatic asylums, criminal procedure, trades unions, theory of banking, the life and learning of the middle ages, contemporary science. As a writer, he possesses *le goût de la réalité*; the instinct of life; while the animation of his style, the plentiful invention of incidents, the enormous interest in contemporary events, the implicit belief in the virtues of the Anglo-Saxon character, are points which serve to distinguish him among the novelists of his age. His respect for newspapers, as compared with books, his distrust of the ordinary regimen of doctors, his distaste for poets, with the exception of Sir Walter Scott, his love of Cremona fiddles, his fondness for Americans, and his dislike of Carlyle, are *nuances* which affect only his personal character.

Mr. Reade has left a picture of himself in the character of Rolfe in *A Terrible Temptation*. His studio at Albert Gate is first described:—

"The room was large in itself, and multiplied tenfold by great mirrors from floor to ceiling, with no frames but a narrow oak beading. Opposite, on

entering, was a bay window, all plate-glass, the central panes of which opened, like doors, upon a pretty little garden that glowed with colour, and was backed by fine trees belonging to the nation; for this garden ran up to the wall of Hyde Park. . . . Not a sound of London could be heard.

"So far the room was romantic; but there was a prosaic corner to shock those who fancy that fiction is the spontaneous overflow of a poetic fountain fed by nature only. Between the fireplace and the window, and within a foot or two of the wall, stood a gigantic writing-table, with the signs of hard labour on it, and of severe system; three plated buckets, each containing three pints full of letters to be answered, other letters to be pasted into a classified guard-book, loose notes to be pasted into various books and classified, five things like bankers' bill-books, into whose several compartments MS. notes and newspaper cuttings were thrown, as a preliminary towards classification in books. Underneath the table was a formidable array of note-books, standing upright and labelled on their backs. There were about twenty large folios of classified facts, ideas, and pictures. Then there was a collection of solid quartos, and of smaller folio guard-books called indexes. There was *Index rerum et journalium*, *Index rerum et librorum*, *Index rerum et hominum*, and a lot more; indeed so many, that by way of climax, there was a fat folio ledger entitled, *Index ad Indices*.

"By the side of the table were six or seven thick paste-board cards, each about the size of a large portfolio, and on these the author's notes and extracts were collected from all his repertoires into something like a focus for a present purpose. He was writing a novel based on fact; facts, incidents, living dialogue, pictures, reflections, situations, were all on these cards to choose from, and arranged in headed columns; and some portions of the work he was writing on this basis of imagination and drudgery lay on the table in two forms—his own writing and his secretary's copy thereof, the latter corrected for the press. This copy was half margin, and so provided for additions and improvements; but for one addition there were ten excisions, great and small."

The author himself is then sketched:—

"The author, who had dashed into the garden for a moment's recreation, came to the window. He looked neither like a poet nor a drudge, but a great fat country farmer." (This was a generous libel.) "He was rather tall, smallish head, commonplace features, mild brown eye, not very bright, short beard, and wore a suit of twood all one colour. Such looked the writer of romances founded on fact. He rolled up to the window, for, if he looked like a farmer, he walked like a sailor, and surveyed the two women with a mild, inoffensive, ox-like gaze."

It is necessary to lay stress on this description of the writer, and of his mode of working, for it leads at once to the capital characteristic of Reade. Every artist, if he is worthy of the name, raises a problem in art. In Reade's case, the problem affects the proper balance which should be maintained between "materials" and "imagination." It is claimed as the especial glory of the French "*école naturaliste*," that the writer amasses an enormous amount of data to one chapter of literary work. And in the same breath, a slur is cast upon the English school of novelists because they trust too much to the imagination in a commonplace routine of subjects, and have no taste or industry for the collection of materials, gained by downright hard study and unwearied personal experience. Now here was a man who rejoiced above all in the classification of data, pre-

paratory to his novel-writing. All his principal novels are witnesses to his laboriousness. It is enough to mention the names of *Hard Cash*, *It is Never too Late to Mend*, *Put Yourself in his Place*, and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Reade himself delivers no uncertain sound in one of his letters addressed to the *Daily Globe*, Toronto. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in true professional style, had criticised Reade's work. This is how Reade answers him :—

"He now carries the same system, the criticaster's, into a matter of more general importance. He says that I found my fictions on fact, and so tell lies : and that the chiefs of fiction did not found fiction on fact, and so only told truths. Now where does he discover that the chiefs of fiction did not found their figments upon facts ? It could be proved in a court of law that Shakespeare founded his fiction on fact, wherever he could get hold of fact. Fact is that writer's idol. As for Scott, he is one mass of facts. Daniel Defoe came to his work armed with facts from three main sources and wrote a volume beyond praise. His rich storehouse of rare facts exhausted, he still went on, pooped his island and produced a mediocre volume, such as anybody could write in this age of ours. He tried my anonymuncule's theory : he took the field armed with his imagination only, unadulterated by facts. What was the result ? He produced *Robinson Crusoe*, which the public read for its title, and promptly damned upon its merits ; it has literally disappeared from literature."

The true question is here somewhat obscured, owing to the characteristic impetuosity of Reade's style. There is no real antithesis between writing on a basis of facts and writing by the pure light of the imagination, for no writer, however imaginative, can construct his work in the airy void. But it is a question whether, as in the case of Reade himself, the mass of detail, every part of which can be verified as so much real fact, does not, in some of his books, overpower and overwhelm the imaginative framework. Compare and contrast *Christie Johnstone*, written in 1850 or 1851, with *The Wandering Heir*, which was produced in the Christmas number of the *Graphic* in 1872. The first work is written before the enormous appetite for facts and "materials" had overtaken Reade, and while yet his imagination could play round the scenes of his early manhood. In the second work there is chapter and verse for every statement and every incident in the text, as the author is at pains to show in his elaborate defence of himself against the charge of plagiarism from Swift. Is not the first the more successful story from the artistic point of view ? And is not "the invention of equal power with the facts," exactly that which is wanting in the second ? Doubtless the circulation of *The Wandering Heir* was extensive ; but if Charles Reade had not written *Christie Johnstone*, and that charming dramatic study, *Peg Woffington*, he could not have won the suffrages of the public, which afterwards made his *Wandering Heir* so saleable a commodity.

A better instance is furnished by the well-known *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, as compared with *Griffith Gaunt*. There can be little doubt that *Griffith Gaunt* is Reade's masterpiece. So, at least, the

author thought. "The whole credit and discredit of *Griffith Gaunt*, my masterpiece, belongs to me, its sole author and original vendor," he says, in a letter published in *Readiana*. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who have produced so admirable an edition of Reade's works, could probably testify that there is no novel which commands so good a sale in America and the colonies, as well as in England. Now the chief merit of *Griffith Gaunt* lies in the masterly delineation of character in the three chief personages, Catherine Gaunt, Mercy Vint, and the hero himself. Catherine is the embodiment of haughty pride, passionate haste, and religious devotion. Mercy is the incarnation of sweetness, humility, and tenderness. Griffith Gaunt is the brave, lusty English gentleman, mad in anger, mad in jealousy, sensitive, capricious, generous, in turns, at the bidding of his rapid and changing moods. No better Othello in English dress has ever been drawn by a truly Shakespearian artist, in dashes of lurid colour with a pen of eloquent fire. *It is Never Too Late to Mend* is constructed on a very different plan. No book could well be more interesting, but what one remembers is not the characters, but the incidents; not the story as a whole, but the *purpurei panni*—the graphic scenes and picturesque descriptions. What the author says of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is eminently true of his own work: "It is written in many places with art; in all with red ink and the biceps muscle." But the book itself falls into two distinct divisions in accordance with the two different sets of materials, which the author has classified and tabulated for his purpose. The first half is full of the iniquities of the prison system; the second is equally full of Australia. What are the characters compared with the accurate details? What does one care for George Fielding, or Robinson, or Susan, compared with the patches of bright colour here and there—Fielding's farewell to his farm, Robinson's curse, the gold diggers listening to the skylark, Joseph's funeral? Mr. Eden himself, serves only as the most elaborate specimen of a character we are always finding in Reade, the hero of unfailing ingenuity and resource. He is a type and not a man, just as the other personages are mere pegs on which are hung the author's delineations of gold-finding in Australia, or his denunciations of the iniquity of prison confinement in separate cells. Character and construction form the merit of *Griffith Gaunt*; facts, materials, data, are the chief ingredients of the other story. In other words, *Griffith Gaunt*, which is not overpowered with materials, is a work of art, while *Never Too Late to Mend* moves heavily under the weight of those facts which its author made it his boast to collect. It is a highly descriptive, intensely interesting, but somewhat amorphous collection of *pièces de conviction*. The same criticism applies to *Put Yourself in His Place*. Here the didactic tendency is still more obvious, for Reade's object

is to expose the heartless cruelty of Trades' Unions. The characters suffer in consequence, with the possible exception of Dr. Amboyne. But the crucial test is afforded by *The Cloister and the Hearth*. If a man can read it through in a sitting, as he can *Griffith Gaunt*, if he is carried through it with the same rapt attention, the same suspension of the critical faculty which he experiences when dealing with a work of real artistic construction, then to such a man, at all events, the invention in the book is of equal power with the facts. But if he takes it in such draughts as he is able to stand, being incapable of assimilating it in its entirety, if he feels now and again as if he were laboriously getting up a learned work on the Middle Ages, as is the case, it may be suspected with most readers, then the natural conclusion is that the *Cloister and the Hearth*, though a work of great learning and industry, and containing in the fortunes of Gerard and Margaret a love-story of almost idyllic sweetness, is yet not a work of art. "Here," one may say (Mr. Walter Besant has actually said it), "is Erasmus, here is Froissart, here is Deschamps, here is Coquillart, here is Gringoire, here is Villon, here is Luther;" and just for that reason is it imperfect. The scholar's learning is staring out of the holes in the artistic armour; it smells too much of the academic oil.

One of the effects of this partial failure in artistic construction is seen in the monotony of some of Charles Reade's types. The main character in his fiction is always the Resourceful Hero. We can pursue the character through most of Reade's work. He is not, as the author on more than one occasion takes pains to tell us, a Carlylese hero; he has some regard for human life, and he is usually an affectionate, warm-hearted Christian. But wherever he is, and whatever problem besets him, he is sure to come through it triumphantly. To this class belongs Robert Penfold, in *Foul Play*, on his desert island, with the problem before him how to diffuse intelligence from a fixed point over thousands of miles. Henry Little in *Put Yourself in his Place*, is of the same fraternity, full of inventive skill in order to wage successful war single-handed against the Trades' Unions. So, too, is Alfred Hardie a hero of resource in *Hard Cash*, a young man of culture and intelligence, with "an indefinable air of Eton and Oxford about him," condemned to struggle against the iniquities of a private lunatic asylum and an unnatural father. Robinson, the converted convict in *Never too Late to Mend*, shows similar skill and inventiveness in conquering difficulties, whether the difficulties are the material hardships of Australian gold-digging, or the more impalpable temptations of his own past life. To these may perhaps be added Gerard and Denys, in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and Mr. Rolfe in the *Terrible Temptation*.

Side by side with the resourceful hero is generally found the aiding.

and abetting Doctor. Ordinary doctors are not, as a rule, very civilly treated by Charles Reade. He calls them "the most venal class upon the earth," in the pages of *Hard Cash*; and Doctors Wycherley and Osmond, Mosely and Donkyn are held up to public reprobation as grasping, incompetent, and gullible. But to serve as contrast to the commonplace doctor, appears the rare and exceptional doctor, who is a judge of character as well as of drugs, and who has a decided objection to blood-letting. Thus Doctor Suaby is the best friend of Sir Charles Bassett in a *Terrible Temptation*; Dr. Amboyne is always at the right hand of Henry Little in *Put Yourself in his Place*, and Dr. Aberford in *Christie Johnstone* is the only man who sees through the jaded epicurean, Lord Ipsden. But the best representative of the class is Dr. Sampson in *Hard Cash*, who is so staunch an ally to Alfred Hardie. The scenes in which Dr. Sampson figures are some of the best which Reade ever wrote, just as the crotchety, warm-hearted, rough-tongued old quack, with his everlasting "Chronothairmal therey," is the one of the few genuinely humorous characters in Reade's gallery of portraits. Mr. John Coleman has told us that Dr. Sampson was Dr. Dickson, and that the novelist had, in his usual precise way, classified and tabulated the characteristics of his friend under the head of Dickybirdiana. Tabulation is here, as elsewhere, Reade's invincible hobby. When he was at Oxford, he sometimes used to busy himself with the intricacies of Oxford aquatics, going so far as to classify the various expressions used by boating men, and even the terms of endearment with which they used to welcome their athletic friends. The result was the scene at Henley Regatta in which Edward Dodd and Alfred Hardie appear. Naturally enough, this mechanical way of getting up a subject sometimes played the author false. It is incongruous enough to boating men to find Mr. Edward Dodd, who ought to have been in hard training, smoking a cigar on Henley Bridge, just as the same authorities would hardly endorse the description given by Reade of the Oxford stroke ("the true Oxford stroke is slow in the water but swift in the air"), which he communicated to the *Observer* in 1872. Nor is it quite comprehensible why Mr. Angelo, the athletic curate in *A Terrible Temptation*, should be represented as having won "the 200 yards race" at Oxford.

The villain is an equally typical personage in these novels. He always employs the same arts. He intercepts letters at the post office, he tampers with corruptible officials, and hires unconscientious villains. This is the procedure of Meadows in *Never too Late to Mend*; of Coventry in *Put Yourself in his Place*; of Woodlaw in *Foul Play*; of Richard Bassett in *A Terrible Temptation*; of Richard Hardie in *Hard Cash*. Pomander in *Reg Woffington*, Richard Annesley in *The Wandering Heir*, and Ghysbrecht van Swieten in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, belong to the same conventional category.

In these matters, some of Charles Reade's affinity to transpontine melodrama appears. There must be a villain on the stage to counterbalance the innocent charms of the heroine, and to bring out in clearer relief the many virtues of the hero. He must wind in and out of the various scenes for four acts in order to be brought up for condign punishment in the fifth, and receive the indignant hisses of the gallery when he is called before the curtain. Moreover, Charles Reade's villain has, usually, a feebler villain behind him to serve as catpaw. Thus Meadows employs the base arts of Crawley, and Hardie and Skinner are first villain and second villain respectively in *Hard Cash*. The catpaw of Woodlaw is Wylie, the creature of Richard Barsett is the unscrupulous attorney, Wheeler.

The parson is another favourite character. The highest representative of this class is Francis Eden in *Never too Late to Mend*. He is the ideally good man, who unites in a marvellous compound the subtlety of the resourceful hero and the sweet reasonableness of the saint. He is never at fault in the judgment of character, never devoid of plans in the hour of danger; buffeted by adverse fate, he always proves ultimately superior to circumstances, and leaves behind him a rich heritage of noble acts, and grateful and devoted friends. So too is Robert Ponfold, at once a martyr and a saint, only inferior to Francis Eden in that he is a victim to the delicious weaknesses of love-making. Sometimes the contrast is indicated between the true priest and the hollow semblance clad in priestly guise. Thus Eden, the saint, is contrasted with Mr. Jones, the essence of commonplace. Brother Francis, the genuine, the practical, the true-hearted, is contrasted with Brother Leonard, the emotional, the weak-kneed; while the counterpart to the good-looking Angelo, who is so much in love with Lady Bassett, is furnished by Rolfe, who for the nonce discharges ecclesiastical functions.

Charles Reade's female characters require a more careful scrutiny. It is quite clear, from numerous references in his novels, that he thought he was giving a better representation of female character than his contemporaries, and we know from other sources that he employed his usual system of tabulation with such zeal in this case that he even classified and arranged the ejaculations which women use. One of his admirers has gone so far as to say that he invented the "true woman;" at all events, he arranged two parallel columns of facts, labelled respectively, *Fæmina Ficta*, and *Fæmina Vera*. Nor is it untrue to add that among Charles Reade's gallery of portraits, some of the best and most life-like are his women. His female characters run mainly into three types. There is the strong natural girl, like Christie Johnstone, or Jael Dence, or Philippa Chester, or Mary Wells. There is the class of domestic innocents—sweet, simple, lovable girls, without much strength, except when lo

transports them out of themselves, like Julia Dodd, Grace Carden, Susan Merton, Margaret Brandt, Mercy Vint, Mabel Vane, and Lady Bassett. The third type is the passionate woman, the courtesan actual or potential, sometimes dangerous, cruel, and revengeful to the bitter end, like Mrs. Ryder and Mrs. Archbold, sometimes reformed and helpful, like Rhoda Somerset. Of these classes, the third is most conventional and stagey. According to Reade's own statement, he copied Rhoda Somerset from the pages of the *Times*. "It was you," he says to the editor (*Readiana*, p. 322), "who first introduced her, ponies and all, to the public in an admirable letter, headed 'Anonyma.'" But in the novel she plays no distinguished part, and is converted to a moral life with a rapidity and a nonchalance which reminds one of the "Formosa" in Dion Boucicault's laughable play. Mrs. Archbold and Mrs. Ryder are both from the same mould, easily enamoured, madly passionate, bitterly revengeful, fulfilling the same rôle as the wicked washerwoman who works such woe to Gervaise and the mason in Reade's dramatic version of *L'Assommoir*. Far better and more life-like are those heroines whom Reade loves to trace, the natural, strong-minded, warm-hearted characters, fresh with the bloom of wild roses, and with the scent of new-mown hay. These are often put into contrast with the artificial ladies of polished life, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Thus Jael Dence is placed side by side with Grace Carden, Christie Johnstone, with Lady Barbara Sinclair, Mercy Vint with Catherine Gaunt, Mary Wells with Lady Bassett. So, too, the process of conversion from artificiality to naturalness is exhibited in a single character, when Helen Rolleston, in *Foul Play*, is changed into a true-hearted girl by the beneficial discipline of an island life, and Peg Woffington leaves the mimic passions of the stage owing to the influence of Mabel Vane. The simple innocents like Susan Merton and Grace Carden and Julia Dodd are less attractive, perhaps because the purity of their hearts renders characterization almost impossible. But if one has to select two heroines from Charles Reade's gallery, let the verdict be given for Christie Johnstone and Margaret Brandt. While the latter represents the class of *ingénues* at the very best, the former is the truest girl whom Reade has drawn. If all else be forgotten, the strong and tender fisher-girl of Newhaven, with her Dutch cap, and cotton jacket, and kilted petticoat, white as milk and supple as a young ash-tree, lingers in the memory like a breath from her own native sea.

It is necessary to remember how many different subjects Charles Reade has illustrated in order to appreciate the versatility of his genius and the extent of his studies. To understand his method the reader can consult the preface to *Hard Cash*, or to *A Simpleton*, or go through the formidable list of authorities quoted in the Appen-

dix to *The Wandering Heir*. He studied Blue-books and journals with the unremitting laboriousness and attention which a student gives to some recondite subject of research. Newspapers, above all, suggested topics to his pen. "For eighteen years," he says to the editor of the *Times*, "the journal you conduct so ably has been my preceptor and the main source of my works; at all events of the most approved. A noble passage in the *Times* of September 7 or 8, 1853, touched my heart, inflamed my imagination, and was the germ of my first important work, *It is Never too Late to Mend*. Some years later you put forth an able and eloquent leader on private asylums, and detailed the sufferings there inflicted on persons known to you. This took root in me, and brought forth its fruit in the second volume of *Hard Cash*. Later still your hearty and able but temperate leaders on trades unions and trade outrages incited me to an ample study of that great subject, so fit for fiction of the higher order, though not adapted to the narrow minds of broad-and-butter misses, nor of the criticasters who echo those young ladies' idea of fiction and its limits, and thus *Put Yourself in His Place* was written. Of *A Terrible Temptation* the leading idea came to me from the *Times*, viz., from the report of a certain trial, with the comments of counsel, and the remarkable judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Byles." A man who worked in a fashion so characteristic, as he himself says of Shakespcare and Daniel Defoe and Sir Walter Scott, would be sure, sooner or later, to have his authorities discovered, and to be thereupon accused of plagiarism. It is quite true that the leading ideas of his novels were borrowed from alien sources, sometimes from his promiscuous reading in the French drama. Thus *Hard Cash* appears to owe something to Macquet's *Le Pauvre de Paris*, and *A Double Marriage* to the same author's *Château Grantier*. *Foul Play* has some similarity to *Le Portefeuille Rouge*, and the play of *Drink* was an acknowledged adaptation from Zola's *L'Assommoir*. But originality is a hard matter to define, and is at best a doubtful virtue. The charge of plagiarism Reade meets in the Preface to *A Simpleton* in the following characteristic fashion;—

"It has lately been objected to me, in studiously courteous terms, of course, that I borrow from other books, and am a Plagiarist. To this I reply that I borrow facts from every accessible source, and am not a Plagiarist. The Plagiarist is one who borrows from a homogeneous work: for such, a man borrows not ideas only, but their treatment. He who borrows only from heterogeneous works is not a Plagiarist. All fiction worth a button is founded on facts; and it does not matter one straw whether the facts are taken from personal experience, hearsay, or printed books; only those books must not be works of fiction. To those who have science enough to appreciate the above distinction, I am very willing to admit that in all my tales I use a vast deal of heterogeneous material, which in a life of study I have gathered from men, journals, blue-books, histories, biographies, law reports, &c. I rarely write a novel without milking about two hundred heterogeneous cows into my pen."

and *A Simpleton* is no exception to my general method: that method is the true method and the best, and if on that method I do not write prime novels, it is the fault of the man, and not of the method."

Then follow the various sources from which the different parts of the novel were derived, the South African incidents alone being indebted to thirteen different authorities. If we remember that this diligence has been bestowed mainly on subjects of deep national importance, Charles Reade must be considered a public benefactor, even if he had not written a line of romance. Only the other day the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* were bringing against private lunatic asylums the very accusations which were urged in *Hard Cash* and *A Terrible Temptation*, that they did not attempt to cure an insane patient, and that it was very difficult to procure the release of a sane one. "I am a painstaking man," Reade says very truly of himself, "and I owe my success to it."

Another sentence of personal criticism is equally just, and serves to illustrate, not only his own nature, but also the merits and defects of his literary style. "I bear an indifferent character," he says to the editor of a Toronto paper, "for temper and moderation." Any one who reads through the correspondence published in the volume entitled *Readiana* can bear ample testimony to the truth of this assertion. And if stress be laid on the least successful points in his style of narrative, it too will be found wanting in temper and moderation. It is too rapid, too terse, too jerky, but for these very reasons it sometimes is able to call up a picture in a series of lightning flashes. Moreover, it has the merits of constant animation and liveliness, and, though often wanting in polish, it, like the best of Reade's characters, is racy of the soil. Especially when dealing with the sea it gains force, picturesqueness, and variety, and no better sample can be found than the gallant fight with the pirate ships with which Dodd's career opens in *Hard Cash*. But for pure, simple pathos, there is nothing truer and finer than the scene in *Never Too Late to Mend*, where the gold-diggers on Sunday morning gather round to listen to the skylark.

"Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But, at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round his cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness, the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one, and string them *sotto voce*."

"And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song."

"It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty, and every time he checked his song to think of his theme, the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from and the spring he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild

and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

"Dulce domum.

"And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys and had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths and drink and lust and remorse, but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so for a moment or two years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures, and those floated days; the cottage, the old mother's tears, when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village-church and its simple chimes; the clover-field hard by in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God over head; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked, the sweet hours of youth—and innocence—and home."

A strain of health and manliness runs through all Reade's work: it is not all meat for babes, but it is always on the side of morality. No more unfair charge was ever uttered than that which denounced *Griffith Gaunt* and a *Terrible Temptation* as indecent books. Reade is never afraid to handle themes which to delicate susceptibilities may savour of indelicacy; but it is only the prurient prude who could condemn his manner of treatment. For his own part, he is an enthusiastic defender of Faith and Religion: the "last words to mankind" which he had placed on his tombstone breathe a spirit of the simplest Christianity. A vigorous writer, a clear-headed thinker, untroubled by metaphysical mirage or philosophic doubt, with a rare eye for picturesque effects and a rare appreciation for the subtler details of character, Charles Reade was almost, if not quite, a genius, and only just failed in being an artist. By the side of his beloved friend, Mrs. Seymour, in Willesden Churchyard, lie his mortal remains. His immortal part lives and will live in the memory of English-speaking races.

W. L. COURTNEY.

THE LORDS AS A SENATE.

THE time is so far opportune for dealing with this subject that at no other recent period would an enquiry into the constitution, the functions, and the conduct of the Upper House have attracted serious attention or practical consideration. The temper of the moment is perhaps less unfavourable than it seems. The demonstrations have demonstrated rather the absence than the existence of passion. The public are interested enough to care about the subject, not, I think, too much excited to hear reason.

The occasion is in a graver sense opportune. We are about to complete a constitutional revolution; to instal in unquestioned, indisputable power a democracy the most democratic perhaps that the world has seen. Household suffrage excludes the *residuum*—to use a phrase that most aptly describes that floating, ignorant, demoralized mass which hangs on the skirts of organised industry; which includes all between the lowest ranks of regular unskilled labour on the one side and acknowledged crime or pauperism on the other. Coupled with the lodger qualification, it is a residential franchise; and disfranchises that homeless, unsettled, turbulent class which, having nothing to fear from anarchy, is always an element of political peril, which in France constructs and defends barricades, which in American cities recruits the forces of corruption and disorder. But household suffrage in this country gives us a democracy more democratic, in a sense, than that of Athens or the later Roman Republic, less stable than that of France or America. The democracies of the Old World were based on slavery; those of modern times have been landed democracies. The stability of the Swiss, French, and American Republics rests on a propertied electorate, a majority of peasant proprietors and citizens with movable wealth to lose. A vast majority of our present urban and future county electorate live from hand to mouth, depend for daily bread on weekly wages. They pay no *sensible* taxes; no taxes, that is (the small tea-duty excepted), which could practically be increased or which they themselves would wish to reduce. They contribute to the national expenditure only through drink and tobacco, which are already as heavily taxed as the dread of illicit production will allow, and which they would be sorry to cheapen. They have no interest in economy, nothing to fear from lavish national expenditure, will bear no part of the cost of a policy their votes determine. A large majority of the House of Commons is already returned, actually or potentially, by the votes of this class. We are about to place the rest of the constituencies in the

same hands. The world has seen no such government, no such unpropertied democracy, except in great cities like New York, Paris, and Geneva, whose example is not exactly encouraging. But the thing has to be done. We are committed by the fragmentary legislation of 1867-8, against which, it may be remembered, Lord Salisbury vehemently protested. That protest failed, and the Tory leaders are far too wise to suppose it possible or desirable to withhold any longer from the householders of the counties the franchise bestowed on those of the boroughs. What they demand is that there shall not be a second attempt at fragmentary constitution-mending: that before the present county electorate part with their privilege, they shall receive the full equivalent; that the enlarged county constituency of England and Wales shall return not 187 but 260 members; that under an equal franchise one urban householder shall not, as now, outvote two county householders.

But the objection to piecemeal legislation surely goes further and deeper. The checks and balances of our constitution, as well as its working machinery, require to be thoroughly overhauled when we are completing the introduction of a new principle,—a novel, mighty, irresistible motive power. Down to 1831 our representative system was based on privilege. A privileged hereditary territorial aristocracy might well control a House of Commons chosen by privileged constituencies. From 1831 to 1868 an electorate of shopkeepers and farmers were naturally amenable to the influence of a class uniting the claims of birth and wealth and rank. But a democracy is intolerant of privilege, and impatient of control from without. An hereditary Upper House *may* work with a democratic House of Commons; but the possibility is to be proved, certainly not to be taken for granted. As a constitutional motive power, a middle-class electorate, however wide, is slow, cautious, parsimonious, comparatively feeble. The introduction of democracy is the introduction of a novel, infinitely more powerful, more sudden, more variable and practically irresistible force. Will the old machinery bear the strain; will the old checks, balances, and “governors” suffice? We are removing the privileged county constituency which shared the character both of the hereditary aristocracy and the democratic electorate of the towns; the fly-wheel which equalised the action of the popular motive force so as to prevent any sudden pressure, any violent collision. Metaphor is not proof, analogy is not argument; but, as men of science and philosophic politicians have long since learned, the analogy between social and mechanical forces is not verbal but real. We are about to do in politics what no engineer in his senses would dare to do in mechanics,—to bring the unknown incalculable strain of a novel motive force to bear upon the weakest part of our constitutional machinery, upon controlling powers

adapted to a far feebler, more even, less sudden and variable action.

Like every other part of our constitution, the House of Lords was not made for but has grown into its present functions. From being first an assemblage of vassal powers, afterwards a senate of hereditary officials, it has gradually become a Second Chamber, a revising, checking assembly, in the modern sense. It is indeed the type and original from which the idea of all existing second chambers has been derived. We can hardly say that our House of Commons has been borrowed. Representation is the inevitable resort of a democracy too large for primary meetings. But every free state has borrowed as much as it could of the House of Lords; has copied not merely our bi-cameral Parliament, but most of the distinctive functions and characteristics of our Upper House. Critics, by no means biassed in favour either of England or of aristocracy, have not only imitated much, but openly regretted their inability to imitate more closely. French Republicans and German bureaucrats, the democratic founders of the youngest American States as well as the by no means democratic Federal Convention, have endeavoured to give to their Second Chambers the weight, the independence, the dignity, the gravity of ours. States and colonies averse to aristocracy have endeavoured by longer tenure of office, by larger, more select, or more august constituencies, by nomination, by every means in their power, to obtain a Senate as nearly as possible approaching the English model. The Upper Houses of Prussia and of the German Empire closely resemble ours. The American Senate, based on the representation of sovereign or semi-sovereign States, is the only rival type. The inferiority of other elective or nominated Upper Chambers is universally and regretfully confessed.

The history of the House of Lords explains and justifies the unanimous and often unconscious compliment paid to it by foreign and colonial imitators. The historical successor of the old Witanagemot, it was under the earlier Plantagenets the true Parliament of England. The barons and prelates, the former especially, were individual powers, mighty in virtue of their lands and of their following; collectively stronger than either King or Commons, till the mutual slaughter of the old Norman nobility in the Wars of the Roses, and the complete demoralisation of the Church, destroyed their individual and therefore their collective weight. The new nobility of the Tudors were rather hereditary officers of State and local rulers than feudal magnates; the power of the Church had rotted to the core; and the civil war of the seventeenth century showed how completely the Commons were in the ascendant. From the Restoration down to the Reform of 1831 the two Houses were generally in accord. At great crises the Lords fulfilled, very

accurately on the whole, the functions of a Second Chamber. Holding their seats for life, they were less completely carried away by the passions of the moment, and therefore more truly represented the real and permanent national feeling than the Commons, whose majority always reflected, and still reflects, not the nation, but the party uppermost for the moment. The Lower House of the Convention in 1688 was undoubtedly far more revolutionary, far more Whig than the people. The Peers, hesitating between their hatred of a foreign dynasty and their hatred of popery, between the dread of revolution and the dread of despotism, accurately reflected the real feeling of the country; as the enduring danger of counter revolution and the extreme unpopularity of the House of Hanover afterwards proved. It was probably for this reason that the Peers were strong enough collectively for bolder and more independent action than they had taken since the accession of Henry VII. In the great crisis of the Revolution they rejected the resolution sent up by the Lower House. Parliament and the Prince of Orange put down with a high hand the first germs of Hyde Park demonstrations, and the Upper House yielded at last, not to the Commons or the populace, but to the necessity of the case—to the positive refusal of William to accept either a regency or a crown matrimonial, and the bigoted impracticability of James. William III. swamped the House with Dutchmen and Whigs. The counter measure for which the ministers of Queen Anne have received so much censure did but restore the natural balance. Under William and Anne, George I. and George II., the Peers were not only more independent but more really representative than the unreformed and venal House of Commons. They repeatedly restrained the Whigs from persecuting High Tories, the Tories from persecuting Dissenters. In the long reign of George III. the Lords once threw out a measure of the first class. Two unscrupulous statesmen had formed an unprincipled coalition, and endeavoured, by an unprecedented abuse of a Parliamentary majority, to appropriate to themselves—independently of Crown or Ministry, Parliament or Company—the vast patronage of India. The secret influence of the Crown was used to baffle the corrupt influence of the faction in power. An intrigue, aiming at unconstitutional and indefensible ends, was defeated by an unconstitutional counter intrigue. But whatever the motive of the Peers, their action was constitutional and its result memorable. Fox and North declaimed loudly against a dissolution, threatened and agitated in vain. The event showed how well-grounded was their distrust of the popular verdict. Pitt appealed to the country, the Coalition were scattered to the winds, the Whig party hopelessly discredited; and nearly fifty years of Tory ascendancy was the consequence.

For half a century the Lords were substantially in accord with the

Commons and the country. They accepted Peel's and Huskisson's reforms; they acquiesced even in Catholic Emancipation, when the Duke insisted on its necessity. But the change of policy on so vital a question broke up the Ministerial following and disorganised the Tory party. Amid political confusion at home, anarchy and threatened war abroad, the Whigs came into power, and announced a scheme of reform which took the country utterly by surprise. Defeated in the Commons, they appealed to the old constituency, and obtained an overwhelming majority. The Lords at first refused to yield. Why should they submit to a constituency which, equally with themselves, might be called "a narrow and privileged oligarchy?" Or to a middle-class whose claim to have, for the first time, a constitutional position and articulate political voice was the very issue in dispute? But when the Duke had been sent for, and had abandoned the helm—when the leader of Opposition virtually confessed that without passing the Bill the King's Government could not be carried on—the Peers yielded, and passed a measure they believed to be revolutionary, endangering the throne, the aristocracy, property, and order. That submission for the first time established the principle that the constituencies, speaking through a newly-elected House of Commons, are the arbiters of constitutional right, and the final court of political appeal. From that principle the Lords have never since departed; by that appeal they are now ready and eager to abide.

Since that time, what important measure have the Peers rejected or even delayed? Did they revenge themselves for a mortifying defeat by thwarting the ministries of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne? Certainly not. They passed one "heroic" measure of reform after another. To Conservatives the Municipal Reform Acts seemed to involve serious interferences with proprietary rights and vested interests. The abolition of slavery was believed to involve the ruin of our West Indian Colonies, threatening to reduce hundreds of well-to-do English families to penury. The curtailment of the Irish Church seemed to Tories and Churchmen little less than sacrilegious. But every one of these measures was passed, not perhaps without murmur or menace, but without serious resistance, by the Lords. The Government of Lord Melbourne broke down, from financial incompetence and growing unpopularity, in 1839; it was sustained for two years longer by the misunderstanding between Sir Robert Peel and the Court. But no obstructive action in the Upper House contributed to its downfall. The Whigs went to the country at last on the question of Protection, and Peel came in with an overwhelming Protectionist majority. He began almost at once to sweep away Protective duties, and the Lords made no opposition and little demur. The repeal of the Corn Laws by a House of Commons

elected to maintain them, by a Minister brought in on that very issue, strained not only party allegiance, but the constitutional freedom of Parliament to the uttermost. It might certainly have seemed the right and the duty of a Second Chamber hostile to the change to resist it, at least until a dissolution had given the constituencies an opportunity of sustaining or reversing their previous decision. But the House of Lords was an assembly of landowners, who believed that the repeal meant the immediate sacrifice of a very large part of their incomes. Just for that reason it was difficult for them to resist a measure in which they had so deep a personal interest, when the advisers of the Crown declared that measure indispensable in the face of impending famine. The Navigation Laws and the Sugar Duties, again, were not mere questions of fiscal policy. One was supposed to involve the maritime ascendancy of Great Britain, the other her obligations to colonies which she had deprived of slave labour and now exposed to slave competition. On such points a strong Second Chamber would have exercised a judgment of its own; certainly interposed a long delay. The Lords yielded. They did delay for twelve months the repeal of the Paper Duties, and thereby saved the country from a deficit of two or three millions. But this was a question of detail. Mr. Gladstone has passed three great party measures; one destroying the privileges and confiscating the property of the National Church in Ireland, and two interfering with the rights of landed property. The last Irish Land Act, at least, violated directly and signally the solemn pledges given by Parliament to living purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Act. The protection of fundamental institutions like the Established Church, of public faith, and of the rights of property, is supposed to be the especial function of a Second Chamber. But neither the Disestablishment Act nor the Irish Land Acts were seriously modified in the Upper House.

This could hardly have happened in any other Second Chamber possessing social weight and legal authority comparable to that of the House of Lords. What a really powerful aristocracy might have done in such a case we may see in the history of Rome. The Senate resisted for five years the reforms of Caius Licinius, and maintained a stubborn and partially successful struggle against the Agrarian legislation of the Gracchi—legislation less daring and less subversive than Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Laws. The Senate of the United States claims at least an equal voice in legislation with the House of Representatives. It would assuredly have thrown out, and thrown out more than once, any measure to which the Senators objected half as strongly as the Lords and three-fourths of the propertied classes of this country objected to the Irish Land Bills. But the Roman Senate included every man of character who had

ever filled a high State office, and wielded at once the influence of an hereditary Chamber and the authority of an assembly comprising all the veteran proven statesmanship and administrative experience of the State. Each American Senator speaks in the name of a sovereign State; as the representative of a powerful community. The House of Lords has not the self-confidence of its antitypes. In defending the political bequests of the past, a Chamber resting on usage and privilege stands at especial disadvantage. For the protection of property, an assembly of hereditary proprietors is but a feeble instrument. Its direct and obvious interest disqualifies it to arbitrate between vested proprietary right and the claims of the non-propertyed multitude. Four or five hundred gentlemen selected by the chance of birth, members of a single class, representatives of a single interest, feel themselves overweighted when opposed to legislators who claim, truly or falsely, a direct popular commission. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill and the repeal of the paper duties illustrated the weakness of such a position. Their rejection by any other Second Chamber would have been a matter of course. The one was obviously incompatible with that financial equilibrium which it was the settled policy of the country to maintain. It was delayed only on that ground, and only till that objection should be obviated. But the popular or party clamour excited by its rejection enabled Mr. Gladstone to revolutionize the method of fiscal legislation, for the express purpose of preventing the Upper House from ever again interfering therewith. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill was a hasty and extreme invasion of vested interests and proprietary right. The Peers merely insisted on deliberate consideration, and passed a larger measure as soon as it had been formally and fully discussed in the Lower House. Only the class interest of the Peers as landlords could have afforded a pretext for the invectives directed against them on this occasion. The same may be said of the present issue. The most striking political lesson of the last fifty years is the extreme caution, we might almost say timidity, with which the House of Lords has used its nominal privilege.

Radical orators and journals speak as if the rejection by the Upper House of any measure passed by a majority in the Lower were a political outrage, a high-handed abuse of privilege, if not a constitutional usurpation. Educated politicians know better than to advance such a pretension in express terms, but the language even of speakers like Mr. Morley and Mr. Chamberlain, even of a journal like the *Spectator*, bears no other reasonable construction. More than one leading Radical has already placed the privilege of the Peers almost on a level with the now obsolete vote of the Crown. Half a century of rapid organic, unresisted change, revolutionary in amount and character, however quiet and orderly in method, has taught the Lower House to assert almost unlimited power, and to

expect concession from the Upper almost as matter of course. So rarely has concession been refused that refusal is treated as something wrong and startling. No Second Chamber has ever used its power with such extreme and persistent forbearance as the Lords have shown. Are they never to use it? If they are, must not their own discretion be the rule of their action? What other rule can there be, or what arbitrament between the two Houses other than appeal to the country? Not one of these questions have Ministerial speakers or journals attempted to answer. One half their invectives and arguments are virtually directed against the existence of a Second Chamber, the other half against its present constitution.

Well, then, do we need a Second Chamber? Historical experience, the common consent of constitutional States and democratic Republics, answer in the affirmative. France and one or two other Republics have tried the experiment of a single legislative assembly and pronounced it a failure. If they cannot dispense with such a check or balance-wheel, much less can we. * Our new constitution will stand in far more need of restraints on the haste and violence of pure democracy than any other. First, ours will be, as aforesaid, a democracy of working men, a *landless* democracy. Secondly, our omnipotence of Parliament is almost without a parallel. Even the Athenian constitution, even that of Rome in its better days, placed no weapon so dangerous, no power so tremendous for good or evil, in the hands of a popular assembly. America knows nothing of the kind. The model Republic has placed the Constitution, property, personal liberty, State rights, under guarantees all but absolute. They cannot be touched but by a process so elaborate that it can be worked only at revolutionary crises. There exists in the United States no Parliamentary power to amend the Constitution, to pass an act of attainder, to confiscate property or invalidate a contract, to divide a State nor, as the best authorities pronounce, to render paper money legal tender. Congress confiscated the Arlington estate and turned it into a national graveyard. Yet American law has restored the great cemetery of the Federal army to the heirs of the Confederate Commander-in-Chief! Only the assent of three-fourths of the States, through assemblies convened for the express purpose, can do what Parliament can do by a single act. Switzerland places on Parliamentary legislation the check of a direct reference to the people, a check which has proved exceedingly powerful. We are about to place in the hands of a democracy exceptionally democratic, in a social state the least democratic in the world, powers of legislative action large, absolute, and rapid beyond all precedent; powers upon which all democratic constitutions that have stood the test of experience impose stringent limitations. If, then, a Second Chamber be by common consent of free nations essential, it is doubly indispensable to us.

Granted the need of a Second Chamber, the House of Lords is not too strong ; but, judging by experience, too weak. Its moral and social strength, indeed, are great ; its ordinary working is eminently satisfactory. By the practical confession of both the great parties, one half the available political ability of the State is found among four or five hundred hereditary legislators. Parliament, necessity, and usage account perhaps for the number of Cabinet places filled by Peers, but not for their character. The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, and, as a rule, the Lord President, must be Peers, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Home Secretary must be Commoners. But when *working* offices are given by preference to Peers, it is not as Peers, but as Members of Parliament. If better men were to be found in the Lower House they would be preferred. In the present Cabinet, the most Radical that England has known, how are the great working offices distributed ? Besides the Premier, the chiefs of two great departments, finance and home government, are necessarily seated in the Lower House. The Lord Chancellor alone of the greater Ministers is necessarily a Peer. There are five great offices of equal rank with these, which can be filled by Peers or Commoners at the option of the Premier : the Foreign, Indian, and Colonial Secretaryships, and the headships of the two great spending departments, the Army and Navy. But, on no other ground than that of fitness, Mr. Gladstone has given *four* of these five offices to Peers, and the fifth to the heir of a dukedom. This is a confession that more than half the available statesmanship and administrative capacity, even of the Liberal party, is found among our hereditary legislators.

No constitution maker, no convention authorized to remodel the British Constitution, would nowadays dispense with a Second Chamber, nor probably base it upon hereditary privilege. Theoretically, the eldest sons of five hundred ennobled families should be simply five hundred educated gentlemen taken by lot. Practically they are very much more. We should not find, among five hundred Oxford, Cambridge, or London graduates, fifty or thirty men equal to the first fifty or thirty chosen representatives of the people, one or two men of supreme genius alone excepted. But the history of royal and noble families shows that the actual level of intellectual power, due to inheritance, education, expected and practical responsibility, is incomparably higher than the doctrine of chances would allow ; far higher than could *a priori* have been anticipated. Half the "Collective Wisdom" of England is to be found in the Upper House. We are not likely then to abolish the Peerage. Even an English democracy will hardly allow them to exercise at random and at pleasure the true and full functions of a Second Chamber. Experience and common sense would surely suggest that the ex-

ample of the judicial should be applied to the political functions of the Peerage; that, as the former are left to trained jurists, the latter should be delegated—as for nine-tenths of each session they are practically delegated—to trained politicians. England cannot afford, an English democracy above all cannot afford, to dispense with the services of a caste trained to regard honour, to despise money, educated to leadership, with leisure, wealth, and encouragement to devote themselves to social, official, or political service. But English common sense and democratic feelings will require something more than birth, wealth, and opportunity in those who claim the actual exercise of legislative power. We may be content to make a Peerage an essential qualification for a seat in the Senate; especially if the present check on the free choice of the Crown be removed, if the Sovereign with the advice of her Ministers be allowed to create each year a small fixed number of life Peers. But the House of Commons shows, like most popular assemblies, some tendency to degenerate into a mob. Our Senate must not on critical occasions be a mob, though it be a mob of educated, wealthy, high-minded English gentlemen. The few extra-parliamentary privileges of the Peerage excite no jealousy or ill-will. No one would seriously object to preserve along with these the right of electing and being elected to the Upper House. In its ordinary every-day character, the House of Lords consists of the ablest, most experienced, most eminent Peers of both political parties. A well-considered scheme of election by the Peers themselves would make the House, in theory and constantly, what it is in practice except on exciting occasions, and always ought to be. The absurd democratic practice under which the representative Peers of Ireland and Scotland are chosen by the whole body, and therefore represent the majority alone, exhibits in its worst form the worst fault of our electoral system. In the Senate, at least, we must secure a fair and full representation of minorities. If every Lord who receives the votes of ten, fifteen, or twenty of his peers were entitled to a seat, we should miss from the House of Lords few of those who now contribute to the thoughtfulness or brilliancy of its debates, to the weight of its opinion, to the authority of its decision. Fifty hereditary nobles, elected by their peers, would represent more truthfully than the chance assemblages convened by party influence or caste feeling, the real intelligent opinion of the Peerage at large, if that opinion is to be judged by weighing voices and not merely counting them. The life Peers, appointed by the Crown on the advice of the Premier or Lord Chancellor for the time being—three, four, or five in each year—would, of course, represent the permanent balance of parties in the Lower House. The number of Liberals and Tories respectively would be proportioned to the period for which either party held power. The Upper House would

still be, as most impartial men would have it, more Conservative in a general if not in a party sense than the Lower. Popular election always tends to an over-representation of the party of movement, and especially of its more violent section. The constitution of the Upper House should counteract a tendency so dangerous. Such a scheme would have many incidental advantages. If it be found desirable, for example, that the Colonies should be represented in the Imperial Parliament, the selection of their ablest statesmen as life Peers would probably afford the best and most convenient means of giving them due hearing and weight in the Imperial councils, without inviting or obliging them to interfere in purely British affairs.

The agitators, and I fear some to whom I would not apply such a name, are looking for a remedy in the wrong direction. Granting the need of a Second Chamber, we cannot afford to weaken the House of Lords. It is already far too weak for the functions assigned in every other democracy to the less democratic and more Conservative elements of the Constitution. We must find in the Upper House an equivalent, not merely for the strength of the American Senate, but for the guarantees provided by the Federal Constitution,—the checks on hasty legislation, on fundamental change and practical injustice afforded by the presidential veto, the nullifying power of the judiciary, and the intentionally unworkable machinery of constitutional amendment. Radicals propose to give the Upper House a merely suspensive veto. But even Mr. Bright's authority has failed to reconcile so dangerous a proposal to English common sense. It would deprive the Lords of one very useful and popular function, the quiet suppression of sectarian crotchets carried by agitation or organisation in the Lower House. It would be exercised with very little reserve on the one hand; on the other it would exert no moderating influence on legislation. Ministers would take no pains to conciliate and the Opposition would have no motive for forbearance. Coming from men who avowedly distrust the Lords, the idea of leaving them a power of suspending legislation for twelve months is surely illogical. At present they rarely can or attempt to do more, and in critical cases a year's delay in a measure pronounced by the responsible Government indispensable might seriously imperil the safety of the country. This, some Liberals allege, was the actual effect of the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. The *Spectator's* proposal that the Crown should summon Peers at will—that is, that the Upper House should be chosen by the Premier at the commencement of each Parliament—is likely to find no favour. In the hands of a Peel or a Palmerston the exercise of such a power would be invidious; no Liberal would entrust it to Lord Salisbury, no Tory to Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Chamberlain. Such a House, moreover, would be useless; enslaved, like American Presi-

dents, but in a far greater degree, by the desire of re-nomination. No Peer whom a Minister could dare to omit would venture to give an independent vote. Such an Assembly would not be an Upper House, but at most an unwieldy Royal Commission for the origination of technical measures and the suggestion of merely formal or practical amendments in measures already virtually passed by the Commons.

I might say much more. I might compare the House of Lords at length with the Roman and the American Senates, the only other successful Upper Houses, and show how closely in constitution, and even in temper and action, it resembles the former, the greatest governing assembly that the world has ever seen. I might dwell on its representative character and functions. Substantially, the feelings and instincts of the House of Lords are those of the great majority of the propertied and highly-educated classes, whose opinion under a democratic polity, in a country whose social constitution is still so thoroughly aristocratic, should surely find expression, and exercise a practical influence on legislation and government. But I have already reached the utmost limits of space that can be allowed me. To sum up, then. The Lords are within their constitutional right. They are defending, not withholding, the rights of the county householders. They are not resisting, but insisting on a reference to the will of the country. They object to piecemeal constitution-mending. I go further. A complete reconstruction of the representative system involves a reconsideration of the entire Parliamentary constitution. The introduction of a new and irresistible motive power requires the readjustment of the checks and balances adapted to a different and much weaker one. We need a Second Chamber stronger, more popular, more authoritative than ever. That Second Chamber cannot be found in the peerage at large, exercising its collective functions suddenly and capriciously in exciting crises. By delegating those functions as they are usually delegated, and as the legal privileges of the peerage have been openly and formally delegated, the uses and duties of a Second Chamber may still be vested in the House of Lords. Other means, perhaps better, might be found to strengthen, invigorate, and popularize it. But failing some reform there is too much reason to fear that that House will be gradually, insensibly, if not violently, stripped of its prerogatives; the balance of the constitution will be destroyed; and the mighty engine of democracy will be left to work, under circumstances of exceptional and unprecedented danger, without the checks and guarantees for equable, regular, and gradual action which every other free Government, and, above all, the great Transatlantic Democracy, has thought indispensable to social order and political stability.

PERCY GREG.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.

CHAPTER XII.

TOUCHING THE FIRST DAYS OF HER PROBATION.

THE result of her sleeping was, that Diana's humour, locked-up overnight, insisted on an excursion, as she lay with half-buried head and open eyelids, thinking of the Firm of lawyers she had to see; and to whom, and to the legal profession generally, she would be, under outward courtesies, nothing other than the 'woman Warwick.' She pursued the woman Warwick unmercifully through a series of interviews with her decorous and crudely-minded defenders; accurately perusing them behind their senior staidness. Her scorching sensitiveness sharpened her intelligence in regard to the estimate of discarded wives entertained by men of business and plain men of the world, and she drove the woman Warwick down their ranks, amazed by the vision of a puppet so unlike to herself in reality, though identical in situation. That woman, reciting her side of the case, gained a gradual resemblance to Danvers; she spoke primly; perpetually the creature aired her handkerchief; she was bent on softening those sugarloaves, the hard business-men applying to her for facts. Facts were treated as unworthy of her; mere stuff of the dustheap, mutton-bones, old shoes; she swam above them in a cocoon of her spinning, sylphidine, unseizable; and between perplexing and mollifying the slaves of facts, she saw them at her heels, a tearful fry, abjectly imitative of her melodramatic performances. The spectacle was presented of a band of legal gentlemen vociferating mightily for swords and the onset, like the Austrian empress's Magyars, to vindicate her just and holy cause. Our Law-courts failing, they threatened Parliament, and for a last resort, the country! We are not going to be the woman Warwick without a stir, my bretheren.

Emma, an early riser that morning, for the purpose of a private consultation with Mr. Redworth, found her lying placidly wakeful, to judge by appearances.

"You have not slept, my dear child?"

"Perfectly," said Diana, giving her hand and offering the lips. "I'm only having a warm morning bath in bed," she added, in explanation of a chill moisture that the touch of her exposed skin betrayed; for whatever the fun of the woman Warwick, there had been sympathetic feminine horrors in the frame of the sentient woman.

Emma fancied she kissed a quiet sufferer. A few remarks very soon set her wildly laughing. Both were laughing when Danvers entered the room, rather guilty, being late; and the sight of the prim-visaged maid she had been driving among the lawyers kindled Diana's comic imagination to such a pitch that she ran riot in drolleries, carrying her friend headlong on the tide.

"I have not laughed so much since you were married," said Emma.

"Nor I, dear;—proving that the bar to it was the ceremony," said Diana.

She passed three peaceable days at Copaley, at war only with the luxury of the house. On the fourth, a letter to Lady Dunstane from Redworth gave the address of the best lodgings he could find, and Diana started for London.

She had during a couple of weeks, besides the first fresh exercising of her pen, as well as the severe gratification of economy, a savage exultation in passing through the streets on foot and unknown. Save for the plunges into the office of her solicitors, Braddock & Co., she could seem to herself a woman who had never submitted to the yoke. What a pleasure it was, after finishing a number of pages, to start eastward toward the lawyer-regions, full of imaginary cropping incidents, and from that churchyard westward, against smoky sunsets, or in welcome fogs, an atom of the crowd! She had an affection for the crowd. They clothed her. She laughed at the gloomy forebodings of Danvers concerning the perils environing ladies in the streets after dark, alone. The lights in the streets after dark, and the quick running of her blood, combined to strike sparks of fancy and inspirit the task of composition at night. This new, strange, solitary life, cut off from her adulatory society, both by the shock that made the abyss and by the utter foreignness, threw her in upon her natural forces, recasting her, and thinning away her memory of her past days, excepting girlhood, into the remote. She lived with her girlhood as with a simple little sister. They were two in one, and she corrected the dreams of the younger, protected, and counselled her very sagely, advising her to love Truth and look always to Reality for her refreshment. She was ready to say that no habitable spot on our planet was healthier and pleasanter than London. As to the perils haunting the head of Danvers, her experiences assured her of a perfect immunity from them; and the maligned thoroughfares of a great city, she was ready to affirm, contrasted favourably with certain hospitable Halls.

The long-suffering Fates permitted her for a term to enjoy the generous delusion. Subsequently a sweet surprise alleviated the shock she had sustained. Emma Dunstane's carriage was at her door, and Emma entered her sitting-room, to tell her of having hired

a house in the neighbourhood, looking on the park. She begged to have her for guest, sorrowfully anticipating the refusal. At least they were to be near one another.

They spoke of the lawyers, and the calculated period of the trial ; of the husband too, and his inciting belief in the falseness of his wife. "That is his, excuse," Diana said, her closed mouth meditatively dimpling the corners over thoughts of his grounds for fury. He had them, though none for the incriminating charge. The Sphinx mouth of the married woman at war and at bay must be left unriddled. She and the Law differed in their interpretation of the dues of wedlock.

But matters referring to her case were secondary with Diana beside the importance of her storing impressions. Her mind required to hunger for something, and this Reality which frequently she was forced to loathe, she forced herself proudly to accept, despite her youthfulness. Her philosophy swallowed it in the lump, as the great serpent his meal ; she hoped to digest it sleeping likewise. Her visits of curiosity to the Law Courts, where she stood spying and listening behind a veil, gave her a great deal of tough substance to digest. There she watched the process of the tortures to be applied to herself, and hardened her senses for the ordeal. She saw there the ribbed and shanked old skeleton world on which our fair fleshly is moulded. After all, your Fool's Paradise is not a garden to grow in. Charon's ferry-boat is not thicker with phantoms. They do not live in mind or soul. Chiefly women people it : a certain class of limp men ; women for the most part : they are sown there. And put their garden under the magnifying glass of intimacy, what do we behold ? A world not better than the world it curtains, only foolisher.

Her conversations with Lady Dunstane brought her at last to the point of her damped enthusiasm. She related an incident or two occurring in her career of independence, and they discussed our state of civilization plainly and gravely, save for the laughing peals her phrases occasionally provoked ; as when she named the intruders and disturbers of solitarily-faring ladies, "Cupid's footpads."

"I was getting an exalted idea of English gentlemen, Emmy. 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore.' I was ready to vow that one might traverse the larger island similarly respected. I praised their chivalry. I thought it a privilege to live in such a land. I cannot describe to you how delightful it was to me to walk out and home generally protected. I might have been seriously annoyed but that one of the clerks—'articled,' he called himself—of our lawyers happened to be by. He offered to guard me, and was amusing with his modest tiptoe air. No, I trust to the English common man more than ever. He is a man of honour. I am convinced

he is matchless in any other country, except Ireland. The English gentleman trades on his reputation."

He was condemned by an afflicted delicacy, the sharpest of critical tribunals.

Emma bade her not to be too sweeping from a bad example.

"It is not a single one," said Diana. "What vexes me and frets me is, that I must be a prisoner, or allow Danvers to mount guard. And I can't see the end of it. And Danvers is no magician. She seems to know her countrymen, though. She warded one of them off, by saying to me: 'This is the crossing, my lady.' He fled."

Lady Dunstane affixed the popular title to the latter kind of gentleman. She was irritated on her friend's behalf, and against the worrying of her sisterhood, thinking in her heart, nevertheless, that the passing of a face and figure like Diana's might inspire honourable emotions, pitiable for being hapless.

There was an upper middle class, definitely below the aristocratic, boasting an aristocracy of morals, and eminently persuasive of public opinion, if not commanding it. Previous to the relaxation, by amendment, of a certain legal process, this class was held to represent the austerity of the country. At present a relaxed austerity is represented; and still the bulk of the members are of fair repute, though not quite on the level of their pretensions. They were then, while more sharply divided from the titular superiors they are socially absorbing, very powerful to brand a woman's character, whatever her rank might be; having innumerable agencies and avenues for that high purpose, to say nothing of the printing-press. Lady Dunstane's anxiety to draw them over to the cause of her friend set her thinking of the influential Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, with whom she was distantly connected; the wife of a potent serjeant-at-law fast mounting to the Bench and knighthood; the centre of a circle, and not strangely that, despite her deficiency in the arts and graces, for she had wealth and a cook, a husband proud of his wine-cellar, and the ambition to rule; all the rewards, together with the expectations, of the virtuous. Her appearance and her principles fitted her to stand for the Puritan rich of the period, emerging by the aid of an extending wealth into luxurious worldliness, and retaining the maxims of their forefathers for the discipline of the poor and erring.

Lady Dunstane called on her to let her know she had taken a house in town for the season, and in the course of the chat Mrs. Cramborne Wathin was invited to dinner. "You will meet my dear friend Mrs. Warwick," she said, and the reply was: "Oh: I have heard of her."

Considering her husband's plenitude of old legal anecdotes, and her own diligent perusal of the funny publications of the day, that

she might be on the level of the wits and celebrities she entertained, Mrs. Cramborne Wathin had a right to expect the leading share in the conversation, to which she was accustomed. They had to eat in silence, occasionally grinning, because a woman labouring under a stigma would rattle-rattle, as if the laughter of the company were her due, and decency beneath her notice. Some one alluded to a dog of Mrs. Warwick's, whereupon she trips out a story of her dog's amazing intelligence.

"And pray," said Mrs. Cramborne Wathin across the table, merely to slip in a word, "what is the name of this wonderful dog?"

"His name is Leander," said Diana.

"Oh, Leander. I don't think I hear myself calling to a dog in a name of three syllables. Two at the most."

"No, so I call Hero! if I want him to come immediately," said Diana, and the gentlemen, to Mrs. Cramborne Wathin's astonishment, acclaimed it. Mr. Redworth, at her elbow, explained the point, to her disgust.

That was Diana's offence.

If it should seem a small one, let it be remembered that a snub was intended, and was foiled; and foiled with an apparent simplicity, enough to exasperate, had there been no laughter of men to back the countering stroke. A woman under a cloud, she talked, pushed to shine; she would be heard, would be applauded. Her chronicler must likewise admit the error of her giving way to a petty sentiment of antagonism on first beholding Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, before whom she at once resolved to be herself, for a holiday, instead of acting demurely to conciliate. Probably it was an antagonism of race, the shrinking of the skin from the burr. But when Tremendous Powers are invoked, we should treat any simple revulsion of our blood as a vice. The Gods of this world's contests demand it of us, in relation to them, that the mind, and not the instincts, shall be at work. Otherwise the course of a prudent policy is never to invoke them, but avoid.

The upper class was gained by her intrepidity, her charm, and her elsewhere offending wit, however the case might go. It is chivalrous, but not, alas, inflammable in support of innocence.

When Emma Dunstane spoke to her of the certainty of triumphing, she suggested a possible dissent among the fateful Twelve, merely to escape the drumming sound of that hollow big word. The irreverent imp of her humour came to her relief by calling forth the Twelve, in the jargon of the clerk of the Court, and they answered to their names of trades and crafts, after the manner of Titania's elves, and were questioned as to their fitness, by education, habits, enlightenment, to pronounce decisively upon the case in dispute, the case

being plainly stated. They replied, that the long habit of dealing with scales enabled them to weigh the value of evidence the most delicate. Moreover, they were Englishmen, and anything short of downright bullet facts went to favour the woman. For thus we right the balance of legal injustice toward the sex : we conveniently wink, ma'am.

"More shame to the man who drags you before them—if he persists!" Emma rejoined.

"He will. I know him. I would not have him draw back now," said Diana, catching her breath. "And, dearest, do not abuse him ; for if you do, you set me imagining guiltiness. Oh, heaven!—suppose me publicly pardoned! No, I have kinder feelings when we stand opposed. It is odd, and rather frets my conscience, to think of the little resentment I feel. Hardly any! He has not cause to like his wife. Dearest, now that the day of trial draws nigh—you have never questioned me, and it was like you to spare me pain—but now I can speak of him and myself." Diana dropped her voice. Here was another confession. The proximity of the trial acted like fire on her faded recollection of incidents. It may be that partly the shame of alluding to them had blocked her woman's memory. For one curious operation of the charge of guiltiness upon the nearly guiltless is to make them paint themselves pure white, to the obliteration of minor spots, until the whiteness being acknowledged, or the ordeal imminent, the spots recur and press upon their consciences. She resumed, in a rapid undertone: "You know that a certain degree of independence had been, if not granted by him, conquered by me. I had the habit of it. Obedience with him is imprisonment—he is a blind wall. He received a commission, greatly to his advantage, and was absent. He seems to have received information of some sort. He returned unexpectedly, at a late hour, and attacked me at once, middling violent. My friend—and that he is!—was coming from the House for a ten minutes' talk, as usual, on his way home, to refresh him after the long sitting and bear-baiting he had nightly to endure. Now let me confess: I grew frightened; Mr. Warwick was 'off his head,' as they say—crazy, and I could not bear the thought of those two meeting. While he raged I threw open the window and put the lamp near it, to expose the whole interior—cunning as a veteran intriguer: horrible, but it had to be done to keep them apart. He asked me what madness possessed me, to sit by an open window at midnight, in view of the public, with a damp wind blowing. I complained of want of air and fanned my forehead. I heard the steps on the pavement; I stung him to retort loudly, and I was relieved; the steps passed on. So the trick succeeded—the trick! It was the worst I was guilty of, but it was a trick, and it branded me trickster. It teaches me to see myself with an abyss in my

nature full of infernal possibilities. I think I am hewn in black rock. A woman, who can do as I did by instinct, needs to have an angel always near her, if she has not a husband she reveres."

"We are none of us better than you, dear Tony; only some are more fortunate, and many are cowards," Emma said. "You acted prudently in a wretched situation, partly of your own making, partly of the circumstances. But a nature like yours could not sit still and moan. That marriage was to blame! The English notion of women seems to be that we are born white sheep or black; circumstances have nothing to do with our colour. They dread to grant distinctions, and to judge of us discerningly is beyond them. Whether the fiction that their homes are purer than elsewhere, helps to establish the fact, I do not know: there is a class that does live honestly; and at any rate it springs from a liking for purity; but I am sure that their method of impressing it on women has the dangers of things artificial. They narrow their understanding of human nature, and that is not the way to improve the breed."

The Bull's Head, or British Jury of Twelve, with the wig on it, was faced during the latter half of a week of good news. First, Mr. Thomas Redworth was returned to Parliament by a stout majority for the Borough of Orrybridge: the Hon. Percy Dacier delivered a brilliant speech in the House of Commons, necessarily pleasing to his uncle: Lord Larrian obtained the command of the Rock: the house of The Crossways was let to a tenant approved by Mr. Braddock: Diana received the opening proof-sheets of her little volume, and an instalment of the modest honorarium: and finally, the Plaintiff in the suit involving her name was adjudged to have not proved his charge.

She heard of it without a change of countenance.

It was midwinter when Dame Gossip, who keeps the exotic world alive with her fanning whispers, related that the lovely Mrs. Warwick had left England on board the schooner-yacht *Clarissa*, with Lord and Lady Esquart, for a voyage in the Mediterranean: and (behind her hand) that the reason was urgent, inasmuch as she fled to escape the meshes of the terrific net of the marital law brutally whirled to capture her by the man her husband.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTRODUCES THE HON. PERCY DACIER.

THE Gods of this world's contests, against whom our poor stripped individual is commonly in revolt, are, as we know, not miners, they

are reapers ; and if we appear no longer on the surface, they cease to bruise us : they will allow an arena character to be cleansed and made presentable while enthusiastic friends preserve discretion. It is of course less than magnanimity ; they are not proposed to you for your worship ; they are little Gods, temporary as that great wave, their parent human mass of the hour. But they have one worshipful element in them, which is, the divine insistancy upon there being two sides to a case—to every case. And the People so far directed by them may boast of healthfulness. Let the individual shriek, the innocent, triumphant, have in honesty to admit the fact. One side is vanquished, according to decrees of Law, but the superior Council does not allow it to be extinguished.

Diana's battle was fought shadowily behind her for the space of a week or so, with some advocates on behalf of the beaten man ; then it became a recollection of a beautiful woman, possibly erring, mis-valued by her husband, who was neither a man of the world nor a gracious yokefellow, nor anything to match her. She, however, once out of the public flames, had to recall her scorplings to be gentle with herself. Under a defeat, she would have been angrily self-vindicated. The victory of the ashen laurels drove her mind inward to gird at the hateful yoke, in compassion for its pair of victims. Quite earnestly by such means, yet always bearing a comical eye on her subterfuges, she escaped the extremes of personal blame. Those advocates of her opponent in and out of Court compelled her honest heart to search within and own to faults. But were they not natural faults ? It was her marriage ; it was marriage in the abstract : her own mistake and the world's clumsy machinery of civilization : these were the capital offenders : not the wife who would laugh ringingly, and would have friends of the other sex, and shot her epigrams at the helpless despot, and was at times—yes—vixenish ; a nature driven to it, but that was the word. She was too generous to recount her charges against the vanquished. If his wretched jealousy had ruined her, the secret high tribunal within her bosom, which judged her guiltless for putting the sword between their marriage-tie when they stood as one, because a quarrelling couple could not in honour play the embracing, pronounced him just pardonable. She distinguished that he could only suppose, manly, one bad cause for the division.

To this extent she used her unerring brains, more openly than on her night of debate at the Crossways. The next moment she was off in vapour, meditating grandly on her independence of her sex and the passions. Love! she did not know it ; she was not acquainted with either the criminal or the domestic God, and persuaded herself that she never could be. She was a Diana of coldness, preferring friendship ; she could be the friend of men. There was another who

could be the friend of women. Her heart leapt to Redworth. Conjuring up his clear trusty face, at their grasp of hands when parting, she thought of her visions of her future about the period of the Dublin ball, and acknowledged, despite the erratic step to wedlock, a gain in having met and proved so true a friend. His face, figure, character, lightest look, lightest word, all were loyal signs of a man of honour, cold as she; he was the man to whom she could have opened her heart for inspection. Rejoicing in her independence of an emotional sex, the impulsive woman burned with a regret that at their parting she had not broken down conventional barriers and given her cheek to his lips in the anti-insular fashion with a brotherly friend. And why not when both were cold? Spirit to spirit, she did, delightfully refreshed by her capacity to do so without a throb. He had held her hand and looked into her eyes half a minute, like a dear comrade; as little arousing her instincts of defensiveness as the clearing heavens; and sisterly love for it was his due, a sister's kiss. He needed a sister, and should have one in her. Emma's recollected talk of "Tom Redworth" painted him from head to foot, brought the living man over the waters to the deck of the yacht. They were to meet in Egypt. Meanwhile England loomed the home of hostile forces ready to shock, had she been a visible planet, and ready to secrete a virus of her past history, had she been making new.

She was happily away, borne by a whiter than swan's wing on the sapphire Mediterranean. Her letters were peeps of splendour for the invalid. Emma Dunstane, as is usual with those who receive exhilarating correspondence from makers of books, condemned the authoress in comparison, and now first saw that she had the gift of writing. Only one cry: "Italy, Eden of exiles!" betrayed the seeming of a moan. She wrote of her poet and others, immediately. Thither had they fled, with adieu to England!

How many have waved the adieu! And it is England nourishing, England protecting them, England clothing them in the honours they wear. Only the posturing lower natures, on the level of their buskins, can pluck out the pocket-knife of sentimental spite to cut themselves loose from her at heart in earnest. The higher, bleed as they may, too pressingly feel their debt. Diana had the Celtic vivid sense of country. In England she was Irish, by hereditary, and by wilful opposition. Abroad, gazing along the waters, observing, comparing, reflecting, above all, reading of the struggles at home, the things done and attempted, her soul of generosity made her, though not less Irish, a daughter of Britain. It is at a distance that striving countries should be seen if we would have them in the pure idea; and this young woman of fervid mind, a reader of public speeches and speculator on the tides of politics (desirous, further, to

feel herself rather more in the pure idea), began to yearn for England long before her term of holiday exile ended.

On the Nile, in the winter of the year, Diana met the Hon. Percy Dacier. She remarked on Dacier's presence to Emma, without sketch or note of him as other than much esteemed by Lord and Lady Esquart.

Writing from Venice, Diana mentioned Mr. Percy Dacier as being engaged to an heiress; "A Miss Asper, niece of a mighty shipowner, Mr. Quintin Manx, Lady Esquart tells me: money fabulous, and necessary to a younger son devoured with ambition."

At Bellagio one afternoon Mr. Percy Dacier appeared. She had already formed a sort of estimate of his character, as an indifferent observer may do, and any woman previous to the inflaming of her imagination, if that is in store for her; and she now fell to work resetting the puzzle it became as soon her positive conclusions had to be shaped again. She observed in him a singular conflicting of a buoyant animal nature with a curb of studiousness, as if the fardels of age were piling on his shoulders before youth had quitted its pastures. His build of limbs and his features were those of the finely-bred English; he had the English taste for sports, games, manly diversions; and in the bloom of life, under thirty, his head was given to bend. The head bending on a tall upright figure, where there was breadth of chest, told of weights working. She recollected his open look, larger than inquiring, at the introduction to her; and it recurred when she uttered anything specially taking. What it meant was past a guess, though comparing it with the frank directness of Redworth's eyes, she saw the difference between a look that accepted her and one that dilated on two opinions.

Lugano is the Italian lake most lovingly encircled by mountain arms, and every height about it may be scaled with ease. The heights have their nest of waters below for a home scene, the southern Swiss peaks, with celestial Montà Rosa, in prospect. It was there that Diana reawakened, after the trance of a deadly draught, to the glory of the earth and her share in it. She wakened like the Princess of the Kiss; happily not to kisses; to no sign, touch, or call that she could trace backward. The change befell her without a warning. After writing deliberately to her friend Emma, she laid down her pen and thought of nothing; and into this dreamfulness a wine passed, filling her veins, suffusing her mind, quickening her soul:—and coming whence? out of air, out of the yonder of air. She could have imagined a seraphic presence in the room, that bade her arise and live; take the cup of the wells of youth arrested at her lips by her marriage; quit her wintry bondage for warmth, light, space, the quick of simple being. And the strange pure ecstasy was not a transient electrification; it came in waves on a continuous tide;

looking was living; walking flying. She hardly knew that she slept. The heights she had seen rosy at eve were marked for her ascent in the dawn. Sleep was one wink, and fresh as the dewy field and rock-flowers on her way upward, she sprang to more and more of heaven, insatiable, happily chirruping over her possessions. The threading of the town among the dear, common people before others were abroad, was a pleasure: and pleasant her solitariness threading the gardens at the base of the rock, only she astir; and the first rough steps of the winding footpath, the first closed buds, the sharper air, the uprising of the mountain with her ascent; and pleasant too was her hunger and the nibble at a little loaf of bread. A linnet sang in her breast, an eagle lifted her feet. The feet were verily winged; as they are in a season of youth when the blood leaps to light from the pressure of the under forces, like a source at the well-heads, and the whole creature blooms, vital in every energy as a spirit. To be a girl again was magical. She could fancy her having risen from the dead. And to be a girl, with a woman's broader vision and receptiveness of soul, with knowledge of evil, and winging to ethereal happiness, this was a revelation of our human powers.

She attributed the change to the influences of nature's beauty and grandeur. Nor had her woman's consciousness to play the chrysalis in any shy recesses of her heart; she was nowhere veiled or torpid; she was illumined, like the Salvatore she saw in the evening beams and mounted in the morning's; and she had not a spot of secrecy; all her nature flew and bloomed; she was bird, flower, flowing river, a quivering sensibility unweighted, unshrouded. Desires and hopes would surely have weighted and shrouded her. She had none, save for the upper air, the eyes of the mountain.

Which was the dream—her past life or this ethereal existence? But this ran spontaneously, and the other had often been stimulated. She had not a doubt that her past life was the dream, or deception: and for the reason that now she was compassionate, large of heart toward all beneath her. Let them but leave her free, they were forgiven, even to prayers for their wellbeing! The plural number in the case was an involuntary multiplying of the single, coming of her incapacity during this elevation and rapture of the senses to think distinctly of that One who had discoloured her opening life. Freedom to breathe, gaze, climb, grow with the grasses, fly with the clouds, to muse, to sing, to be an unclaimed self, dispersed upon earth, air, sky, to find a keener transfigured self in that radiation—she craved no more.

Bear in mind her beauty, her charm of tongue, her present state of white simplicity in fervour: was there ever so perilous a woman for the most guarded and clearest-eyed of young men to meet at early morn upon a mountain-side?

CHAPTER XIV.

TREATS OF A MIDNIGHT BELL, AND OF A SCENE OF EARLY MORNING.

ON a round of the mountains rising from Osteno, south-eastward of Lugano, the Esquart party rose from the natural grôtto and headed their carriages up and down the defiles, halting for a night at Rovio, a little village below the Generoso, lively with waterfalls and water-courses; and they fell so in love with the place that, after roaming along the flowery border-ways by moonlight, they resolved to rest there two or three days and try some easy ascents. In the diurnal course of nature, being pleasantly tired, they had the avowed intention of sleeping there; so they went early to their beds, and carelessly wished one another good-night, none of them supposing slumber to be anywhere one of the warlike arts, a paradoxical thing you must battle for and can only win at last when utterly beaten. Hard by their inn, close enough for a priestly homily to have been audible, stood a church campanile, wherein hung a Bell, not ostensibly communicating with the demons of the pit; in daylight rather a merry comrade. But at night, when the children of nerves lay stretched, he threw off the mask. As soon as they had fairly nestled he smote their pillows a shattering blow, loud for the retold preluding quarters, incredibly clanging the number ten. Then he waited for neighbouring campanili to box the ears of slumber's votaries in turn; whereupon, under pretence of excessive conscientiousness, or else oblivious of his antecedent damnable misconduct, or perhaps in actual league and trapdoor conspiracy with the surging goblin hosts beneath na, he resumed his blaring strokes, a sonorous recapitulation of the number; all the others likewise. It was an alarum fit to warn of Attila or Alaric; and not simply the maniacal noise invaded the fruitful provinces of sleep like Hun and Vandal, the irrational repetition ploughed the minds of those unhappy somnivolents, leaving them worse than sheared by barbarians, disrupt, as by earthquake, with the unanswerable question to providence, Why!—Why twice?

They were unaware of his religious obligation, following the hour of the district, to inform them of the tardy hour of Rome. Every resonant quarter was anticipated up to the blow, without averting its murderous abruptness; and an executioner Midnight that sounded, in addition to the reiterated quarters, four and twenty ringing hammer-strokes, with the aching pause between the twelves, left them the prey of the legions of torturers which are summed, though not described, in the title of a sleepless night.

From that period the curse was milder, but the victims raged. They swam on vasty deeps, they knocked at rusty gates, they

shouldered all the weapons of black *Insomnia's* armoury and became her soldiery, doing her will upon themselves. Of her originally sprang the inspired teaching of the doom of men to excruciation in endlessness. She is the fountain of the infinite ocean whereon the exceedingly sensitive soul is tumbled everlastingly, with the diversion of hot pincers to appease its appetite for change.

Dacier was never the best of sleepers. He had taken to exercise his brains prematurely, not only in learning, but also in reflection; and a reflectiveness that is indulged before we have a rigid mastery of the emotions, or have slain them, is apt to make a young man more than commonly a child of nerves: nearly as much so as the dissipated, with the difference that they are hilarious while wasting their treasury, which he is not; and he may recover under favouring conditions, which is a point of vantage denied to them. Physically he had stout reserves, for he had not disgraced the temple. His intemperateness lay in the craving to rise and lead: a precocious ambition. Many perplexities were therefore buzzing about his head; among them at present one sufficiently magnified and voracious to swallow the remainder. He added force to the interrogation as to why that Bell should sound its inhuman strokes twice, by asking himself why he was there to hear it! The noisy alarum told him he floundered in quags, like a silly creature chasing a marsh-lamp. But was it so? Was it not, on the contrary, a serious pursuit of the secret of a woman's character?—Oh, a woman and her character! Ordinary women and their characters might set to work to get what relationship and likeness they could. They had no secret to allure. This one had: she had the secret of lake waters under rock, unfathomable in limpidness. He could not think of her without shooting at nature, and nature's very sweetest and subtlest, for comparisons. As to the sex, his active man's contempt of the petticoated secret attractive to boys and greylings, made him believe that in her he hunted the mind and the spirit: perchance a double mind, a twilighted spirit; but not a mere woman. Furthermore, a couple of the members of his family inclined to do her injustice. At least, they judged her harshly, owing, he thought, to an inveterate opinion they held regarding Lord Dannisburgh's obliquity in relation to women. He shared it, and did not concur in their verdict upon the woman implicated. That is to say, knowing something of her now, he could see the possibility of her innocence in the special charm that her mere sparkle of features and speech, and her freshness, would have for a man like his uncle. The possibility pleaded strongly on her behalf, while the darker possibility weighted by his uncle's reputation plucked at him from below.

She certainly had not directed any of her arts upon him. Besides he was half engaged. And that was a burning perplexity; not

because of abstract scruples touching the necessity for love in marriage. The young lady, great heiress though she was, and willing, as she allowed him to assume; graceful too, reputed a beauty; struck him cold. He fancied her transparent, only Arctic. Her transparency displayed to him all the common virtues, and a serene possession of the inestimable and eminent one outweighing all; but charm, wit, ardour, intercommunicative quickness, and kindling beauty, airy grace, were qualities that a man, it seemed, had to look for in women spotted by a doubt of their having the chief and priceless.

He was dozing when the Bell burst through the thin division between slumber and wakefulness, recounting what seemed innumerable peals, hard on his cranium. Grey daylight blanched the window and the bed: his watch said five of the morning. He thought of the pleasure of a bath beneath some dashing spray-showers, and jumped up to dress, feeling a queer sensation of skin in his clothes, the sign of a feverish night; and yawning he went into the air. Leftward the narrow village-street led to the footway along which he could make for the mountain-wall. He cast one look at the head of the campanile, silly as an owlish roysterer's glazed stare at the young Aurora, and hurried his feet to check the yawns coming alarmingly fast, in the place of ideas.

His elevation above the valley was about the kneecap of the Generoso. Waters of past rain-clouds poured down the mountain-sides like veins of metal, here and there flinging off a shower on the busy descent; only dubiously animate in the lacklustre of the huge bulk piled against a yellow East that waited fleets of pinky cloudlets overhead. He mounted his path to a level with inviting grass-mounds where water circled, running from scoops and cups to curves and brook-streams; and in his fancy calling to him to hear them. To dip in them was his desire. To roll and shiver, braced by the icy flow was the spell to break that baleful incantation of the intolerable night; so he struck across a ridge of boulders, wreck of a landslide from the height he had hugged, to the open space of shadowed undulations, and soon had his feet on turf. Heights to right and to left, and between them, aloft, a sky the rosy wheelcourse of the chariot of morn, and below, among the knolls, choice of sheltered nooks where waters whispered of secrecy to satisfy Diana herself. They have that whisper and waving of secrecy in secret scenery; they beckon to the bath; and they conjure classic visions of the pudency of the Goddess irate or unsighted. The semi-mythological state of mind, built of old images and favouring haunts, was known to Dacier. The name of Diana, playing vaguely on his consciousness, helped to it. He had no definite thought of the mortal woman when the highest grass-roll near the rock gave him view of a bowered

source and of a pool under a chain of cascades, bounded by polished shelves and slabs. The very spot for him, he decided at the first peep; and at the second, with fingers instinctively loosening his waistcoat-buttons for a commencement, he shouldered round and strolled away, though not at a rapid pace, nor far before he halted.

That it could be no other than she, the figure he had seen standing beside the pool, he was sure. Why had he turned? Thoughts thick and swift as a blush in the cheeks of seventeen overcame him; and queen of all, the thought bringing the picture of this mountain-solitude to vindicate a woman shamefully assailed.—She who found her pleasure in these haunts of nymph and Goddess, at the fresh cold bosom of nature, must be clear as day. She trusted herself to the loneliness here, and to the honour of men, from a like irreflective sincerity. She was unable to imagine danger where her own impelling thirst was pure. . . .

The thoughts, it will be discerned, were but flashes of momentary vivid sensibility. Where a woman's charm has won half the battle, her character is an advancing standard and sings victory, let her do no more than take a quiet morning walk before breakfast.

Nor had Dacier ever been particularly poetical about women. The present Diana had wakened his curiosity, had stirred his interest in her, pricked his admiration, but gradually, until a sleepless night with its flock of raven-fancies under that dominant Bell, ended by colouring her, the moment she stood in his eyes, as freshly as the morning sky. We are much influenced in youth by sleepless nights: they disarm, they predispose us to submit to soft occasion; and in our youth occasion is always coming.

He heard her voice. She had risen up the grass-mound, and he hung brooding half-way down. She was dressed in some texture of the hue of lavender. A violet scarf loosely knotted over the bosom opened on her throat. The loop of her black hair curved under a hat of grey beaver. Memorably radiant was her face.

They met, exchanged greetings, praised the beauty of the morning, and struck together on the Bell. She laughed: "I heard it at ten; I slept till four. I never wake later. I was out in the air by half-past. Were you disturbed?"

He alluded to his troubles with the Bell.

"It sounded like a felon's heart in skeleton ribs," he said.

"Or a proser's tongue in a hollow skull," said she.

He bowed to her conversible readiness, and at once fell into the background, as he did only with her, to perform accented bass in their dialogue; for when a woman lightly caps our strained remarks, we gallantly surrender the leadership, lest she should too cuttingly assert her claim.

Some sweet wild cyclamen flowers were at her breast. She held in her left hand a bunch of buds and blown cups of the pale purple meadow-crocus. He admired them. She told him to look round. He confessed to not having noticed them in the grass: what was the name? *Colchicum*, in Botany, she said.

"These are plucked to be sent to a friend; otherwise I'm reluctant to take the life of flowers for a whim. Wild flowers, I mean. I am not sentimental about garden flowers: they are cultivated for decoration, grown for clipping."

"I suppose they don't carry the same signification," said Dacier, in the tone of a pupil to such themes.

"They carry no feeling," said she. "And that is my excuse for plucking these, where they seem to spring like our town-dream of happiness. I believe they are sensible of it too; but these must do service to my invalid friend, who cannot travel. Are you ever as much interested in the woes of great ladies as of country damsels? I am not—not unless they have natural distinction. You have met Lady Dunstane? Court her, if ever you come across her. Or have you a man's horror of women with brains?"

"Am I expressing it?" said he.

"Do not breathe London or Paris here on me." She fanned the crocuses under her chin. "If you would have this valley—or mountain-cleft, one should call it—described; only verse could do it for you," Diana pursued, and stopped, glanced at his face and smiled. She had spied the end of a towel peeping out of one of his pockets. "You came for a bath! Go back, by all means, and mount that rise of grass where you first saw me; and down on the other side, a little to the right, you will find the very place for a bath, at a corner of the rock—a natural fountain; a bubbling pool in a ring of brushwood, with falling water, so tempting that I could have pardoned a push: about five feet deep. Lose no time."

Dacier's eyebrows knotted a trifle over her eagerness to dismiss him: he was not used to it, but rather to be courted by women, and to condescend.

"I shall not long, I'm afraid, have the pleasure of walking beside you and hearing you. I had letters at Lugano. My uncle is unwell, I hear."

"Lord Dannisburgh?"

The name sprang from her lips unhesitatingly. His nodded affirmative altered her face and her voice.

"It is not a grave illness?"

"They rather fear it."

"You had the news at Lugano?"

He answered the implied reproach: "I can be of no service."

"But surely!"

"It's even doubtful that he would be bothered to receive me. We hold no views in common—excepting one."

"Could I?" she exclaimed. "O that I might! If he is really ill! But if it is actually serious he would perhaps have a wish . . . I can nurse. I know I have the power to cheer him. You ought indeed to be in England."

Dacier said he had thought it better to wait for later reports. "I shall drive to Lugano this afternoon, and act on the information I get there. Probably it ends my holiday."

"Will you do me the favour to write me word?—and especially tell me if you think he would like to have me near him," said Diana. "And let him know that if he wants nursing or cheerful companionship, I am at any moment ready to come."

The flattery of a beautiful young woman to wait on him would be very agreeable to Lord Dannisburgh, Dacier conceived. Her offer to go was possibly purely charitable. But the imprudence of her occupation of the post obscured whatever appeared admirable in her devotedness. Her choice of a man like Lord Dannisburgh for the friend to whom she could sacrifice her good name less falteringly than she gathered those field-flowers, was inexplicable, and she herself a darker riddle at each step of his reading.

He promised curtly to write. "I will do my best to hit a flying address."

Among the boulder-stones of the ascent to the path he ventured to propose a little masculine assistance in a hand stretched mutely. Although there was no great need for help, her natural kindliness checked the inclination to refuse it. When their hands disjoined she found herself reddening. She cast it on the exertion. Her heart was throbbing. It might be the exertion likewise.

He walked and talked much more airily along the descending pathway, as, if he had suddenly become more intimately acquainted with her.

She listened, trying to think of the manner in which he might be taught to serve that cause she had at heart; and the colour deepened on her cheeks till it set fire to her underlying consciousness: blood to spirit. A tremor of alarm ran through her.

His request for one of the crocuses to keep as a souvenir of the morning was refused. "They are sacred; they were all devoted to my friend when I plucked them."

He pointed to a half-open one, with the petals in departing pointing to junction, and compared it to the famous tiptoe ballet-posture, arms above head and fingers like swallows meeting in air, of an operatic danseuse of the time.

"I do not see it, because I will not see it," she said, and she found a personal cooling and consolation in the phrase.—We have this

power of resisting invasion of the poetic by the commonplace, the spirit by the blood, if we please, though you men may not think that we have !—Her alarmed sensibilities bristled and made head against him as an enemy. She fancied (for the aforesaid reason—because she chose) that it was on account of the offence to her shy morning pleasure by his Londonizing. At any other moment her natural liveliness and trained social ease would have taken any remark on the eddies of the tide of converse ; and so she told herself, and did not the less feel wounded, adverse, armed. He seemed somehow to have dealt a mortal blow to the happy girl she had become again. The woman she was protested on behalf of the girl, while the girl in her heart bent lowered sad eyelids on the woman ; and which of them was wiser of the truth, she could not have said, for she was honestly not aware of the truth, but she knew she was divided in halves, with one half pitying the other, one rebuking : and all because of the incongruous comparison of a wildflower to an opera dancer ! Absurd indeed. We human creatures are the silliest on earth, most certainly.

Dacier had observed the blush, and the check to her flowing tongue did not escape him as they walked back to the inn down the narrow street of black rooms, where the women gossiped at the fountain and the cobbler threaded on his doorstep. His novel excitement supplied the deficiency, sweeping him past minor reflections. He was, however, surprised to hear her tell Lady Esquart, as soon as they were together at the breakfast-table, that he had the intention of starting for England ; and further surprised, and slightly stung too, when, on the poor lady's moaning over her recollection of the midnight Bell, and vowing she could not attempt to sleep another night in the place, Diana declared her resolve to stay there one day longer with her maid, and explore the neighbourhood for the wild-flowers in which it abounded. Lord and Lady Esquart agreed to anything agreeable to her, after excusing themselves for the necessitated flight, piteously relating the story of their sufferings. My lord could have slept, but he had remained awake to comfort my lady.

"True knightliness !" Diana said in praise of these long married lovers ; and she asked them what they had talked of during the night.

"You, my dear, partly," said Lady Esquart.

"For an opiate ?"

"An invocation of the morning," said Dacier.

Lady Esquart looked at Diana and at him. She thought it was well that her fair friend should stay. It was then settled for Diana to rejoin them the next evening at Lugano, thence to proceed to Luino on the Maggiore.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

EUROPEAN CAVALRY.

THE recent formation of a dismounted *corps d'élite* composed of officers and men drawn from nineteen regiments of cavalry in the United Kingdom is perhaps the strangest episode in the annals of that arm. Imperious circumstances have compelled the commander-in-chief of the expedition to Khartoum to resort to this expedient in order to obtain the services of a certain number of seasoned soldiers, but we know from Lord Wolseley's writings that he does not in any way share the opinion of some English officers, holding what are termed advanced views, that cavalry will in future be useless on the battle-field, even against disciplined infantry; that the extraordinary improvements in modern firearms, their capacity for rapidity of fire and greatly increased range, will have the effect of confining the duties of cavalry to minor objects and of greatly diminishing its utility. There might be some truth in this theory if battles were fought on perfectly level plains, if smoke, dust, and mist were unknown, or if the sudden appearance of a body of horsemen well closed-in on the flank of infantry, exhausted by the fatigue and anxiety of a long conflict, were no longer to have a terrifying effect. Among the military nations of the Continent, however, it is recognised that, so far from the time for the efficacious employment of cavalry, either on the battle-field or in enterprises against the flanks or rear of an enemy, being past, a glorious future is dawning for that arm, and that opportunities will arise when well-disciplined, well-trained, and well-commanded cavalry may, through its power of securing for itself comparative immunity from the dangers to which other arms are in a higher ratio exposed, take a leading part in the conflict and perhaps decide the fate of a campaign. Amongst other high authorities, Field-Marshal Count Moltke has recorded his opinion that because in future the destructive fire of artillery will necessitate a scattered formation, the rôle of cavalry will be most important. Greater skill will no doubt be required in handling it so as to bring it into action decisively at the critical moment, *cito parare victoriam*, for only by rapidity in manœuvring can the effect of the breechloader be paralysed.

History proves that without cavalry a victory is rarely brilliant. If cavalry is beaten, according to Montecuculi, the battle is entirely lost; if, on the other hand, it is victorious, the victory is complete. From the day when Hasdrubal destroyed the Roman host at Cannæ, until that on which, two thousand years afterwards, the British squadrons, charging the flanks of the old guard at Waterloo, "pre-

vented all rallying" after the annihilation of the French cavalry, this axiom has been true. In the last great war cavalry on both sides were on several occasions nobly sacrificed in order to gain time for the infantry, or in heroic effort to avert disasters already irreparable, but neither in the "death rides" of Worth or Réjonville, or in the terrible slaughter of Sedan, were the losses as heavy as those incurred by cavalry in the days of muzzle-loaders. That the effect of the fire of modern weapons, requiring as they do in their use considerable skill and a correct judgment of distance, would be very destructive to cavalry moving rapidly outside the zone of 400 yards remains to be proved. In a trial which lately took place in India between 3 Gardner guns and a detachment of 60 picked shots file-firing at 6 stationary targets at 585 yards, the distance being unknown, the latter made only 24 hits out of 411 rounds, and at 900 yards volley-firing, the distance being known, only 36 hits out of 630 rounds. The Gardner guns were even less successful, a result highly encouraging to cavalry.

It is probable that, should war be declared between any of the great states of Europe, several cavalry divisions would be at once pushed to the threatened frontier in order to cover the mobilization and concentration of the armies in their rear. From the first engagements of cavalry and horse artillery on a large scale may be expected, and the question as to which country is to be the theatre of operations will be decided by the rival squadrons. In view of the momentous consequences of success or failure at the outset of a campaign, it is not to be wondered at that a great increase has been gradually taking place in the numbers of cavalry in foreign armies, and that the closest attention has been paid to the organisation of that arm and to the tactics to be employed in manœuvring, in accordance with the exigencies of modern warfare, the vast masses that will be brought into the field.

The proportion of cavalry to infantry in European armies is:—

	Cav.	Inf.		Cav.	Inf.
Greece	1	to 3.3	Belgium	1	to 3.5
Germany	1	" 4.5	Austro-Hungary	1	" 3.8
Spain	1	" 4.06	Russia	1	" 4.2
France	1	" 4.4	Portugal	1	" 7.3
Sweden and Norway	1	" 5	England	1	" 7.7
Italy	1	" 7.3	Denmark	1	" 12.8
Holland	1	" 9.3			

* Exclusive of dismounted men 1 to 11.7.

The peace establishment of the cavalry of the four great continental powers amounts to no less than 250,000 sabres, which would form the first line in the event of war. Of these, European Russia possesses 80,975; France, 68,783; Germany, 61,699; and Austro-Hungary, 43,993. The experiment of arming the Russian cavalry

with long rifles in order that it might act as infantry has been condemned, but all cavalry, including a proportion of men in cuirassier and lancer regiments, are armed with a breechloading weapon. There exists in all these countries nearly inexhaustible reserves, the youngest classes of which would be recalled to the depôts, and after a few weeks of drill and instruction be able to join their regiments to fill up the gaps which increase day by day after the commencement of a campaign. From these also would be drawn the innumerable drivers for the military train, staff orderlies, &c., who would otherwise have to be deducted from the combatant strength of the war squadrons.

Of all nations the Germans may be said to have brought the organisation of cavalry to the highest state of perfection. Acting on the principle that to the army in the field at the commencement of a campaign only such bodies should be sent as have existed in time of peace, Germany could, in the event of a war calling forth all her resources, put at once into first line 93 regiments of cavalry. These would be supported by 144 squadrons of reserve and the 93 dépôt squadrons of the regiments at the front; in all 110,000 sabres. Now clothing and saddlery, already fitted, for this large force is kept in store in charge of each squadron commander. Besides the reserves of horses which, bought at two years old, have been maintained in government establishments until of an age for service, large purchases would be made and depôts formed at the headquarters of each army corps. Nor would the French cavalry under the same circumstances be much inferior in point of numbers; for the first line would consist of 77 regiments, with a reserve composed of the dépôt squadrons and of 148 squadrons of territorial cavalry. In both of these countries the number of horses exceeds 3,000,000, which on an emergency could be purchased compulsorily. It is everywhere accepted as a fact that good cavalry cannot be improvised, that bad cavalry is worse than useless, and that as it takes four times as long to make a cavalry as an infantry soldier, a sufficiency of trained men and horses must be maintained in the ranks in time of peace.

With regard to the organisation of these great numbers of horse-men in bodies admitting of good administration and practical efficiency, although slightly different systems have been adopted in various armies, the principles which have been acted upon have been the same. The division of cavalry, consisting of two or three brigades, is considered in these respects as the largest that can safely be administered and commanded by one officer. Occasions may arise when it may be advisable to concentrate several divisions into a corps of cavalry under one chief (and there are some who think that such a corps, accompanied by a numerous artillery, with mitrailleuses

or machine-guns, would be practically invincible); but this could be done at any time. In addition to independent divisions of cavalry, and in order to avoid the evil of their being frittered away on the battle-field, a certain number of regiments are attached, under the title of divisional cavalry, in proportion of from two to four squadrons to each division of infantry. Although the number of brigades in a division or of regiments in a brigade may vary from two to three of each of these units, there has long been a concurrence of opinion that a regiment should on no account consist of less than 5 or more than 8 squadrons, and that one of these squadrons should in war time be constituted a *dépôt* to which all recruits, remounts, and reserves should be sent, and which should provide for the necessities of the others. To have less than four squadrons in the field to one at home is considered far too extravagant a system. As the size of the war squadrons cannot, with due regard to tactical efficiency, exceed a certain limit, three of these do not constitute a body strong enough for the duties which a regiment may be ordered to undertake. Even a closer identity of opinion is to be found in the organisation of the squadron, the real administrative and tactical unit of cavalry. On all hands it is agreed that the number of horses per squadron should not be less than 150, or more than 180. "Weak squadrons are the ruin of cavalry." They are unable to perform detached duties properly, nor can they act independently on the offensive or defensive. A squadron of less than 100 horses soon ceases to be one, even, perhaps, before it has met the enemy. Squadrons themselves are divided into four sections, each under its own officer, responsible to the commander for its efficiency in quarters and in the field. These sections are again subdivided, so that the non-commissioned officers may keep a close and helpful supervision over each soldier.

"Tactics," Napoleon has told us, "alone give us the means of aiming at great results, are more necessary to cavalry than to infantry, and must be changed every ten years if we wish to remain the victors." The most subtle workman, deprived of an easily-managed tool, is capable of little, and there is no doubt that the leaders of cavalry before that change was made had been seriously hampered by the stiff and unwieldy formations in which that arm was called upon to manoeuvre and to fight, until General von Edelsheim in 1864 introduced into the Austrian cavalry a method of drill which created a complete revolution in the tactics of that arm, which met with much opposition, but which finally has since been adopted by every military nation in Europe. In the Prussian army, especially ever since the close of the war in 1815, in which the cavalry, notwithstanding its devotion, had had constantly to give way to the French, owing to its having been placed under the command of infantry generals, who used it

simply as an auxiliary of their own arm, the absolute necessity of having some fixed rules, which should become second nature to the troops, had been admitted, and the subject of regulating the formation and tactics of large bodies of cavalry had been under the consideration of the most distinguished soldiers of that arm. But it was not till 1872 that a system was approved of by the Emperor of Germany, which, with a few modifications, has now been everywhere accepted as the basis for the manoeuvres of cavalry. The principles of this system are those of the Great King, the master of the art, whose cavalry, more formidable by its rapidity and discipline than by its bravery, was acknowledged even by his enemies to be the best in the world—the formations, those practically created by him, which his pupils Ziethen and the incomparable Seidlitz had profited by, but which had during the first years of this century fallen into disuse.

The most perfect training would indeed avail little if there were no cohesion between the different arms, if they were not accustomed to work together, or if no opportunities were afforded to commanders for handling their troops independently or in combination with others. The custom of holding autumn manoeuvres, to which during the intervals of peace Frederick the Great attached so much importance, were reintroduced in 1821 into the Prussian army, and have been carried on with little intermission since. Other countries have followed the example, and throughout the Continent cavalry are assembled in brigades or divisions for a few weeks in the autumn after the recruits of the year before have passed into the ranks. Regiments thus become accustomed to work together and to know their neighbours, which keeps up that spirit of comradeship so necessary on service. They learn to have confidence in themselves and in each other, and a valuable opportunity is afforded to their leaders of becoming acquainted with those under their command.

We have seen the state of preparation for war in which the Great Powers of the Continent think it necessary to maintain their cavalry in time of peace. Compare with this the condition of the cavalry of this country! Insignificant in point of numbers, "it is," to quote the words of a recent article in the *Times*, "so organised that not a single regiment can be sent into the field at its prescribed strength, or maintained at that strength." Nor is this a new state of things. All through the Peninsular War the despatches of the Duke of Wellington teem with complaints of his want of cavalry. After Salamanca the want of sufficient cavalry prevented the pursuit and destruction of Marmont's army; at Vimiera he attributed his losses to the superiority of the enemy in cavalry; the great risks he ran at the passage of the Douro was due to his weakness in that arm. Before Waterloo he had won many battles, but had never been able

to destroy his enemy from the same cause. Even at that battle, when one-fourth of his army consisted of cavalry, he was obliged to leave the pursuit to the squadrons of Ziethen. And yet in those great days the country possessed a comparatively large force of mounted troops. But the lessons of the war were forgotten in the long peace, and the army which embarked for the Crimea took with it a mere handful of cavalry, only one-twelfth of its whole strength. After the battle of the Alma, that little force was unable to follow up the success which the infantry had so gallantly obtained, and Sebastopol was saved. The victory was not complete. A few weeks subsequently, after having on one day only met the enemy in fight, our cavalry, called upon to do work far beyond its powers, became a nonentity, one of its two brigades, composed of five so-called regiments, of hussars, lancers, and light dragoons, being able to turn out altogether *one* weak squadron. No valid reinforcement could be despatched from England, and in the second year of the war our cavalry, with the exception of two magnificent regiments from India, consisted of raw recruits of all ages hastily enlisted, who, after a few weeks in the riding-school, were sent out to complete their education before the enemy in the campaign in the field which then appeared imminent. In order to obtain trained soldiers, Europe was scoured for adventurers who had served in foreign cavalry. These men, supplied with English uniforms, were formed into regiments, and had it not been for the cessation of hostilities, would have been employed in the destruction of soldiers of a nation with which their own Government were at peace.

If another great war were to come upon us should we now be in a better plight? Who would have the temerity to answer such a question in the affirmative?

The total number of British cavalry which England, famous for good riders and for her breed of horses, possesses for the defence of her interests all over the world, is 15,956 men, and 10,899 horses. Yet the demands upon our cavalry are far heavier than on that of any other country, for it must be in constant readiness to embark at the shortest notice for the most distant lands. At this moment from the north to the south of Hindostan, in the war-like capital of Oude, at the gates of the turbulent city of the Nizam, or on the watch over the native armies of the great Mahratta chiefs, and in Egypt and Natal, English cavalry regiments are stationed.

The British cavalry is composed of 31 regiments, divided, with the exception of the household cavalry, into heavy, medium, and light. Little difference exists in the weights — which compare favourably with those of foreign cavalry — of these various descriptions, as the accoutrements and equipments are practically the same; in fact, a few years ago the men of the heavy cavalry were found

to ride lighter than those of the light. All are mounted on the same class of horse except regiments in India, which are mounted on Australian horses. There are three regiments of household cavalry, five of lancers, ten of dragoon guards and dragoons, and thirteen of hussars. Nine of these regiments are on the Indian establishment, one is in Egypt, another in Natal. Of the remaining twenty, the household brigade consists of 1,221 men and 825 horses; thirteen regiments of the line have each 469 men and 800 horses, and four have 601 men and 400 horses; making a total in the United Kingdom, after deducting the men of the recently formed dismounted composite regiment of 9,034 men and 6,325 horses. Five of these regiments are stationed in Ireland, leaving the strength of the cavalry in Great Britain available for foreign service (for it would probably be impossible to withdraw troops at present from Ireland, Egypt, or Natal) at 6,739 men and 4,325 horses. From the former number must be deducted about 16 per cent. of recruits and 30 per cent. of horses too old or too young for service, and those required for mounting infantry officers, chaplains, surgeons, military police, signallers, and for the numerous duties which in Continental armies are provided for in times of peace. The strength of a British army corps on a war footing is, exclusive of officers, 35,862, of which 3,780 men with 3,144 horses are cavalry. It is evident that, by taking every available animal, it would be barely possible to supply a sufficiency of horses for the cavalry of one such corps. There is no reserve of horses.

Army corps, divisions, and brigades exist only on paper. Regiments on the British establishment are composed of eight troops, the troop being the administrative while the squadron is the tactical unit in our system of organisation. As two troops form a squadron, there are only four of the latter in each regiment. Troops are not subdivided. The number of horses per squadron fit for active service varies from 50 to 70. A regiment has 2 lieutenant-colonels, 3 majors, 5 captains, 11 lieutenants, an adjutant, and a riding master. The lieutenant-colonels divide six years of command between them, the longest period being limited to four years. It follows therefore that one of these officers holds the command for two years only. Nothing can be more injurious to the discipline of a body of men than this constant change. It takes time for an officer to know thoroughly the character of those whom he commands, and it is in cavalry especially, where the condition of the horses and consequent efficiency of the regiments depends so much on the good-will of all ranks, necessary that a mutual acquaintance and even friendship should exist between a commanding officer and his men. Even if slightly quicker promotion is obtained, which is very doubtful, it would appear to be a most wasteful system to remove from so important a post, perhaps

on service before the enemy, a man who has proved himself fitted for it, and to keep him in idleness, in order to replace him by another whose capabilities remain to be proved.

Majors and captains command troops. The former rank has been introduced to mitigate the evil of a recent regulation, under which an officer who has not risen above the rank of captain is compulsorily retired after twenty years' service. Not only are there five superior officers in each regiment, but even that number is increased by the brevet promotions now so lavishly bestowed, especially on staff officers. The number of field officers in our cavalry is 171; in the 93 regiments of German cavalry, where that rank is highly esteemed, it is less than 200; but military titles in the English service convey no idea of an officer's regimental position. An officer returning to the command of his troop after perhaps many years' absence on the staff may find himself, owing to his brevet rank, in command of a brigade with his own commanding officer under his orders, and such anomalies have occurred. Exchanges between cavalry and infantry being permitted, the officer so placed may not have served the apprenticeship so necessary in cavalry, and without which no man is fitted for high command of what the Duke of Wellington described as "the most delicate of all arms." In foreign armies, when exchanges or transfers from one arm to another are never allowed above the rank of lieutenant, and very rarely then, such a system would be looked upon not only as subversive of all discipline but as sure to lead to disaster. The adoption of the system which obtains in some armies of making staff officers return occasionally to regimental duty would be most beneficial, and would probably conduce to promotion by the retirement of those to whom such work is disagreeable.

Lieutenants are distributed among the troops. What with vacant commissions and officers at drill or absent attending the numerous courses of instruction necessitated by their ignorance of matters connected with their profession on entering the service, there are rarely as many as one per troop available for duty. In fact troops are frequently commanded in the field by non-commissioned officers even in peace time. Difficulties have arisen of late in finding a sufficiency of candidates for our small force of cavalry. This has been attributed by those persons who wish to abolish that excellent institution, the officers' mess, to the supposed heavy social expenses entailed by it (as if officers could possibly live more cheaply at clubs, hotels, or eating-houses), and the senior officers, usually the poorest class, have been blamed for this. In old days the expenses were far greater than now, when the strictest economy prevails, yet there was always a superabundance of applicants for commissions. Unfortunately many young men admirably suited for

the profession, accustomed to riding and to out-of-door life, educated in the healthy atmosphere of our public schools, and with sufficient means to enable them to support the compulsory expenses of the service, find themselves beaten in the race of competitive examination by lads whose lives have been spent in cramming, and who are therefore better up in the special subjects of examination. A knowledge of economic physical geometry, or the power of writing essays on such topics as the "Water Supply of London," or a "Visit of Sir Roger de Coverley to Lord's Cricket Ground," would not in other countries be considered as qualifications for a cavalry officer, but the want of them has proved fatal to many an otherwise eligible candidate. The training of the recruits, who in foreign cavalry all join on the same date, is in our army carried out by the adjutant and riding-master, officers specially selected for their capability of imparting instruction. It is not every one, however conversant he may be with a subject, who has the gift of being able to teach it. If our system is to be changed, and squadron officers are to perform this duty, we must expect far less individual proficiency in the soldier, and exchanges from infantry could not possibly be permitted.

The non-commissioned officers are an excellent, well-educated body of men. Besides being good horsemen, they are taught to shoot, fence, sketch, read maps, make intelligent reports, and to understand signalling and many other accomplishments. It is greatly to be regretted that on discharge they should have no claim, as in other countries, to employment by the State, and that public situations now usually filled by superannuated servants of members of Parliament should not be retained for them. It is melancholy to see an old and worthy non-commissioned officer seeking in vain for some humble employment. Although the work in the cavalry is infinitely harder than that in the infantry, there is no difficulty in obtaining for the former respectable recruits, who present a strong contrast in appearance to those enlisted for the latter. It would tend to make the service more popular if non-commissioned officers and well-conducted men, especially of the cavalry, who enlist for longer periods than the infantry, serving abroad were allowed occasionally passages to England on furlough, and would be more economical and less injurious to the soldier than the present system of giving enormous bounties to men to re-engage abroad.

All our cavalry are armed with the sword and Martini-Henry carbine, a weapon with which the greatest accuracy can be obtained up to 600 yards. The objections to the long rifle, owing to the difficulty of carrying it, have proved insuperable. It has been proposed that only when in close proximity to the enemy the carbine should be slung on the man's back in case he should lose his horse,

and that the sword should be hung on the saddle when the men are acting on foot. It is to be hoped that revolvers, which are far more dangerous to friend than foe in a charge, will never be supplied to our private dragoons. Opinions will always differ as to the value of the lance, which has now been discarded in France and Austria. It is said that the only French cavalry Wellington's infantry feared were the lancers. Whatever its merits or demerits may be, it might be desirable to temporarily arm all our cavalry with that weapon (which each man is taught to use) when about to be employed against undisciplined warriors, armed only with spear and shield, who probably lie down when charged.

Horses are purchased at three and four years old and are sent to the ranks as soon as trained. The system of not working horses in the field till they are six or seven years old could not be carried out in our skeleton squadrons. About 30 per cent. of horses in the mounted branches are either too young or too old to be sent on service. In no other army is so much care paid to the fitting of saddlery and equipment, or to condition and shoeing of the horses. Officers are blamed sometimes for attaching too much importance to such details and to be therefore unfit for higher things, but we have been told by the greatest cavalry leader that ever lived that knowledge of such details is the "first step on the path of victory." No daring or brilliancy on the part of a commander can compensate for sore backs and girth-galls, or heels cut with the picket-rope, or for the want of spare shoes, for a horse once unserviceable remains so generally during a campaign.

Brigade tactics have at last been assimilated to those in use on the Continent, but the weakness of our squadrons still renders the total abolition of the old pivot system of drill for bodies smaller than a squadron impossible. Few indeed are the opportunities afforded to commanding officers for the practical instruction of their officers and men in tactics or in detached duties at a distance from the parade ground, in which cavalry ought to be perfect. At Aldershot and the Curragh it is true that much benefit is derived from the assembling of regiments, but in other places the greatest difficulties are encountered. The large manœuvring ground which exists in the vicinity of every garrison town on the Continent is in England considered unnecessary. We know that without elbow-room cavalry is useless, and yet our regiments have to be trained in the most confined spaces, and all the knowledge they obtain before going on service, unless they have been stationed in India, of their most important duties, such as keeping touch of the enemy and making reconnaissances, is purely theoretical. Yet there are large open spaces and wide-spreading downs admirably adapted for manœuvres. The assembling of a force of cavalry and horse artillery annually would be of inestimable value,

not only for testing the capabilities of the commanders but for proving the value of the lessons learnt in the instruction-room.

The good services rendered by mounted infantry in South Africa have attracted much notice to that subject. There can be no doubt that against uncivilised enemies they are of infinite value, and under all circumstances it would be a great advantage to be able to move a body of infantry as rapidly as cavalry. In civilised countries, however, where there are good roads, it is not difficult to carry infantry in light carts, which was frequently done by the Germans in the late war with France; or cars which could carry men whose horses were disabled (and horses fail far quicker than men), and which could go wherever a gun could go, might be made use of. The idea of having a separate corps is scouted in foreign armies. It is thought that it would soon become a species of bad cavalry and indifferent infantry, or bad infantry and indifferent cavalry. In countries where horses or ponies abound, such a force can easily be raised among the adventurous spirits, of whom there are always plenty, officers and men, ready to volunteer for a service which offers so many elements of danger. It must be remembered that the horses of mounted infantry require feeding as much as cavalry, and this would necessitate an increase of transport, with which an English army is never too well provided. That our cavalry can do well as mounted infantry was exemplified by the 10th hussars in the Soudan. In any case it would be, with our cavalry in its present condition, premature to think of raising a new kind of mounted force.

If proof were required of the insufficiency of our cavalry even for a little war, what occurred when a brigade and a regiment of divisional cavalry were ordered to Egypt in 1882 would amply afford it. There was no difficulty in sending out so small a body as three squadrons of the household brigade, but the three line regiments were found to be of themselves quite unfit for service, being in want of officers, men, and horses. These had to be taken from the remainder of the cavalry. No less than 28 officers, including 4 captains of troops, were taken from their duties and attached to the regiments for service, one of which had actually to borrow 3 captains and 11 subalterns. Indeed so great was the stress for officers during the campaign that the services of some gentlemen travelling in Egypt, who had formerly been in the army, were greedily accepted by the authorities. Volunteers to fill the ranks were called for from all quarters, and the deficiency in horses was met by taking almost all the trained animals fit for service in Great Britain. From one regiment alone 200 horses were drawn. In the first reinforcement of men sent out no less than 21 regiments were represented. It may indeed well be asked, "How could discipline and duty have been carried out in regiments so denuded, and what would have happened had they also

been compelled to go on service?" For the regiments sent abroad what could have been worse than flooding them with officers, men, and horses who had never met before the day of embarkation in their lives? All were new to each other, regiments, leaders, staff, regimental officers, non-commissioned officers, men, and horses. The success attained by the cavalry obtained deserved credit, but to send a force so constituted against an enemy possessing well-trained and well-officered cavalry accustomed to work together would be a dangerous experiment.

The question as to how the present state of affairs is to be remedied has long exercised the minds of military men. Numerous schemes have been proposed, and War Office committees have considered plans submitted to them for the reorganisation of the cavalry, but all these have been based on the idea that an increase of men or horses must be avoided at all hazards. Yet it is simply the want of numbers that renders our present organisation defective. The system adopted in the infantry of linking two regiments together, assimilating their uniforms, and making all ranks interchangeable, would give no increase of strength whatever. To keep nine regiments at home as feeders for the same number in India would be to act on the assumption that danger was only possible in that part of the empire. This expedient would only leave 10 regiments of the line for European service, viz. 5 for the 1st line and 5 as links to supply their wants, for if the regiments linked to those in India were to be sent abroad the whole system would break down. The extravagance of keeping a whole regiment in an efficient state merely to train men and horses for another when this could be done by one squadron is apparent. Even the desperate expedient of disbanding some of our small number of regiments in order to increase the strength of the remainder would be preferable to this scheme.

It is now eleven years since General, then Colonel, Valentino Baker, in a lecture delivered at the United Service Institution, vainly urged the imperative necessity of increasing the strength of our cavalry regiments in peace time to 750 men, of maintaining constantly a sufficient number of horses, and of establishing a system of reserves of the latter which could easily be drawn upon if wanted. The late Inspector-General of Cavalry, Sir Frederick Fitzwygran, has recently brought the subject prominently before the House of Commons, and pointed out the advisability of increasing the number of squadrons in a regiment to five; but the small interest now shown by Members of Parliament to military questions not of a party nature affords little hope that, unless his views are adopted by the Government, his words will have little effect. If the proposals of the two above-named officers, who thoroughly know the wants of the English cavalry, were adopted, and if the 19 regiment of the line, not subject

to Indian regulations (although the latter as urgently require augmentation) were raised to 5 squadrons of 150 men and 120 horses, the proportion of cavalry to infantry, of which we possess 83,000, exclusive of those in India, would be as 1 to 6 only. Even if 12 regiments were so maintained, and the remaining 7 were augmented to 5 squadrons of 130 men and 100 horses, 2 army corps could be sent on service complete in cavalry, supported by a second line of trained soldiers, whilst the depot squadrons assembled at large stations would supply the wants of those in the field and remain at home as the last reserve.

The regiments of household cavalry, whose value was admitted even by the most hostile military critics during the Egyptian campaign, and whose duties during peace, owing to the smallness of the number of men, are far heavier than those performed by any other cavalry in Europe, might also advantageously be raised to 650 men, but the limited barrack accommodation in the vicinity of London would probably prevent any large increase in the number of horses. Nor would the expense—that consideration to which the efficiency of our army has so often been sacrificed—be so great as might at first sight be supposed; for increased numbers would permit of the adoption of the much-to-be-desired squadron system, under which the present staff and non-commissioned officers would suffice for a regiment of 5 squadrons. The augmentation, with the exception of the officers for the fifth squadron, would be confined to the horses and the private soldier, whose pay is very little more than that of the infantry. The standard of education being much higher and the ratio of crime far lower in the former than in the latter, as proved by the annual army returns, it is a question whether it would not be more economical to have more cavalry men and less infantry.

It has frequently been suggested that a closer connection should be drawn between the regular and the yeomanry cavalry in order that horses after being trained might be kept by the latter until required for war purposes. A system might also be organised under which persons willing to register their horses as available for the public service at a fixed price in case of war should receive periodically a small sum provided the quality and condition of the animals was satisfactory. Whether either of these schemes is feasible or not, it would be most desirable that the whereabouts of horses fit for the cavalry should be known, and also the number existing in the country. Even during the short campaign of 1882 the greatest difficulty was experienced in finding horses of the right stamp, and these had to be sent out quite untrained, many of them never having had a bit in their mouths.

Until the cavalry is in a proper state it is useless to assert that the

English army is in a perfect state of efficiency. No army can be so if one branch of it is not. "That the whole machine may work properly each spring must be finished with the same care," was said by the great Frederick in relation to the army. The Commander-in-Chief is reported to have stated lately in public that the army was insufficient in point of numbers for the duties imposed upon it. To no portion of the army could the words apply more strongly than to the cavalry. The responsibility rests on those who, no matter to which political party they have belonged, have, to avoid the odium of increased expenditure, left to their successors in office the difficulty of solving the problem. But surely the House of Commons, which willingly accepted the enormous cost of the abolition of the purchase system, under the belief that thereby the army would be rendered efficient, and who have this year voted more than three millions for "non-effective" services, would not refuse the comparatively insignificant sum which would render one branch of it "effective."

The British cavalry has proved on many a battle-field what can be accomplished by courage, order, and discipline. When it has failed it has been due to faults more pardonable in that arm than in others—to reckless leading against overwhelming odds, to the ardour of pursuit, or to the contempt of tactics. It yields to no other in the proud record of its achievements. Well disciplined, well trained, and well mounted, perfect in *personnel* and *matériel*, imbued with the best spirit, it cannot be denied that, owing to the paucity of its numbers and consequent weakness of its component parts, and to the absence of reserves, it is, for a European campaign, perfectly inefficient.

That something must be done, and that quickly, is the opinion of all those who love their profession and have its interest at heart. The "clouds in the East" are still lowering. Who knows when and where the storm may burst, or how soon the words of Lord Wolseley may be applied to ourselves, "Alas! for the army that is weak in cavalry."

KEITH FRASER.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUDAN.

At great cost we are sending into the heart of the Soudan an important expedition. Though its ostensible object is the relief of General Gordon, public opinion may not improbably compel the English Government to do more than this, and measures may be taken to save the towns of Khartoum and Berber from being in the future completely closed to civilisation and commerce. Whatever the task of the future, the moment is opportune for the consideration of the effect which the official recognition of the so-called rights of the slaveholder by our representative at Khartoum early in the year is likely to have on the condition of thousands of unhappy negroes from the upper regions of the Nile, who either are, or will in the future become, slaves. Let me first, however, say, that if I find it necessary to condemn General Gordon's policy, it is not with any wish to detract from the personal character of that gallant officer. At the time the policy I am reviewing was pursued, he was in telegraphic communication with England, and on the 19th February Lord Granville, speaking of him in the House of Lords, said, "We take the responsibility of everything he does. We have given him a very large discretion, and everything he does and we approve, we have complete responsibility for." He may, therefore, be spoken of as carrying out a policy for which the Government of this country acknowledged itself responsible, and which in consequence is open to fair criticism. I may mention that I am not a member of the Anti-slavery Society, though I fully appreciate the good work done by that body in opening a home for freed female slaves at Cairo, and that my experience of the Soudan dates from 1873, before General Gordon went there, when I visited the country for my own pleasure, and had some opportunity of judging the difficulties with which he had to contend. The horrors connected with the slave trade which then came under my personal observation alone were not only sufficient to justify my making the present protest, but to render it a duty for me to do so.

I am aware that the critic in this cause will be told by some, that when so devoted, able, and experienced an officer as General Gordon failed to stamp out slavery in the Soudan, it is presumptuous to say anything more on the subject, while others may point to the circumstance that everybody nowadays admits that slavery is bad in principle, and that it is, therefore, no use merely to declaim against it, unless you have a practical remedy to propose. To these it may be replied that the very fact that

now, by the irony of events, General Gordon has undone with his own hand the work he devoted years of his life to accomplish, is the best proof that other methods must be sought to achieve the end we desire, than the exercise of one autocratic individual influence, such as he brought to bear on the Soudan. We often read in history how one great predominating personality may effect wonders for a time, but the moment that personality is removed from the sphere of its action, the fabric it has founded on itself falls to the ground. Man is fallible, and should provide for the failure of his own schemes. When General Gordon, some years ago, bought black slaves and forced them into his army, he foresaw that people would say, "By buying slaves you increase the demand, and indirectly encourage raids." "Yes," he replied, "I should do so, if, after buying them, I still allowed the raids to continue, which of course I shall not do."¹ He did not foresee that the day might come when the slave-hunters would revive in all their cruelty, and that the only lasting mark of his policy would be the desolate homes in many an African village, from which the slaves he had bought had been taken. The good it was intended to effect is even now passing away, while the evil remains irrevocable, written in tears on the sands of Africa.

And this brings me to the second question, the true remedy for the slave-trade. Livingstone pointed it out long ago; Stanley is working out the problem in Western Africa. It is to encourage the enterprise of Western commerce in every possible way, to open up communications, and establish centres of civilization governed by European principles of equity, not by Turkish despotism; the remedy should come from within, not from without. Had half the money that was spent by Egypt on the war against Abyssinia, been devoted to making a railway from Suakin to Berber, the Soudan would not be in its present condition. Communities, like nations, only become demoralized when they are stationary. As the population and prosperity of a colony increases, the God-fearing and law-abiding gain the ascendancy over the ill-disposed; barbaric customs die out like noxious weeds in a rich pasture, and slavery in time becomes an anomaly, as out of place as cold missionary on the sideboard would be in the present day at a New Zealand feast, or roast widow at an Indian funeral.

The soul-killing, emasculating and polygamous institutions of Mohametanism, cause moral and political death, and must, in the nature of things, pass away before the advance of Western civilization. The process may be slow, but it is sure, and every care should be taken not to retard it. Even in Turkey, where these monstrous institutions yet linger for a while, the signs of their approaching

(1) Col. Gordon in Central Africa.

dissolution are evident to all thinking men. Within another half-century she will either have had to begin a new life more in conformity with Western ideas, or be swept back into Asia. Lord Beaconsfield knew perfectly well the impossibility of supporting indefinitely a government like that of Turkey. Accordingly, he prepared a way for the extension of British influence on the banks of the Suez Canal, and in that great dark continent which borders our high-road to India, the future of which no one can forecast.

But, it may be urged, what use is it to talk of extending commerce and political influence in a district which it has been decided to abandon? Quite so. If we are going to abandon it, and are unable or unwilling at present to carry on the work of civilisation, that makes it only the more imperative that we should do nothing which will tie the hands of future administrators of the country, or that will lead to the increase of barbaric customs during the time that we abandon it to its fate. Surely no one will venture to assert that slavery is an institution which will last for ever, or that, in this age of progress, the internal condition of that vast territory lying between the Red Sea and the "Father of Waters," as Dr. Johnson termed the Nile, the highroad to the heart of Africa, will be entirely ignored. It will probably be found that the policy we have been pursuing will not only tie the hands of those who, in the future, may attempt to administer and civilise this great district, but it will also cause immediate misery to thousands of harmless folk dwelling in the equatorial provinces, who will be exposed to the inexpressible horrors of a revived slave trade.

The situation of those unfortunate creatures who are now slaves in the Soudan is all the more worthy of sympathy because, in 1889, they should, according to treaty, have completed the long period fixed for their servitude by ceasing to be marketable commodities. It is much to be regretted that the date when it was decided that slaves should no longer be legal property in the Soudan, was so long deferred. Surely seven years—the old Jewish term of servitude—is labour long enough to earn any man his liberty. It would have been no violation of the legitimate rights of property to declare every slave who had served that time, free *at once*, and entitled to the protection of the law; and further to decree that no new property in slaves could thenceforward be acquired. Had this been done during General Gordon's administration of the Soudan, it might have caused a revolt, as he feared; but neither Arabi nor the Mahdi were then in a position to complicate the situation, and the European Powers, for very shame, would have had to support Egypt in suppressing it; nor would any one have ventured to propose the abandonment of the Soudan, with such a cause at stake. "Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished?" said William Pitt. "Because it is intolerable injustice. How much stronger, then, is the argument for immediate than

gradual abolition? By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken, do they not desert, their own argument of injustice? If, on the ground of injustice, it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now?" And pity it is this counsel did not prevail in 1877, when the convention was concluded which deferred the abolition of slavery in the Soudan till 1889.

It is not, however, my present object to discuss what might have been done in the past. I should not have referred to this convention, were it not that 1884 is the year fixed by it for rendering the possession of slave property illegal in Lower Egypt; and shame will it be to us, when our troops hold the land, and our Ministers direct its government, if we allow the year to pass without carrying this measure out. That it is possible to do so, the Prince of Wales demonstrated in his speech at the Jubilee of the Anti-Slavery Society. "Slavery," he said, "was abolished in India in 1845 by the simple passing of an Act destroying local statutes, and putting the free man and the slave on the same footing before the law. The natural result took place, and millions of slaves gratuitously procured freedom without any sudden dislocation of the rights claimed by their masters. A plan similar to this would be found a most effectual one in Egypt." Lord Granville on the same occasion spoke reprovingly of statesmen "who urged the miserable plea that slavery could not be abolished on the ground of the rights of property." And yet we find that, against his better judgment, he followed the advice of one who in his published letters has urged, that very plea as a reason why slavery could not be justly abolished in the Soudan,¹ for in another part of his speech he said, "After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir I was most desirous of giving advice to the Egyptian Government of a very strong and drastic character, and I was rather deterred from proceeding to that by the invaluable advice of an earnest Christian and great enemy to the slave trade, and a great genius himself—I mean General Gordon." Now no one will wish to deny that General Gordon is an earnest Christian and a great genius, or that he has always declared himself an enemy to the slave trade; but we may be permitted to doubt whether the policy with which he is identified is either wise or just, for his advice to Lord Granville and his proclamation to the slaveholders of Khartoum both tend to show that he is inclined to temporise with an "injustice," as Pitt truly called it, which can only be adequately met by the most unflinching opposition. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is a good proverb in its way, but it is not advisable to go so far back that you cannot leap at all. The best means of carrying out the decree of 1877 as regards Lower Egypt is, however, a question which would require a paper

(1) "You must either pay compensation, or you must allow a term of years in order that slavery may die out."—Col. Gordon in Central Africa.

to itself, and I can now only earnestly commend it to public attention. My present task is with the Soudan, in which unhappy district, as has been shown, even the protracted vision of emancipation in five years' time, which may have cheered the sinking heart of many a poor slave, has now vanished; and we Englishmen, I blush to say it, have confirmed the right of man to sell his brother man. Far better would it have been had Gordon never been sent to the Soudan, and the Soudanese garrisons left to make their own terms with the Mahdi, than that we should, by word or deed, have given our sanction to this great wrong.

It is true the proclamation published by General Gordon, stating that in future slave-owners will not be interfered with, has been explained to refer to domestic slavery. Let us look at this institution of domestic slavery. No doubt in some households it has the meaning its name implies—that is, the slaves act as servants and are well cared for; but it is a common practice in the East for men, with no means of their own, to buy a slave or two on credit, and farm the poor creatures out, forcing them to earn enough to pay their own purchase-money and keep their master in idleness as well. The slave may earn by his industry many times the price his master gave for him, but he does not earn his freedom, and, if he dies possessed of any money, the master can take it and leave the widow and orphan of his bondsman destitute. Sad, indeed, is the condition of the slaves, male or female, who have such an owner. Hope may spring eternal in the human breast, but there is little hope for them; a life of incessant toil, and, in the case of women, often of infamy as well, is all they have to look forward to, till, when they have ceased to be longer able to gain the income their tyrant expects of them, death from starvation or ill-treatment puts an end to their miseries.

A great deal has been said about the compensation due to slave-owners, but to my less tender conscience it seems that compensation is due to the slave, who has spent the best years of his life in labour which his master never had any right to demand of him. However this may be, it is certain that if we sanction domestic slavery in *any* form, it creates a demand for slaves, and the market will be supplied by raiding; for in the East it is not the custom to breed slaves on a large scale, as we did in our West Indian colonies. The supply being so near at hand, it is cheaper to obtain them by raiding at an age when they are fit for work. Again, if General Gordon's mission was simply to arrange for the withdrawal of the Soudan garrisons, as was stated in Parliament, how could he possibly enforce any distinctions between domestic slavery and wholesale slave-dealing in a country that was about to be evacuated? And here it may be observed, that exactly in proportion to the vigilance our cruisers display in watching for slave-dhows crossing the Red Sea, will the

sufferings of slaves whom it is intended to smuggle over become more intense; because they have often to be conveyed by out-of-the-way routes, where food and water cannot be obtained, in order that they may not be discovered. Lastly, does anyone who knows the East seriously believe that a proclamation, emanating from the British Government, and sanctioning the possession and sale of slaves, however ingeniously it may be worded, will be understood by the majority of Orientals to be limited to domestic slavery alone? Certainly not. All they will understand is that the power which has invariably used her utmost efforts to suppress slavery in every part of the globe, has suddenly reversed the policy of a century and proclaimed openly in favour of slave-holders, lest they should be subject to "regret," as the proclamation quaintly puts it. What will they care about fine distinctions drawn in Parliament? They will simply see that a good time has come for the slave-merchant, and be prompt to take advantage of it.

Now it is within the range of probability that the rebellion, and in fact the whole prestige of the Mahdi, may collapse before the advance of a powerful English force to Khartoum. King Theodore's power crumbled to pieces the moment we approached his stronghold of Magdala, and he discovered that he could not retire beyond our reach. Just as Mahomet Ali's presence at Khartoum completed the conquest of the Soudan, it is quite possible that our arrival there will ensure the submission of the Arab tribes, and that Lord Wolseley will find himself able to appoint governors chosen from among the native chiefs, who, having a wholesome dread of English power, will undertake to keep the trade routes open. In such an event it is important that England should make it clearly understood that she will give no recognition whatever to any right the slaveowner may attempt to claim over his fellow-beings, and that she will not allow governors appointed with her sanction to quote General Gordon's proclamation as an excuse for conniving at an illicit slave trade.

It has been urged that as we are powerless to emancipate the slaves, General Gordon's proclamation can do no harm. This is a grave error. By officially declaring the legality of slave property, we, in the first place, make it a safe investment which will encourage its acquisition, and in the second place, we put the whole power of the law at the disposal of the slave-owner. If a slave escapes from his master and appeals to a local governor for protection, the representative of the law will have no choice but to give him back; the master can claim the assistance of the Government to recover his property, while the slave, the weaker party, has no redress. If, on the contrary, the possession of slave property were steadily ignored, a slave-owner applying to a local official to assist him in recapturing a slave would be told that he could receive no assistance, as the slave was not recognised as legal property. This might not put an end to

slavery, but it would make it the interest of the master to treat his slaves kindly in order that they should not run away from him, and would act as a direct deterrent to the investment of capital in slaves. It will be seen, therefore, that even though it may not now be possible to take measures to suppress slavery in the Soudan, the official recognition of the rights of the slave-owner must seriously affect the condition of the existing slaves, and tend to stimulate the traffic.

It is true that this monstrous proclamation procured the safe arrival of Gordon at Khartoum. I do not hesitate to say it would have procured the safe arrival of anybody, very much as it would be safe for a member of Parliament to visit a den of thieves and murderers, if he went provided with a message from the Home Secretary to the effect that the police of a paternal Government, fearing they might "regret" severe measures, would in future regard their operations with indifference; for the worst scoundrel would be so delighted at the good news that he could hardly wish to harm the messenger. But was not the price too great to pay, and where was the use of Gordon's undoubted personal prestige if it was thought necessary to send such a message before him? If the only object of General Gordon's mission had been to get the garrison of Khartoum down to Berber at once, he could easily have effected that object under cover of this proclamation. But, most unwisely, it was not only decided that the garrisons of Senaar and Kassala should be relieved from Khartoum instead of from Abyssinia, but that Gordon should be empowered to settle the nomination of the future native administrators of the country, thus keeping up a semblance of Egyptian authority which there was no power to support, instead of frankly withdrawing from the place, as we did in the case of Abyssinia, and leaving the tribes to settle their government among themselves.

There were only two really feasible policies applicable to the Soudan: one to establish an equitable administration supported by British arms; the other to abandon the country absolutely, and leave the native chiefs to themselves, even at the risk of there being a period of anarchy. The third course, adopted by the Government—the expression of a hope that General Gordon would remain at Khartoum for some time, was least likely to produce good results, because, without any physical force to back it, it attempted to continue an Egyptian control hateful to the natives. It was enough to undermine General Gordon's chances of success that he held a commission from the Khedive, and, the idea that, as an agent of Egypt, he could settle the local government without troops, was unpractical.

The reason why General Gordon should not have held a commission from the Khedive, is a point which appears never to have been properly understood. The Soudanese have been so horribly

ground down and oppressed by members of the Turkish governing class appointed from Egypt, that they abhor Egyptian officials with the bitter rancour begot of accumulated wrongs; the influence of the Mahdi, indeed the whole rebellion, is nothing but the natural outcome of this feeling among a people who, after being oppressed for generations, have suddenly discovered that they are stronger than their tyrants. It should not be forgotten that it was principally to the cupidity of the Egyptian governors that the East African slave trade owed its development. The old native sultans of Darfur exported one slave caravan yearly, but Zebehr soon made the slave traffic the staple commerce of the province, and though some men grew rich, the people of the interior suffered in proportion. True, General Gordon proposed to appoint the descendants of former sultans as governors to the different districts of the Soudan, but they were to receive their appointments through him as Egyptian Governor-General; and the natives only saw a change of name with no prospect of shaking off the old tyranny. So long as Egyptian officials appointed the governors of the Soudan, what guarantee had they that when General Gordon departed they would not be harassed as before? Nay, they had the certainty of it, when such a King Stork as Zebehr was proposed as his successor. Thus if any attempt is made, as most certainly it should be made, to leave a government behind us when our troops retire from the Eastern Soudan, the appointment of the governors should not again be placed in the hands of Egypt. An English resident should be appointed at Suakim, until such time as it might be found safe to establish him at Khartoum. To him the chiefs of the Arab tribes should be instructed to come for advice. By him alone, the appointment of such governors as may be best able to perform their duties should be sanctioned. The people should be taught that England does not wish them to be again oppressed by Egyptian rulers, and that they have everything to gain from friendly relations with this country. In short the old blunder of attempting to keep up a semblance of Egyptian power in the Soudan, when we have practically forced Egypt to abandon that country, must not be committed again.

We have only to glance at events to see how disastrous was the policy we tried to pursue. General Gordon's efforts to retain for Egypt a sort of suzerainty over the Soudan, while he had no sufficient force to support him, soon produced a crop of troubles, notwithstanding the famous slave proclamation which was to have done so much. Then our Commissioner, who went on a purely peaceful mission, suddenly developed into a pelligerent, and said in another proclamation dated February 26th—

“My advice has not been listened to, and I am therefore forced against my will to send for British troops, who are now on the road

and will arrive in a few days. I shall severely punish all who will not change their conduct."

In reply to a question in Parliament, Lord E. Fitzmaurice did not deny that such a proclamation had been issued, but he did deny that British troops had been ordered to Khartoum or were on their way thither. Supposing, therefore, that the version of the proclamation published in the papers be correct, can anyone imagine a more rash announcement or one less likely to stimulate respect for English authority? The Orientals, who are themselves past-masters in the art of vaunting, must have wondered to see the plenipotentiary of a great nation issue a statement which a few days alone were sufficient to contradict, and it is no wonder if things went from bad to worse at Khartoum. There must have been sad equivocation somewhere; either General Gordon did order troops to be sent to him or he did not.

Meanwhile, in the same spirit as our peaceful agent's warlike threats, we killed a few thousand Arabs, many of them fathers of families, on the Red Sea shore, not because they were slave-traders and refused to give up their horrible traffic, but because they refused to disperse when we ordered them to do so, though we were careful to tell them that we were not at war with them, and even went so far as to place a letter on a flagstaff to apprise them of the fact. These poor people were fighting for their religious convictions and to shake off the burdensome yoke of Egyptian rule, under which they had groaned for many generations. Had a European people been fighting under similar conditions, perhaps we should have been told that it was a struggle for faith and freedom. How can these ignorant Arabs be supposed to have understood that we were not at war with them, when they saw our flag floating side by side with that of Egypt? However, our troops killed them by thousands, and we may have succeeded in striking terror into our adversaries; but, bravely as our men fought, we can scarcely be said to have won anything but barren laurels in the Soudan. The roads to Berber and Khartoum still remain closed, and we are very much in the same position we were before General Graham took the field; while the only lasting piece of work we have done is to slay a large number of the population, and inform the slave-dealers that we officially recognise their horrible industry. Surely if we had not the power to put down slavery in the Soudan, we might at least have refrained from sanctioning it.

Slavery in the West Indian colonies was terrible, but this East African trade has yet another element of horror which did not exist there: I allude to the mutilation of those hideous black monsters who guard Eastern harems, and are the outcome of unspeakable barbarities. Yet though with virtuous indignation we made Admiral Hewett withdraw a proclamation which threatened the life of one

man, no cry of national indignation has arisen for the recall of the proclamation which, because it gives a direct stimulus to slave-dealing and sanctions the possession of slaves in the future, will be virtually the death-warrant of hundreds of innocent creatures, male and female, children and old persons, who will in the next few years perish by famine and thirst, exposure and cruelty; now shot by their captors or exposed to the most awful violence; now sinking exhausted and fever-stricken in the burning sands of the desert, strewing the dreary route to the shores of the Red Sea with their bones, or only reaching their journey's end to find a fresh instalment of hard blows and harder work appointed them by their unfeeling taskmasters, to whom, should they dare to run away, it appears, as matters now stand, that they will be handed back under the very folds of the British flag.

In reviewing our past action in the Soudan, I have endeavoured to show that neither the policy of conciliation with which we commenced, nor that of intimidation with which we continued, has produced any practical result. It is not now necessary to enter into the question of the proposed appointment of Zubeir Pasha as a successor to Gordon, because the Government have decided that they cannot sanction the proposal; nor could they have come to any other decision. You may not wish your sheep to stray, but clearly it is neither right nor safe to give them a wolf as a shepherd; better far that they should run wild. With regard to the appointment of the Mahdi to the Sultanate of Kordofan, if, as Lord Hartington stated on April 3rd, it was General Gordon's conviction that "To secure the quiet of Egypt and settled government in the Soudan, it was necessary that the Mahdi and the rebellion of which the Mahdi was the head should be completely subdued and crushed," the dignity of England would perhaps have been better maintained had such an appointment never been offered to the false prophet. However, the appointment was cancelled, the Mahdi having shown himself sufficiently consistent to scruple about accepting office from unbelievers, though the unbelievers did not scruple to offer it to him. But General Gordon has not been able, as he had hoped, to "subdue and crush" the Mahdi with the resources he found at Khartoum. Lord Hartington said, "He left this country with the most distinct and clear understanding, repeated over and over again by myself, that the mission which he was going to undertake was one to be undertaken with such resources as he might find on the spot, and that there should be no British expedition for the relief of Khartoum or any garrison in the Soudan."

The dispatch of the present expedition is a sufficient proof that General Gordon overrated his powers. Even had General Gordon succeeded in establishing such a government as he designed, it would

have been stamped with an official recognition of slavery as unworthy of England as it would have been cruelly unjust; and when General Gordon withdrew from the Soudan, that country would either have relapsed again into anarchy, or the reins of power would have had to be placed in the grasp of some iron-handed tyrant like Zebehr. It is useless to suppose that the people will ever again submit themselves willingly to Egyptian rule.

What then is to be done? There is only one answer. The Soudan must be honestly severed from Egypt, as we originally declared it should be. If she is unable to retain it by her own arms, it is clearly not our duty to reconquer it for her and to force the people again into the power of her corrupt Pachas. We have already slain far too many of the Soudanese without any clear object, and it is now time that we should propose to ourselves a definite line of action. There is no reason why we should allow the Soudan to sink back into barbarism. Common humanity, the interests of civilisation, indeed our own interest, which is great, in the future commercial development of Africa, and the lives that have been and may yet be sacrificed in the Soudan, all demand that something more than a march up to Khartoum with a mighty force and then a march back again should be accomplished. Our greatest military authority has decided that the direct advance on Khartoum up the valley of the Nile is the best; and even those who do not agree with him must admit that so able a soldier would hardly have staked his military reputation on following this route unless he had serious grounds for his decision. But, even though our generals have reason to believe that the Nile route will be the best for the troops to follow, the railway from Suakim to Berber will yet have to be constructed, if we wish to keep open the road to Khartoum, and to command access to the heart of Africa, for it is by this route that fuel can be more easily conveyed to the steamers that ply on the Nile. The existence of such a railway alone will give us control over the tribes inhabiting the desert on the eastern side of the river. Even from a strategical point of view the Suakim line would be valuable, as threatening the flank of any movement the Mahdi might wish to make on Lower Egypt. Had this railway between Suakim and Berber been constructed some years ago, it would have saved us from our present troubles in the Soudan. Mr. Stanley has already shown that it is possible to establish communication between the Congo and Khartoum. Join Khartoum with the Red Sea by means of steam, and what a dazzling prospect is opened to the eyes of the philanthropist and the pioneer.

It will, I believe, be found that Wady Halfa is the most convenient military and political frontier of Egypt; and the most satisfactory arrangement would be for the territory east of the Nile lying

between that point and latitude N. 15° to be rendered independent and governed by native chiefs under English protection. That the principal Arab tribes would be willing to place themselves under such protection there is little doubt, and the road would thus be kept clear to the regions of the Upper Nile, and a door left open for the advance of civilisation. It would be a noble thing, indeed, if this British expedition to save one man were to become the turning-point in the development of that great continent which is destined to be one of the future granaries of Europe; but it would be worse than a crime if our presence in and retirement from the country were only to give a date to the epoch when it was flung back into barbarism and closed to civilisation.

The question may now be asked, what will be the future of the Soudan if our troops and General Gordon depart, and leave the people to themselves? Will it remain a scene of anarchy and bloodshed? I think not. When General Gordon's relief has been accomplished by an English force, the Arabs, like the Abyssinians, will acquire a wholesome respect for the far-reaching arm of British power, and when the last Egyptian troops have departed and there is no longer a common foe to fight, the nomad tribes will be only too glad to return to the more peaceful occupations of camel breeding and commerce, from which they derive the greater part of their wealth. Only there must be no corrupt Turkish officials appointed over them by Egyptian influence to stir them up to fresh revolt, nor must there be any official recognition by British officers of the rights of the slave-owner. If we cannot abolish slavery in the Soudan, we must at least not sanction it in any form; a great nation like England, even if it were supposed politically expedient to do so, must never countenance cruelty and injustice by word or deed.

And when this wave of fanaticism has passed, as pass it will, I trust it may be our part to initiate a new conquest of the Soudan more glorious than that of Mahomet Ali, not by slaying the people, or by annexing distant provinces, like Ismail Pasha, before we have developed the resources of those nearer home; but by proceeding step by step on the path of civilisation,—making railways, opening communications, encouraging colonisation, and establishing fair and friendly intercourse with the people of the soil. Thus shall our work prosper; and good arise out of evil. Egypt has lost the Soudan by the sword as of old she won it. Let it be for England to teach the blessings of peace, industry, and justice to the inhabitants of this long-oppressed country, by the power and example of her commerce. And above all let it be known through the length and breadth of Africa that where Englishmen go there justice and mercy follow, and that the poor slave flying from persecution shall never fail to find protection and kindness beneath the Union-Jack.

E. A. DE COSSON.

LORD SALISBURY AS FOREIGN MINISTER.

IN an article published in the July number of the Fortnightly Review on Lord Salisbury, justice was not, as it seems to me, done to the qualities which he displayed, when he held the seals of the Foreign Office. As to the estimate formed of him in his capacity of domestic statesman, I express no opinion. My concern is exclusively with his policy as Foreign Minister during Lord Beaconsfield's last Government, with the ideas which animated it, and with the use he made of the materials with which he had to deal. I shall carefully leave all disputatious matter on one side; and shall limit myself to facts that admit of official and documentary proof. My remarks will not be in the nature of a panegyric, an apology, or a rejoinder; but simply an impartial retrospect of Lord Salisbury's administration of the foreign affairs of Great Britain.

It is necessary to go back to the year 1876, when the Conference of Constantinople, at which Lord Salisbury first made his bow to the plenipotentiaries of Europe as a diplomatist, was held. The chief object of Lord Salisbury's mission, as defined by himself in a dispatch dated January 22, 1877,¹ was the "conclusion of a peace between Russia and Turkey." The means by which he endeavoured to accomplish that end were the application of such pressure to the Porte as would secure the reforms in the insurgent provinces demanded by Russia. The alternative to these concessions was war. A large portion of the Czar's army had been mobilised with a view of enforcing the Russian claims. One chance of preserving the peace of Eastern Europe remained—the recognition by Turkey of the fact that, in the event of her obstinacy, England would act with Russia. This strikes the keynote of Lord Salisbury's policy. It was impossible for him to resist the Russian requisitions, or to deny their reasonableness; the utmost he could hope was, while admitting this, to induce Russia to abandon some of her more peremptory demands. The result of the understanding he established with General Ignatiev was that Russia finally consented to a compromise, and by degrees modified her original views until they reached the "irreducible minimum." Lord Salisbury, having won over Russia to moderation, was prepared to force the acceptance of the proposals, as amended, on the Porte by summoning the British Fleet. But at this exceedingly critical juncture an obstacle which he may or may not have foreseen was interposed in his path, and the work which he had done, or was doing, as British plenipotentiary on the Bos-

(1) *Turkey*, No. 2. 1877. P. 371.

phorus was undone by Lord Derby on the Thames. The then Foreign Secretary informed the Turkish Ambassador in London that, "Her Majesty's Government did not themselves meditate or threaten the employment of active measures of coercion in the event of the proposals of the Powers being refused by the Porte."¹ The Porte, thus relieved of its apprehensions of active intervention on the part of England, and persuaded that, notwithstanding Lord Derby's assurances of neutrality, England would eventually throw in her lot with Turkey, contemptuously rejected the proposals of the conference, and began to drift irrevocably into war. The conference, in other words, had failed; but it was because the co-operation of Lord Derby, necessary for the execution of Lord Salisbury's idea, had been wanting.

Towards the close of March, 1878, Lord Derby, following the example of Lord Carnarvon, left the Cabinet, and Lord Salisbury was installed in the vacant office. He signalled his accession to it by the famous circular of April 1, 1878. This document has been criticised for its tone of menace, and for its proclamation of pretensions which were afterwards ignominiously dropped. How far is this description justified by its contents? It is simply a State paper, of admitted dialectical power and great literary vigour, designed to prove that the stipulations of the Treaty of San Stephano ought to be submitted as a whole to a European congress. Russia, it will be remembered, had claimed to reserve her liberty of action in the matter, and had declined to state the precise articles of that diplomatic instrument which she would consent to discuss. Lord Salisbury maintained that the combined effect of the stipulations of the treaty would depress almost to the point of entire subjection the Government of Constantinople. He then proceeded to enumerate the specific terms of the document, and contended in weighty language not that they should all be cancelled, but that they should all be considered by the European Powers in council assembled.² Prince Gortchakoff's reply to the circular was to the effect that the text of the preliminary Treaty of San Stephano had been officially communicated to the Powers, that at the Congress each Power would have full liberty of appreciation and criticism, and that nothing more than that same right was claimed for Russia.

Another difficulty now presented itself. While Prince Bismarck was favourably disposed to the idea of a congress at Berlin, he would not, he plainly gave the Powers to understand, preside over a failure. It was clear that before the German Chancellor took the chair England and Russia, as the powers principally concerned, must agree to the bases on which the new treaty was to be concluded.

(1) *Turkey*, No. 2. 1877. P. 182.

(2) *Turkey*, No. 25. 1878.

Unless, therefore, England had been prepared to take upon herself the responsibility of frustrating the Congress, the negotiations between Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff, were an indispensable part of its preliminaries. They resulted in what is known as the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement, which has been so extensively and violently denounced as a secret agreement, and as such discreditable to Lord Salisbury, both in itself and its consequences. But if the matter be looked at a little more closely it will be plain that some such compact was absolutely necessary in the interests of European diplomacy. Nor is it easy to perceive how Lord Salisbury could have adopted a different procedure. The memorandum drawn up by him with Count Schouvaloff, contained the essence of the stipulations that were afterwards embodied in the Treaty of Berlin, which Lord Beaconsfield subsequently proclaimed from the house-tops as a triumph of his policy, and which was accepted by the English nation as the conditions of an honourable peace. Secrecy, of course, there was, for without secrecy there can be no diplomacy. Etiquette dictated in the first instance a certain amount of reserve. The agreement of the English minister and the Russian ambassador required the unanimous sanction of Europe before it could be valid, and the Powers met in congress would scarcely have consented to ratify an arrangement submitted to them as confessedly being the result of the independent deliberations of two of their number. Lord Salisbury was therefore pledged to silence—bound by the most stringent obligations to maintain the reserve which both he and Count Schouvaloff had solemnly promised on behalf of their Governments. Had he acted in any other manner he would have insured the failure of the Conference and might have precipitated a European war. When, therefore, he was questioned as to the accuracy of the version of the agreement published in the *Globe*, he could not do otherwise than refuse to admit its authenticity. There are circumstances in which merely to decline a question is equivalent to a confession of the charge which the question contains. When Scott was asked whether he wrote *Waverley*, he replied in an emphatic negative, and the most austere casuists have justified the answer. The negotiations at Berlin had been practically anticipated by the Schouvaloff Convention, and I need make no further reference to them than to note the efficient check administered to the ambition of Russia in the Balkans by the firmness of the British plenipotentiaries.

Let me pass to the Asiatic portions of Lord Salisbury's policy. The negotiations with Count Schouvaloff had shown that the Russians would not give up Batoum and Kara without a war, in which England would have had no allies, and which would have been reprobated by the feeling of the English people. Russia therefore

retained, as under the circumstances it was inevitable she should, the Asiatic fortress and the Black Sea port. The question which the English Government had to consider was, the creation of a barrier against further encroachments. Hence the Anglo-Turkish Convention, the general object of which was to bind England, on certain conditions, to resist by force any further advance of Russia, and which, as a means of securing this end, signified to Russia the cost of any fresh aggressions on her part; and in the event of her committing these aggressions, marked out beforehand the policy to be pursued by England. The seal needed for the ratification of the compact between England and Turkey was found in Cyprus. The importance to England of that island had been originally pointed out by the late Colonel Hume, of the Royal Engineers, an officer of the highest promise, whose services were too soon lost to his country. Employed to trace the defences of Constantinople in 1876, he had been much consulted by the Cabinet, and in his communications with Lord Salisbury and other ministers he had dwelt upon the command which the possession of Cyprus by England would give us over the trade routes from Antioch to the Tigris and Euphrates, as well as upon its value as a post of observation within thirty hours of Egypt. The suggestion chimed in with the views of Lord Beaconsfield, who had conceived the same notion, and had fantastically advocated it in one of his novels. Lord Salisbury recognised in the project the means of securing a point of vantage for England, and a pledge that for the future English statesmen would show no hesitation in their resolve to keep what remained of Asia Minor out of the hands of Russia. Financial difficulties prevented the execution of the plans that would have made Famagusta a naval station equal in extent and security to Malta, and the jealous suspicions of the Sultan have reduced the other provisions of the convention to a dead letter. But the value of such an acquisition as Cyprus is indisputable; nor, it may be predicted, is the time far distant when the truth of the opinion held by the French Government in 1878 as to its advantages and opportunities, will be recognised. That opinion will be found in a note addressed by M. Waddington to Lord Salisbury on July 21st of that year, in which Cyprus is described in the following terms:—

“Une île de la Méditerranée située dans la position stratégique et maritime la plus favorable pour dominer à la fois les côtes de la Syrie et celles de l’Égypte.”¹

Lord Salisbury’s attitude towards Greece has been the subject of some criticism. As a matter of fact the establishment of a good understanding between Turkey and Greece, by the Porte’s consent to a rectification of their joint frontier, was suggested in the first place

(1) *Turkey*, No. 48. 1878.

by Lord Salisbury.¹ He it was who proposed the admission of Greece to the Congress, while the amendment restricting the presence of the Hellenic delegates to the occasions when matters directly interesting the Greek Government were under discussion, was moved by the French plenipotentiary,² to whom the task of formally bringing the proposal for a cession of territory before the Congress was entrusted as a matter of courtesy. After the conclusion of the Congress and until the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, Lord Salisbury never ceased to urge upon Turkey the execution of those provisions of the treaty favourable to Greece. His views on this matter are stated with great cogency in his dispatch to Sir Henry Layard, dated June 12, 1879,³ from which the following extract may be given:—

"The Porte has not at present shown any indication of an intention to accede, even approximately, to the frontier which was indicated in the Congress; and, therefore, it is probable that before discussing among themselves the precise application of the general indications contained in the Protocol, the ambassadors will think it expedient first to solicit from the two negotiating Powers an explicit expression of their willingness to accept the 'general line' recommended at Berlin. So far as it is possible to judge from the discussions which have already taken place, this task will not be unattended with difficulty. If it should be successful, it will then be the duty of the ambassadors to decide upon the precise details of the frontier to be proposed to the negotiating Powers. In examining this question, it will be well not only to bear in mind strategic and ethnological considerations, but also to give special weight to those proposals which seem most likely to lead to a speedy and friendly settlement. . . . If the Sultan could resolve to make the concession thus urged upon him by friendly Powers he would not lose revenue, he would not lose military strength, he would free his defensive force from a heavy strain, and he would gain a prosperous and friendly neighbour. He would then be free to devote all his resources to the defence of the empire on the points where in future it may be really threatened. The policy of reducing the burdens of his empire to the measure of its present strength is the only policy by which its life can be sustained. You will not fail to enforce upon the advisers of the Sultan that England, in supporting it is actuated by a profound conviction that the security of his rule, based on the contentment of his subjects, is a matter of the highest moment, not only to their well-being, but also to the tranquillity of Europe. . . . The Ottoman Government may very justly contend that if the price of this cession of territory is to be the friendly attitude of Greece, they ought to have some guarantee that that friendly attitude will be maintained. If they should advance such a contention, the justice of which cannot be denied, the measures proposed to carry it into effect will receive the most careful consideration of Her Majesty's Government; and I have reason to believe that the French Government, no less than the English, if the Sultan in other respects meets their views, will be disposed favourably to entertain proposals for dispelling any apprehensions which may be entertained by the Ottoman Government upon this head."

Still more important is it at the present time to ascertain the

(1) *Greece*, No. 1. 1878, p. 3.

(2) *Turkey*, No. 39. 1878, p. 16.

(3) *Greece*, No. 1. 1879, p. 232.

precise part played by Lord Salisbury in Egypt, and to define his responsibility for the action taken in that country by the Government to which he belonged, as well as for its results. The decree appointing the commission of inquiry into Egyptian finance was issued on March 30, 1878. It was obtained by the united action of England and France, exercised before Lord Derby's retirement, and Lord Salisbury was not exclusively or chiefly concerned in the initial act of intervention and the accompanying co-operation of France with England. But he pursued with earnestness and vigour the course taken by his predecessor at the Foreign Office. The sequel was a harmonious scheme, concerted between the French and English Governments, of which the chief results were the appointment of English and French ministers in the Egyptian Cabinet, the resignation of the Khedive Ismail, and the subsequent re-establishment of the Dual control. During the time that he directed the Foreign Office, Lord Salisbury recognised and preserved a perfect equality between France and England in Egypt. For the first time the mutual jealousies of the two nations were laid aside, and the agents of both combined their efforts to secure the improvement of the country in which they were each of them interested.

In passing a judgment on Lord Salisbury's foreign policy it must be remembered that he was only minister for two years—a short apprenticeship for a portfolio so exacting in its demands. It will be admitted by all who were brought into personal contact with him during this period that he showed a firm grasp of affairs, that he had definite views of policy, and that he perceived with rare thoroughness the mutual interdependence of the various questions with which a Foreign Minister has to deal. Nations, he saw, and the statesmen who controlled them, were no more disinterested than individuals, and as little disposed to make concessions without a material return. According to his own phrase, it is no use going to market without money. I have already referred to the charge brought against Lord Salisbury in connection with the Selouvaloff agreement, and have shown that he could not consistently with his obligation to his country and the foreign governments with whom he was negotiating have been more candid. From verbal insincerity of a far more mischievous kind he is signally free. He has cleared his mind as effectually as Dr. Johnson desired of Caut; he has never been guilty of the falsehood involved in those professions of humanitarianism and philanthropy which are too often the cloak for a policy inspired by no higher motives than avarice or interest.

Lord Salisbury had to contend, during his career as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with two great disadvantages. In the first place he acceded to office after Lord Derby had been systematically mismanaging the Eastern question for four years. In the second

he unquestionably suffered from the circumstance that he was Lord Beaconsfield's colleague at a moment when that statesman had fascinated the country in an extraordinary manner. Every successful venture in foreign policy was attributed to the Prime Minister. Every reverse or failure was credited to the Secretary of State. Notwithstanding these signal disadvantages and difficulties, Lord Salisbury accomplished much for which his country may be grateful, and on which he himself may look back with satisfaction, during the period that he was responsible for the external policy of England. When he was at Berlin he laid the foundation of an understanding with Germany and Austria that was afterwards cemented into a working alliance on those questions in which the three countries were interested, and the bonds of which were gradually strengthened. This he did without alienating France, who was conciliated by being left to follow out her destiny in Tunis, and by her admission to an equal partnership in Egyptian affairs. * He taught Italy that friendliness to England was the truest wisdom. Towards Russia he held an attitude firm but not unfriendly. With Turkey, who had just reeled, maimed and bleeding, out of her struggle with the Muscovite, he dealt as gently as circumstances would admit; and to the smaller states he was uniformly courteous and conciliatory. When he left office in 1880, there was nothing in the relations of England with other Powers which would justify a charge of undue impetuosity or rashness against the Minister who, for two years, had directed her foreign policy. Certain it is that there is nothing in the record of his labours as Lord Derby's successor at Whitehall of which he need be ashamed. He was heavily handicapped; he was sorely let and hindered. But he made the most of his time and opportunities, and showed that he was capable of being a safe as well as a daring pilot in extremity.

M.P.

BERNAL OSBORNE.

MORE than ten years have passed since the late Mr. Bernal Osborne retired from the House of Commons, and more than two since he died. Neither in the political or social life of England has there, during this interval, appeared any one to fill the place which his departure left vacant; and there are those who believe that the want of some such censor as Osborne—so brilliant, so wise, above all so irresistibly dominant—is one of the causes of the decline of the House of Commons, carrying with it the decline and fall of statesmanship. Those who long sat with Osborne in the House of Commons may in some measure test for themselves the soundness of such a belief by questioning their imaginations a little, and asking whether certain things could have been hazarded, if on that favourite seat next below the gangway, which is the third from the floor, Bernal Osborne were sitting intent, with his hat inclined over his eyes, and ready to make his spring. Be that as it may, he was a memorable, interesting, and unique figure, while there is more of durability in the reputation he has left behind him than in the case of many whose distinction in their generation was of a higher degree. This is due to the striking aspects of an idiosyncrasy which, viewed in the aggregate of its qualities and its effects, was without a parallel in contemporary life. Other men in other ways were witty and wise, apt at phrase-making and quick at repartee, others shone after their manner in society; but none united to Osborne's social qualities those exuberant and unconquerable animal spirits which ruled his character, which may be even said to have decided his career, and which made their influence felt by all with whom he was brought into contact—with delight by some, with fear and trembling by others.

The peculiar power of Bernal Osborne cannot be better illustrated than by recalling some of the moments of sudden, delighted excitement, once familiar to many who will read these lines. If the collective character of the House of Commons is to be studied as a drama, and its distinctive traits as a living organism, of which its individual members are parts, is to be observed to advantage, the ladies' gallery, or the benches under the clock, are the points from which any one (whether a member or not) can best look at the assembly objectively, and try to divine how it manages to be "wiser than any one in it." If, on the other hand, the real life of the House of Commons is to be studied analytically, one must not forget the side lobbies. Each of these is a chamber immediately con-

tiguous to, and running parallel with, the whole length of the House itself. In these two rooms, strictly appropriated to members, one frequented by the habitual supporters of the Government, the other by the Opposition, there may be seen engaged in the writing of endless letters or talking with another, some languidly, some in deep earnest, many a score of the elective legislators of the realm. Here it is a follower of the Government in eager conversation with a minister, or—more business-like still—with the indefatigable Patronage Secretary of the Treasury. Here, by twos and threes, are gentlemen whom the whips distinguish as “malcontents,” conspiring with great animation and cheerfulness against political rivals who are not perhaps three yards distant from them. The partitions which divide these rooms from the body of the House are of such a kind that occupants of it whilst engaged in their correspondence, or conversing with their friends, always hear the murmurs of the House. One does not mostly distinguish the orator’s words, but the interruptions are plainly audible—the cheers, the angry, the scornful interjections, the mighty, uproarious laugh, the “Order!” “Order!” “Order!” from the chair. At one moment the House is calm, and the member seated at the table determines he will finish his letters. Then he hears the sounds of a storm gathering, and resolves in sudden haste to postpone his epistles till to-morrow. He knows when one speech is ended, and another beginning, and the knowledge thus gained by the ear is reinforced by men coming out of the House and gliding in singly from moment to moment, or sometimes by an influx of members coming suddenly from out of the House because some well-known bore is on his legs. But at last some speech ends, and one hears—or rather once did hear—“Dizzy’s up,” then another, and “Palmerston’s up,” then another, and “Gladstone is up.” Thereupon men will quietly determine to shorten their literary labours, will composedly collect their papers, and before long go back into the House to hear what the chiefs have to say. But there used to be no such composure as this, when the fibre of the well-known voice could be recognised through the partitions, and voices here, there, and everywhere, along both the side lobbies, were crying out:—“Osborne is up.” Then men of all sorts and conditions would bundle up incomplete documents with a haste that threatened confusion, and rush at once into the manufactory of statute law. The very doorkeepers used to cease from being solemnities, and be busy in carrying the infection, saying eagerly, “Mr. Osborne is up, sir.”

Such was the common experience, and it at once constitutes a tribute to Osborne’s powers, and suggests the question—Why? What was it that always guaranteed him a full House when he spoke? It is not enough to say that the people’s representatives love a jester,

and that they welcomed the relief afforded by Bernal Osborne's persiflage to the severer eloquence of other orators. It is certain that Osborne would not have received so eager and so gratified a hearing if he had not mingled much practical wisdom with his entertainment; if he had failed to confute, demonstrate, or instruct, as well as to divert; if his satire and pleasantry had not discharged the intellectual functions of dialectic as well as tickled the fancy. The truth is, that in many cases, and especially in debate, a joke is often a happy summary, a trenchant and bright compendium of a series of solemn argumentative processes. It flashes, in an instant, conviction on the hearer's mind; it causes the truth, which was previously obscured and is now suddenly enlightened, to penetrate into his being. It does briefly what volumes of vapid talk fail to effect. It is the concentration, because it is the enlivening and illumining, of argument. When, for instance, in reply to demands that England should "put her foot down" at once in several quarters of the globe, Mr. John Morley tersely submitted that "England is not a centipede," could he have exposed more effectively the Chauvinistic fallacy of the patriots of the platform? Mr. Bagenal, in his interesting and, whether in respect of literary style, or of just appreciation of a biographer's duties, admirably executed memoir of Bernal Osborne, recently printed for private circulation, quotes a passage from one of the most brilliant of living writers, who has insisted that "the English not being a logical people, and not having the clue of pure reason to guide them in their search after truth, would be passing their life in a political jury-box, for ever inquiring, were it not for the occasional service of the swift, trenchant argument of ridicule." Mr. Bagenal then proceeds to show with felicitous cogency that by his use of the weapon Bernal Osborne did good, wholesome service to the State, and became for that reason a power in Parliament.

Mr. Disraeli called him "the chartered libertine of debate," but the shrewd, sagacious assembly which gave him this licence knew well in its heart of hearts that whether by words of sterling sense, or by humorous allusion, or by political sarcasm, he was clearing the air of debate. So it was that when, for instance, he sprang to his feet after an intolerably dull speech from the Treasury bench, and entreated the House not to be carried away by the eloquence of the right hon. gentleman; when he protested that the electors in one half of the small boroughs regard a vote neither as a right, nor a trust, nor a privilege, but a perquisite; when he denounced the increase of military expenditure as a game of beggar-my-neighbour; when he said of Lord Palmerston that "in a cabinet the united ages of which would puzzle the oldest inhabitant, he was the youngest man—having a turn for extravagance, which is a folly of youth, and never being

satisfied without squandering the public money :” when he said each of these things, he was giving pithy and pointed interpretation to what all knew to be a truth. What drew men crowding into the House when they heard the cry “Osborne is up !” was not only a desire to hear Osborne speak but to witness the effect—to see the House, as Pitt phrased it, “under the wand of the magician.”

• But great as was Osborne’s faculty for wit of the intellectual kind, it attracted perhaps less notice than his overbrimming wealth of animal spirits. Whatever the extremes into which these led him, however disagreeable the names by which his freedom from all bashfulness and *mauvaise honte* might be called by his censors, it must be remembered that they were the accompaniments of unflinching courage, and on the whole of extraordinary public spirit and political independence. If Osborne had been made of different material, or if his gift of pleasantry had not been associated with such intrepidity, it is probable that he would never have entered political life. His father indeed had sat during thirty-four years in the House of Commons at a cost of nearly £70,000. But the son showed no early taste for public affairs, and at Cambridge, not mingling closely with the studious or even the intellectual men, he at once became a prince of society. “Superbly, aggressively handsome,” writes one who knew him well, “with flashing dark eyes, with firm-set defiant lips, with a strong, ringing voice in speech, which became a fine tenor in song, with an utter absence of all guile, with not even a thought of self-repression, and in short with an absolutely unbounded audacity, he was something almost godlike in the midst of shy, sheepish, young men of the common English types. It has been said that at Cambridge he played in private theatricals. Yes, he played Captain Absolute in *The Rivals* ; but there was no acting in it. He was simply himself—simply Bernal triumphant. It was perfect.”

There is a story not true to the letter yet substantially founded on truth, which puts words into the mouth of a chaperon in those brilliant days :—“Mr. Bernal danced twice with my Julia, and sang a duet with her, and he was so dreadfully handsome, and had such a bewitching tenor in singing, that I became alarmed lest he should trifle with her affections, and determining to interpose, I asked him (in the phrase customary at that time) whether his intentions were honourable, and what do you think was his answer ? He answered, ‘Certainly not !’ and in so ringing a voice that you might have heard him in the next room. My first impulse was to be angry ; and to think he might have had the grace to say something more ‘roundabout,’ but I was wrong. Would that all men were so honest, so bold, so determined, and so free from guile !” He went into the army, and afterwards was attached as an aide-de-camp

to Lord Normanby's viceregal court in Ireland. His father had not helped him at all to obtain that appointment; and with a humour delightful to think of at even this distance of time, he used to say, "I got that entirely by my own merit." He acquired distinction and vogue as a brilliant young man of fashion first in Dublin and afterwards in London. In 1841 he became, more by accident than design, candidate in the Whig interest for High Wycombe. He carried the seat entirely by the spirit and pluck, by the inexhaustible fun and go which he brought to the contest. These, indeed, were the qualities which never deserted him throughout a public career of nearly half a century, and which stood him in such extraordinary good stead at the nine opposed elections which he fought. No man ever less nursed a constituency or had such a contempt and incapacity for the process as Osborne. Middlesex, Dover, Liskeard, Nottingham, and Waterford, each in turn accepted him, not because he paid them any careful suit or flattered their local vanity, or subscribed to their local institutions, but because he took them by storm and carried them with a rush. The greater the resistance offered to him the more uncontrollable, the more audacious, and often the more successful he was. It was a radiant, boisterous life, and the ardour no less than the literary power with which Mr. Bagenal has loyally followed his hero from contest to contest is delightful to those friends of Osborne's who have been allowed to read pages withheld from the eye of the public. He declined to pledge himself to a party or a minister; he set himself against Lord Palmerston when his power and popularity were at their zenith; he required that his election expenses should be kept down to a figure which, in those days, seemed not so much modest as mean; he trampled on the Protestant susceptibilities of the English public at a time when the "No Popery" cry woke a real echo in the country; and yet, though he did all these things by turns, and not infrequently many of them together, he was one of the most popular Parliamentary candidates of his time. A bearing so fearless as Osborne's, a contempt so robust for all conventionalties and prejudices, a diction so clear, so incisive, so ready a wit, so powerful, so thrilling a voice, with a delivery always animated and firm, always even triumphant and masterful, compelled the admiration of the multitude. Only a man who had immense physical strength, as well as personal fearlessness and hardihood, could have fought the battle of his second Middlesex election, or could have passed the ordeal described so amusingly by himself at Waterford. "I am," he said to a friend shortly after he had been victorious at the latter of these places, "slowly recovering from the success of an Irish election." Most men with half of Osborne's experience would, long before this, have registered a resolve to retire into private life.

But what would have discouraged and deterred others only served to stimulate Osborne. Angry crowds, surging before platforms and accentuating their anger with missiles hurled at the speakers' heads, the waving of bludgeons, the smashing of windows, the howls of infuriated electors, accusations, calumnies, abuse of every kind were to Osborne part of the fun of the business, into which he entered with a laugh and a jest. Upon one occasion, at Waterford, one of his enemies in the mob below fired a pistol. Osborne was not daunted for an instant. "If," he exclaimed, "my good friend, you would only have the goodness to go off, like your pistol, I should be for ever indebted to you." Upon the same occasion he would certainly have been lynched if he had not succeeded in getting out of a second floor window, and so effecting an entrance to a draper's shop, where he passed the night stowed away in a bundle of blankets. The town itself was wrecked. Osborne had shown no sign of flinching throughout. He was equally impervious to alarm when plunged in the midst of contests which, less tempestuous and perilous, were sufficiently trying to the nerves at Liskeard and Nottingham.

His extraordinary animal spirits, therefore, rested upon a strong basis of rare personal courage, and in the audacity of his manner there was nothing which went beyond or had not its exact counterpart in the defiant daring of his nature. A temperament and attributes of this sort are sure to command ascendance, and to secure recognition. He always used to be neatly, appropriately, and faultlessly dressed, and was not tolerant of those who fell into less careful habits. He had not been in Parliament an hour before he disclosed his characteristic audacity and a disregard so disdainful of all self-repression that he needs must begin undertaking to enforce the rules of the House! Descrying a college friend, not then a member, who was occupying, by the Speaker's leave, a seat under the gallery, he came and sat next him, and joyously used his new privilege by putting on his hat, as a member is entitled to do. Presently a gentleman, less trim and spruce, came and took his place close to Osborne, putting on, as the newly elected member for Wycombe had done, his hat—a hat as remarkable for its shabbiness, as Osborne's was for its brilliancy and military smartness. Osborne was so new to Parliament as to be shocked at the sight of this ill-brushed and ill-conditioned article of head gear, and imagining that so lamentable an offender in the matter of apparel could not be really a Member of Parliament, he actually put him to the test. "Pray, sir," he said, severely looking at him, "are you a member?" Instances of this kind might be indefinitely multiplied from Mr. Bagenal's delightful volume. When Osborne was not attracting the attention of the House of Commons by formally taking part in its debates he was, as often as not, making his presence felt by his audible aides, and his satirical com-

ments on those who sat near him. He took a particular pleasure in teasing sedate Liberals and taking a rise out of severely respectable Radicals. The fun he threw into these sallies cannot be conveyed by language, and depended for its original effect upon the time, the place, and the manner of the man, but one may speak of the way in which it told. Those good Radicals contracted such an awe of Osborne, that in the vain hope of keeping him at a distance, to Osborne's immense delight, they used meekly to call him "Sir." It was the same in social life. Only one who was indeed "a chartered libertine" of the drawing-room and dinner-table, could have indulged so systematically, and with such impunity, his peculiar method of raising a laugh by selecting a butt who was frequently a person of high position and decorous gravity, and directing at him, for the entertainment of the company, his shafts of satire and chaff.

How, it may be asked, is the circumstance to be explained, first, that his wildest extravagances were universally tolerated in society; secondly, that independently of his wit and its intellectual value, he was a distinct power in the House of Commons? As regards the former, it is enough to say that his perfectly natural and absolutely spontaneous freedom came of his southern blood, and was endured, and appreciated, because it presented so marked a contrast to the pervading tone of English life. In England, where the national virtue is a dignified self-restraint, there is always room for one man of the most opposite sort. Count d'Orsay, who with all his high-breeding and genuine kindness was, to say the least, bold in society, affords another instance of this truth. With reference to the second question, it should not be forgotten that Osborne possessed an immense store of masculine common sense, of sound judgment, and even of accurate prevision. On the ballot, on Ireland,—especially on the Irish Church, and the position and dangers of landowners,—he held opinions that were distinctly in advance of his day. He saw the turn which, on the day after to-morrow, matters were likely to take, the crises which must inevitably arise, and he anticipated many of the troubles which legislation has since attempted to remove. This shrewdness and solidity of thought, added to his undoubted sincerity and his tenacious adherence to the opinions he had once espoused, even when they were involved in a storm of unpopularity, were quite enough, without his endowments and achievements as an orator and a debater, to secure him a position at St. Stephen's. As an orator his voice was, as has been said above, fine, rich, and musical, but, above all, penetrating; his sentences were not only bright, but were well turned; the literary form in which he spoke was capital, and he was always light in hand. Towards the close of his life he was in the habit of saying that his high animal spirits and loud voice had been his bane. That the

voice reacts on the character, and consequently on the reputation, is true, but a low voice as well as a strong one may tempt its owner to indulge in satirical speech. Rogers used to excuse himself for the ill-natured remarks he was reproached with making by murmuring, "I have so low a voice that, if I didn't say bitter things, no one would ever hear me at all." But for Osborne to reproach himself either with his voice or his spirits, was much as if he had reproached himself with being Bernal Osborne; certainly none who knew him can be favoured with imagination enough to conceive Bernal Osborne with a voice meek and low, and a temperament submissive and chastened.

By his power as a speaker he climbed the first and most difficult part of the steep which leads to high political eminence with a success so decisive as to be recognised in the most complete of all ways—by the offer of office under the Crown. The office he consented to take was (amongst the non-Cabinet offices) a high and important one, the Secretaryship of the Admiralty; but, the First Lord being also a member of the House of Commons, it followed that Osborne was not in general called upon to answer questions touching the conduct of his department. As a consequence his new official position, notwithstanding its dignity, was disadvantageous to Osborne in its influence on his subsequent career. The change necessarily withdrew him in great measure from the debates, while it did not give him that invaluable practice and discipline which would have completed his political training, and which he would have received if he had been charged with the task of representing a department in the House of Commons. We may conjecture—no one can do more—that if that duty had been cast upon him, he would have executed it with success; because his vigour and ability would have easily enabled him to master the business, and the duty of giving authoritative explanations in the House to ill-informed and sometimes foolish questioners would have afforded him the best possible opportunities of using with due moderation his powers of banter and sarcasm. As it was, his official position condemned him in general to silence; and when at last, after an interval of five or six years, he found himself unleashed by the change of Government, and hastened to use his recovered freedom, he uttered the speech which Disraeli amusingly called the "shriek of liberty." The gibe was the more successful since the time was one when the Liberal party being in a shattered state, Osborne's piece of invective was a sheer waste of power.

Osborne never seemed to fail in a speech. He was a real, honest sharer of those simple old radical opinions pleasantly styled "shoemakers' politics," but he never allowed himself to "preach" on such subjects, nor even, indeed, to touch them without taking

care to be witty. He once, indeed, thought that he had failed. The great speech that he made in 1864 against going to war with Germany was in every point of view admirable, and tended to govern events, but it was—rightly, of course—a grave speech, and Osborne missed—missed even with pain—those signs of enjoyment on the part of the House which before had always greeted his

But whatever his other potentialities, the line that he adopted and the triumphs that he won were those that best suited his taste. He delighted to dwell in a blaze of celebrity and in a very tempest of social and political action. These were his natural elements. He did not lack dignity, but his nature was wholly foreign to calm and repose. At his Irish home at New Town Anner, he is supposed to have studied and meditated much, and he was unquestionably a well-read man; but the incurable fault he must ever have found in all books was that of their being behindhand, and not close up, alongside with him, in the very front and van of life. Certain it is that at New Town Anner he appeared to those who knew him, and whom he entertained with the kindest and most thoughtful hospitality beneath his roof, to pay much more heed to life, actual life, than to books. But one of the many attractions which made him so delightful a host was of an intellectual kind. Speaking always in the most generous spirit, and with an admirable breadth of view, he would touch the questions of Ireland—the Ireland close outside his park gates; and if he had been the dullest instead of the brightest of men he could not have spoken more wisely. Certain, too, it is that whatever his literary studies during the Parliamentary recess on the other side of St. George's Channel, he had no time for anything of the sort in London. In Pall Mall it would have been as accurate to speak of him as a recluse as a student. No one there ever saw him "in his library," "in his study," in any sort of masculine den. He was always astir. His way of living was to be alive. He was too highly gifted intellectually to be averse from contemplative moods; but he liked to think aloud, and his thinking was rendered all the more sound by the clear, vigorous diction which expressed it, and the accompaniment might, as musicians would say, of his glorious, soul-stirring voice.

Bernal Osborne was ever true and steadfast in friendship; and one of the ways in which he proved his loyalty may be mentioned here. When the shafts of his ridicule and his banter came plying around, there were always a few—some were women and some were men—who seemed each of them to have a charmed life. The truth is that to him they were sacred. Distinguished from mere acquaintances, they were really his friends. He never struck at a friend.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SINCE the prorogation of Parliament six weeks ago the currents of domestic and imperial interests have converged in a remarkable manner. There is scarcely any pending question of home or foreign importance which has not defined itself with fresh clearness, since the last number of this Review appeared. The popular movement in favour of the Reform Bill, our responsibilities in Egypt, our relations with the Great European Powers, our position in South Africa, these and other matters have, during the past month, made a noticeable advance. The true issue of the franchise controversy is now thoroughly apprehended by the country. In Egypt the Government have taken two distinct steps, neither of them wanting in dramatic interest or impressiveness—the Sinking Fund has been abolished at the advice of Lord Northbrook, and the preliminaries of the Nile expedition under Lord Wolseley are in progress. If we except from the oratorical performances on either side, the speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone in the course of his triumphal progress through different parts of Scotland,—speeches which, alike in their rapid succession, their effectiveness, and the enthusiasm they have unquestionably elicited, are at once the proofs of an extraordinary vitality on the part of the orator, and of belief in him on the part of the audience,—it must be admitted that the vindications and impeachments of ministers for their demeanour towards the Reform Bill have been somewhat tame and conventional. Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. David Plunket, Sir Richard Cross, and many other leading members of the Opposition, have displayed laudable energy and industry. Among the Liberals Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. John Morley have both enhanced their reputation by their contributions to the rhetoric of the recess. The chief interest, however, has centred round the utterances of the Prime Minister and Sir Stafford Northcote. In a few days Lord Salisbury will have had something to say upon the same matter. But, however well he may say it, nothing which comes from him will materially affect the controversy from the point of view of public opinion. And indeed there was, perhaps, never any reason to expect that Liberal or Conservative dialectics, however argumentatively convincing, would shift the balance of preconceived judgment. All that platform declamation and exposition could do was to bring the general bearings of the question into prominent relief.

Arithmetical estimates of the meetings held for and against the Reform Bill are less significant than the quality, circumstances, and composition of the rival gatherings. The contention that the

English people are as a whole bent upon having not only the electoral reform proposed by the Government, but in the way in which the Government propose it, is established less by the number of demonstrations than by the sort of demonstrations. On the Conservative side there have been, with few exceptions ticket meetings; festivals held in the parks of noblemen, embellished with all the charms of tennis, cricket, high teas, and patrician patronage. On the Liberal side they have been held in open places, in municipal halls, on platforms, and admission to them has been free to every comer. The enthusiasm displayed for the Bill is therefore, we are justified in saying, a natural and robust as compared with an artificial and an exotic growth. In the second place the prediction that the Reform agitation as it progressed would disclose a schism in the Liberal ranks has been conspicuously falsified. There are not the slightest signs of any defection among the Ministerialists. Whigs of the highest Whig position, and moderate Liberals pre-eminent for the lukewarmness of their Liberalism, have made a point of being present at the franchise demonstrations. Mr. Heneage and Sir Hussey Vivian, to mention a few of the names chiefly associated with these meetings, have taken as active a part in these proceedings as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Trevelyan. It is generally understood that Mr. Gladstone's impressively moderate appeal to the Conservative peers in Midlothian has not failed to touch a responsive chord. Lord Strathmore, whom the Prime Minister has recently been visiting, is a strong Tory except in his opinion as to the wisdom of Lord Salisbury's attitude towards the Reform Bill, on which he agrees with Mr. Gladstone. The Conservative peers are said to be reluctant to throw Lord Salisbury over. The sentiment does credit to their chivalry. It remains to be seen whether it will stand the test of a second conflict, and possibly though it may, quite enough has passed since the Lords threw out the Bill to justify the conjecture that Lord Salisbury's majority may have reached a vanishing point a couple of months hence. Thirdly, if the agitation has done nothing more, it has accentuated the significance of the constitutional—or unconstitutional—claim of the Lords. This claim is nothing less than to wrest the prerogative of dissolution from the Sovereign, and from the Ministers as the Sovereign's representative, to themselves. No sophistry however mislead^{ing}, no rhetoric however plausible, can conceal this fact. Even Lord Salisbury can only urge, in justification of his plea, the assumption that the English people are of his way of thinking.

It is impossible now to examine at any length Lord Salisbury's views on Redistribution, set forth in the October number of the *National Review*. The position he takes up is an extraordinary one. It is, he says, a calumny to accuse Conservatives of not being sin-

cerely desirous of a Reform Bill, provided it is accompanied by a fair measure of redistribution. Facts and figures, he protests, show that if justice is done the Conservatives could not be worse off than they now are, or, rather, that they must be better and might be a very great deal better off. In other words, if the county householders were only Liberal in the same proportion that the borough householders are Liberal, the Opposition would be stronger by thirty-five votes than it is; while, if the two million electors to be added to the register should be as Conservative as are the average county electors under the existing law, the Opposition would be stronger by eighty-nine votes. Therefore, triumphantly concludes Lord Salisbury, it must be false to charge Conservatives with a wish to delay the extension of the franchise, so long as it is attended by an equitable reapportionment of electoral power. Lord Salisbury next proceeds to indicate the system of redistribution he advocates—the reproduction at Westminster of the exact proportion of Liberals and Conservatives in the country. This is a periphrastic synonym for proportional representation, and would imply first the parcelling out of the country into artificial areas with the view of securing the representation of minorities; secondly, the introduction into the English constitution of an entirely novel principle. Admit this principle, and it would no longer be, as heretofore, the object of the Sovereign or the Minister to ascertain by a dissolution the will of the majority, but to ascertain the exact proportion in which the two parties of the State and the various sections of them stood to each other. Can any practical politician, Liberal or Conservative, believe that with such a Parliamentary machinery as we should then have, the Government of the country could be carried on? Lord Salisbury's indignant repudiation of any reluctance on his part or of the Conservatives to help forward reform plus redistribution is conditional on his ability to secure the precise sort of Redistribution Bill which he describes. Although it is not a strictly logical deduction, it is a morally legitimate inference that, failing his ability to do this, he and his friends will continue to oppose reform. To put it differently, his zeal for the cause of reform is purely hypothetical. If he can manipulate the constituencies in the manner most convenient to himself, and if, when they have been manipulated, voters will proceed to record their suffrage in the exact ratio that Lord Salisbury desiderates, then, and only then, the Conservative leaders are honest in their professions of zeal for Reform. But the hypothesis involved is impracticable and chimerical, and Lord Salisbury's manifesto will be generally interpreted as expressive of his determination to resist to the death any measure which does not proceed upon the principles he lays down. In this determination he will no more carry his party with him than he will the English people.

One word more. Lord Salisbury entirely ignores the fact that, as Mr. Gladstone has again solemnly assured the English people in Midlothian, Ministers are only desirous that before a general election takes place there should be a redistribution of seats. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would be discredited before the country if they were to attempt to dissolve after the Franchise Bill had passed, before they had supplemented it with a Redistribution Bill. Even Lord Randolph Churchill, writing in the last number of this Review, admitted that, though he did not doubt the evil intentions of the Government on the subject of redistribution, he denied their ability to carry them into effect. As we are going to press, it is announced that the draft of a Redistribution Bill is already in the hands of the Cabinet. This statement, assuming it to be true, may entirely change the whole aspect of affairs.

There is one more feature which must be noticed in the retrospect of the Reform agitation so far as it has yet gone. An attempt, which all practical and impartial persons must deplore, has been made to excite popular feeling against the Reform Bill on social as well as on political grounds. The same able and exemplary nobleman, who some months since boldly asserted that the preponderance of the intellect and the education, the art, science, and accomplishment of the country was on the Conservative side, has more recently declared that the Lords are infallibly representative of all that is best in the English people. The key-note thus injudiciously sounded has been adopted with obsequious promptitude by several gentlemen who ought to have known better. Thus it has been impossible to take up a newspaper containing three or four speeches by Conservative members of the House of Commons without reading conjurations addressed to the English people in the name of all that is sycophantic not to range themselves against the Lords, seeing that the Lords are now of such high estate that they must in the nature of things know better than any commoners. Sir Wilfrid Lawson compared the enthusiasm of the picnic demonstrations against the Reform Bill in the parks of territorial magnates to the enthusiasm of the voters of whom Sam Weller spoke to Mr. Pickwick. "Sam," asked his employer, "have you been up to the town and seen the voters? and are they very enthusiastic?" To which Mr. Weller replied, "Oh, werry; never saw men and women eat and drink like them." This quotation may be capped by another equally apposite from *David Copperfield*. "There are some low minds," said Hamlet's aunt (*David Copperfield*, chapter xxv.), "that would prefer to do what I should call bow down before idols—before services, intellect, and so on. But these are intangible points. Blood is not so." Upon which the "simpering young gentleman with weak legs and an imbecile smile" observes, "Oh, you know, deuce take it, we can't

forego Blood, you know. Some fellows may be a little behind their station in point of education and behaviour, and may go a little wrong, you know, and get themselves and other people into a variety of fixes; but deuce take it, it's delightful to reflect that they've got Blood in 'em. 'Myself, I'd rather at any time be knocked down by a man who had got Blood in him than I'd be picked up by a man who hadn't.' That is precisely the salutary and exalting moral which certain peers and their satellites are endeavouring to impress upon the minds of the English democracy. It is better, to sum up their argument, for the rural householders to be kept down by noblemen than to be placed on their legs by commoners. This is probably the most abject and mischievous form which the case for the peers has yet been made to assume.

It may be said that the Conservative resistance to the Franchise Bill led by Lord Salisbury—justified in so many ways, some insincere, some more or less ridiculous—is based upon an assumption that may yet be fulfilled. The Tories have scrupulously abstained from opposing the principle of a Franchise Bill, while they have proclaimed war to the knife against the Franchise Bill introduced by the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking a few nights ago at Newcastle, boldly stated that the passing of the Reform Bill was the one thing he and his friends wished above all things to witness. But this assertion, which has been mechanically repeated so often that it has lost all meaning, is invariably qualified by the condition that it should pass in the company of another measure, namely, the Redistribution Bill. This Mr. Gladstone has shown to be absolutely impossible. The two Bills cannot be simultaneously got through Parliament, because Parliament is not wide enough, any more than three trains could run abreast through the Box tunnel. The calculation of the Conservatives has of course from the first been that events might occur which would compel Mr. Gladstone to dissolve, and which would not put their own professed attachment to electoral reform to too severe a test. That is to say, they have hoped and even reckoned that Ministers would become involved in foreign difficulties of so inextricable a kind as to leave them no hope of getting clear except by a dissolution. They have calculated that Prince Bismarck's personal dislike of Mr. Gladstone, and his willingness to place, or to sanction the placing, of grievous obstacles in the way of the Government in Egypt, would produce a revulsion of English feeling against them, and leave them no alternative but to go to the country. How far has this anticipation been realized? A new crisis of our fortunes in Egypt has just been reached. Lord Wolsey is at Cairo, and holds himself and his men in readiness to march into the interior. Meanwhile, General Gordon's position has been strengthened in Khartoum. He has won victories over the Mahdi, whose prestige, by

the latest accounts which reach us, is visibly on the wane. It is impossible to say what dimensions the Nile expedition may assume, or whether Lord Wolseley and his troops may or may not have any serious fighting before them. Into the particulars of this enterprise it is unnecessary to enter. The proposed route has been chosen after grave deliberation and inquiry, because it is considered to be the easiest, and because it commits us to a more easily terminable association with the Sudan, than if we had gone, *via* the Red Sea to Suakim and Berber. Sir Samuel Baker is against an advance by way of the Nile. It would perhaps have been as well if he had confined himself to free criticism of the plan before it was actually resolved upon. When rightly or wrongly the decision had been taken, it would surely have been more chivalrous, patriotic and prudent, to have held his peace. Lord Wolseley, as the military executant of the English Government, will shortly be journeying towards Khartoum. Sir Samuel Baker may protest that he wishes him God speed, but none the less he draws the dismal horoscope of his failure. We may be sure, however, that Lord Wolseley has weighed the matter carefully. He has the confidence of the Cabinet, and in the case of such an undertaking that should be enough. Should no reverse befall the Nile expedition the Conservatives hope that the sequel of the suspension of the Sinking Fund cannot fail to be the source of insuperable dangers and difficulties. The criticisms that may be made on what is called Lord Northbrook's financial *coup d'état* are numerous and obvious. In the first place, the act is undoubtedly a violation of the international law of liquidation; in the second it may be reproached with indecisiveness and inadequacy. Those who hold that it is the inevitable prelude to more sweeping steps, and that it will be followed by the cutting of the coupon, will declare that the Government might have shown greater courage while they were about it; that, if they had taken the settlement of the whole financial question into their hands, they would not have incurred a heavier burden, would not have given greater offence to the other Powers, and would not have in reality raised more serious issues.

That the action of England in this matter should be closely watched by the other European Powers is inevitable. France, or rather the French newspaper press, which is a very different thing, has roundly accused us of perfidy and breach of international law. Germany and Austria have formally protested against the step. But the Powers are now directly dealing, not with England but with Egypt, and for some time to come the fiction will be maintained. Germany and Austria have no alternative but to appear to follow the action of France; but this is by no means equivalent to saying that they are united in a practical condemnation of what has been

done. The really momentous question is, what is the next step to be? No one supposes that the exceedingly slight advantage which may accrue to Egypt from the suppression of the Sinking Fund will extricate her from her pecuniary difficulties. These can only be met by a fresh loan, and such a loan will not be forthcoming without a guarantee. Are the Government about to propose that the guarantee shall be provided by England, as they proposed eighteen months ago the advance of eight millions for the Suez Canal? In this case is it not probable that neither the House of Commons nor the country would give their consent, unless some tangible security was offered by Egypt itself? And then the question would arise, how far such a security is consistent with the policy which the Prime Minister has laid down for himself. Lord Northbrook may see a solution of the problem which will not impose on us any such grievous obligation. But the country will await with anxiety the further ministerial projects in regard to Egyptian finance to which it is plain that the suspension of the sinking Fund is only a preliminary.

The appointment of Sir Edward Malet to succeed the lamented Lord Ampthill at Berlin is an event of happy augury for the future relations, of Germany and England, while as for the Imperial Conference at Skiernivice we must regard it with interest but need not do so with apprehension. Correctly to estimate its full significance, we must take it in connection with the visit of King Charles of Roumania to King Milan of Servia at Belgrade. The Servian monarch is the champion of Austrian interests in the Balkan peninsula. He has incurred the greatest unpopularity with his subjects because he has proved himself uniformly amenable to Austrian pressure. At Austrian instigation the advanced Servian Radicals have been put down with a strong hand, and Austrian influence has even been admitted into the management of the ecclesiastical affairs of the country. King Charles is a ruler of a very different type—genuinely popular, and with an instinctive fondness for what in England would be called constitutional procedure. Between Roumania and Austria there are, in consequence of the large Magyar element in the two populations, frequent causes of jealousy. But King Charles is a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern, and he has appeased in the most sedulous and skilful manner these periodic irritations. The obvious significance therefore of the formal meeting of the two princes is that they have each of them determined to adopt the same attitude towards Austria. Since, in this context, Austria includes Germany, it follows that Roumania and Servia are in cordial co-operation with the two German Empires. Although, therefore, differences have arisen between Albania and Montenegro on the subject of territorial cessions there is not the slightest reason to anticipate any kind

of disturbance due to the intrigues of Russia or of any other state in that region. We may, indeed, be sure that the Czar at Skiernivice sealed a compact with the German and Austrian Kaisers to abstain from re-opening the European branch of the Eastern Question. Other matters were of course upon that occasion discussed, such as the most efficient precautionary measures to be taken against anarchic and revolutionary conspiracies, and with equal probability the position of France and England in Egypt. But perhaps what will chiefly impress Englishmen in the retrospect of the entire incident is the conditions under which the Imperial re-union was celebrated. Thousands of armed troops and hundreds of policemen were necessary to protect these three mighty monarchs from the pistol and the dagger of the assassin. Peace will not yet be broken in the east of Europe, but internal security is as far removed as ever from reigning within the borders of Russia, because there scarcely yet exists the basis on which the fabric of popular liberty can be reared.

For the rest little has occurred in the history of continental Europe during the past month on which we need dwell at any length. Belgium indeed is in the ferment of a political struggle. But the new Education Act, to which King Leopold has given his consent, and which has intensified the divisions between the Belgian Liberals and Clericals, does not violate any principle of civil or religious freedom. The chronicle of Italy is summed up in the gloomy word cholera. But the progress of the dread disease has afforded the Italian King the opportunity of showing that he inherits some of the most characteristic virtues of his father, and that he is capable of setting an example of moral courage to his people. Even if the magnanimous remarks which he has been credited with uttering on the subject of his regal duties are apochryphal, he has played his part nobly. Neither upon the Italian King nor upon his counsellors, nor as may be hoped upon the more intelligent of his people, is the lesson left by the ravages of the malady likely to be lost. Cholera can never be absolutely prevented, but its dangers and its fatalities may be reduced to a minimum by the enforcement of simple sanitary laws, and the Italian Government have announced their intention of insisting upon the observance of these. In France the position of M. Ferry and his Government grows more critical. We write upon the eve of a cabinet council, which may decide its fate. Admiral Courbet has sent dispatches home declaring his inability to carry the policy of reprisals farther without liberal reinforcements. The question is, whether these can be granted without convening the French Chambers, whether they will be voted, and whether, if they are voted, a proclamation of war with China must not follow. M. Ferry

remains unquestionably the first man in France. He may yet find a way out of the difficulty, but he is exposing his reputation and authority to an infinitely severer strain than has ever yet been placed upon either.

To return to matters which more closely concern England: it is clear that the Government must without delay arrive at some resolution on the subject of our position in South Africa. Here troubles and complications increase, and if the latest news is true, the English Government can no longer overlook the free action of the Boers. While in Zululand they have taken up eight hundred farms and proclaimed a Republic—thus showing that their ambition is to incorporate Zululand in the Transvaal, and by this step to gain command of the coast—they have practically annexed the whole of Bechuanaland. The object of the Boers is no longer doubtful—the establishment and supremacy in South Africa of an independent Federal Dutch Republic with a spacious sea-board. “The British authority,” it is admitted by the keenest Cape Chauvinists, “is gradually making way for a new Afrikaner element, which gathers recruits as much from British indifference as from actively hostile Boer sentiment.” This sentiment is crystallizing itself at Bloemfontein and Pretoria. The Kafirs are no longer dangerous; Secocæni has fallen; Cetewayo is dead. Before the Transvaal War the Boer Triumvirate appealed to their brethren of the Free State to aid them to realise the dream of “Africa for the Afrikaner under an Afrikaner flag.” These two republics on the north are hemming in British commerce and enterprise. In the Cape Colony itself the work of disintegration goes on. The Dutch papers openly avow “Afrikaner” objects—as, indeed, why should they not? The Afrikaner Bond, a society originally meant for the protection of agricultural interests, has assumed a political rôle. The Boers see in the distance an acknowledgment of complete autonomy by some European power or powers. Looking from the west to the east of the Transvaal, we find that the Boers have annexed several million acres of land in Zululand, that they have set up Dinizulu as they set up King Panda in former days, and have definitely placed Zululand under the protection of General Joubert. Our colony of Natal is being overshadowed by Boer influences, and in a short time the Transvaalers hope to communicate by sea either via Durban or Delagoa Bay—the Natives probably being compelled in course of time to submit to absorption through the force of circumstances. Moreover, the loyalty of Natalians has been subjected of late to an intolerably severe strain. Their cry is for constitutional government, and for a loosening of Imperial bonds. English troops in the Reserve territory do not and cannot prevent the Boers from ravaging and annexing Zululand in spite of treaties. Our com-

missioner in Bechuanaland, Mr. Mackenzie, has no influence wherewith to stem violence, and now lives at Capetown, where, he is a discredited agent. In Basutoland, a region lately annexed by Lord Derby, Colonel Clark, the Commissioner of the Queen, has little or no authority. According to the latest news, this official is "a cipher and the country in a state of anarchy."

In the last number of this Review the advice of Mr. Rhodes to the Cape Parliament to "endeavour to remove the Imperial factor from the situation" was interpreted as meaning, that Mr. Rhodes was unfavourable to Imperial interests. As a matter of fact, he is exerting himself to maintain them, and, not without personal risk and loss to himself, has undertaken a mission to the country whence the Imperial Commissioner Mr. John Mackenzie, has been compelled to retire in consequence of the action of the Boers. The situation is now so serious that it may be well to form a clear understanding of the facts and issues involved. Bechuanaland is a large tract of country to the north of the Cape Colony and the south-west of the Transvaal. Situated at no great distance from Kimberley and commanding the road into the interior, it is not without its value both from a commercial and strategic point of view, and will be more valuable when the railway to Kimberley is finished. For many years past it has been the scene of British enterprise and missionary labour. Since the signing of the Transvaal convention Boers and filibusters from the Transvaal have, from time to time, been making incursions into the country and attacking the Bechuana chiefs who have remained steadily loyal to the English. Things have gone from bad to worse. The white marauders have proclaimed themselves an independent Republic, subject to the control neither of the Transvaal nor Imperial Government, have annihilated the chief Montesoa, and murdered two English gentlemen, Bethell and Walker, who were gallantly standing by the chief. For all the anarchy on their borders the Transvaal Government have not held themselves in the least degree responsible.

To such a point did things come that at last Lord Derby deemed it expedient to interfere. Accordingly he selected the Rev. J. Mackenzie to undertake a mission to these regions. Backed by about a hundred policemen, he was requested to employ the strongest moral force he could. Mr. Mackenzie was acknowledged to be a fearless and noble missionary, but missionaries are liked by the Boers in Bechuanaland no better now than they were when Livingstone was burnt out of house and home by them. As was anticipated, Mr. Mackenzie's mission failed, and the nominee of the Imperial Government was induced to retire to Capetown. The President of the Transvaal Republic, by way of giving him a valediction, openly stated to his brethren in the Volksraad that the ex-

missionary had told lies about themselves in England, and extended the compliment to the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson. At this juncture the Cape Government interposed, and decided to prevent, if possible, the Boers from securing Bechuanaland together with the highway to the interior. They proceeded therefore to annex the country, and Mr. Rhodes volunteered to travel there and use his influence towards effecting this object. The effect of this course was to bring the Transvaalers into direct contact with the Cape Colony, instead of with the Imperial Government or an Imperial officer. In Mr. Rhodes' own words, "the Imperial factor was to be eliminated."

The Cape Ministry it must be admitted encountered in this matter considerable difficulties. Composed chiefly of the fragments of the former "Sprigg" Ministry, which was associated originally with a Forward policy, they carry on legislation with an enemy on either flank. In addition to an opposition chiefly consisting of the Scanlen party whom they have displaced, they have to reckon with a rising Afrikaner party calculated to represent about one-third of the Cape Assembly. Their position is as embarrassing as that of a British Cabinet might be if hampered not only by the Opposition but a powerful Irish Nationalist party consisting of one-third of the members of the House of Commons. The Boer or Afrikaner party are not quite strong enough yet to hold office, nor have they men who are equal to official or departmental work; but under the leadership of a Mr. Hofmeyr they are making progress, and their party is becoming numerically stronger every day. When Sir Bartle Frere dismissed the Molteno-Merriman Ministry in consequence of a constitutional dead-lock arising from a dispute concerning the control of the colonial forces in the Gaika-Galeka war, he induced Mr. Sprigg, a prominent member of the Opposition, to take office. Coming into power under these conditions, the Sprigg Ministry sympathised on the whole with the aims and objects of Sir Bartle Frere, and regarded the final settlement of the native question, a Disarmament Act, Defence Measures, and ultimately a Confederation scheme as essential to the prosperity of South Africa. The "Frere" programme was continually being assailed by the recently dismissed Ministers and the philanthropic party under Mr. Saul Solomon—by the former because they had personal reasons for being dissatisfied, by the latter because they disapproved on principle of a Frere native policy. In course of time the "Frere" programme was wrecked, and a Ministry arose in Capetown under the leadership of a Mr. Scanlen, who represented the Dutch constituency of Cradock, and was supposed to be an adept in the art of conciliation. His administration was uneventful, and chiefly signalised by the encouragement it gave to Cape Dutch as an alternative to the English language. On the rejection of some trifling Government measure, Mr. Scanlen sent

in his resignation a few months ago. The present Ministry is a new edition of the Frere Cabinet, living a precarious life, and financing on false principles.

But what immediately concerns England is that day by day the Boers grow more aggressive and daring, more cynically defiant of treaties and conventions, more emphatic, more insolent in the challenge which they throw down to England. On the south-west of the Transvaal they covet the command of the trade route to the interior, on the east they covet the littoral of Zululand. Our troops, ensconced at Etshowe or Fort Pearson, hold the Reserve and look on whilst the Boers accomplish what they wish in Zululand. Chief Dunn, who might have been useful; was discredited the very day the "Garnet" settlement was undone and the restoration resolved upon. Matters cannot remain as they are. It is easy to say that England may have to be content with holding Simonstown as a "Gibraltar in these southern seas." But while two European powers, France and Germany, are establishing themselves on either flank of South Africa—the French are occupying the ports of Madagascar, the Germans have annexed Angra Pequena—no fewer than 200,000 out of the half-million of Europeans in South Africa are of British extraction, and they represent, though somewhat inferior in numbers, the real progressive and enlightened element of the whole mass. If a transference of supreme power takes place throughout the country from English to Dutch hands, would the more purely English districts submit to an Afrikaner lead?

While these matters cannot fail to afford material for more than one Parliamentary debate in the session about to be held for the special purpose of reconsidering the Franchise Bill, there is another subject which the Government must be prepared to face. The public mind is now keenly interested in and exercised about the condition of the navy. It is a commonplace of controversy that facts and figures can be made to prove anything. But it will not be enough unless they can be made positively to disprove, and dispose of, the comments of well-informed critics on the strength of our fighting fleet. Such an indictment as that which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has brought against the Admiralty must be answered, and the impression which it has created augments the obligations of the Government. It is no party question, and ministers have only to deal frankly with Parliament and the country to receive their approval of any steps that it may be necessary to take. No proposals of bloated armaments need be made. The sea is our natural fortification, and there is no sea in the world which does not wash against some portion of English soil. But the sea without ships to guard it becomes a source not of strength but of weakness, not of security but of peril. The thoroughly sound doctrine that because we are separated by a belt of ocean from our

nearest neighbours—because we are not, in the sense in which France or Italy, Italy or Austria is, an integral portion of the European system—we are not therefore called upon to vie with the Continental Powers in the strength of our standing armies, presupposes that we have an adequate and efficient navy in all parts of the world. It may be our marine forces deserve this description already. If they do, let the calumnies we have recently heard be exposed. If they do not, the sooner the country understands exactly where the deficiency lies and to what it amounts the better. For these reasons it is impossible to take exception to the letter of Mr. W. H. Smith, published in the newspapers of the 23rd of this month. There is yet another question, which increases in importance as the session approaches, and autumn merges into winter. Everything seems to show that before many weeks have passed Ireland will witness a new agitation. As has long been foreseen, the Irish labourers are dissatisfied with the results of the land legislation of the past few years. —Mr. Parnell is curiously reticent upon this particular grievance now, but the more humble of his countrymen will not forget that he himself prophetically emphasised its importance, and, indeed, included it in his programme three years ago. The effect of the enfranchisement of the rural householder on the other side of St. George's Channel might not perhaps be entirely favourable to the Nationalist cause as it is represented in the present Parliament. Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Parnell and his friends have nothing to lose, and may have much to gain, from an appeal to the existing constituencies. It is, therefore, conjectured that they will do all in their power to precipitate a dissolution, and to make common cause with the Conservatives. The Conservatives, it may at once be said, are incapable of repudiating this alliance, or of refusing to resort to any expedient which may damage the Government. Under these circumstances it is unavoidable that the Unintended Prevention Act should acquire great prominence; and it must be the duty of ministers to decide at no distant date whether in their opinion the renewal of this extraordinary measure is called for by circumstances.

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MR. GLADSTONE.

THE place which will ultimately be assigned to Mr. Gladstone in the ranks of English statesmen can only be fixed by one who is prophet as well as critic. At the present moment he is seen by opponents, and even by friends, through so disturbing a medium of prejudice and partiality; he is presented to the public, by those who pass judgment upon him, in so grotesque and inconsistent a variety of aspects and disguises; he is to such an extent the victim of contradictory and antagonistic superlatives; above all, the exact quality of his influence upon the course of events, and the members of his party, is so difficult to define; the results, in some cases even the tendencies, of his statesmanship are so incalculable—that only the very rash, foolish, and ignorant would presume to anticipate the verdict of posterity on the Prime Minister. It is a task, at once less perilous and more profitable, to measure and classify the attributes by which he has acquired the position he now holds; to summarize a few of the idiosyncrasies of a man who is admitted by his bitterest detractors and enemies to be a commanding force in the political life of England; to define some respects in which he differs from the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and some peculiarities which, as he is nearing the completion of his seventy-fifth year, have accompanied the successive stages of his political development.

It is now just one month less than fifty-two years that Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as Tory member for Newark. Since then he has travelled the whole distance which separates the early Toryism of Sir Robert Peel from the Liberalism of Cobden and Bright, and far more than the distance which separated Sir Robert Peel's protectionism from his conversion to free trade. The contrast between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, and between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright; is striking. The changes of opinion undergone by Sir Robert Peel are surpassed in the changes illustrated in the career of the Prime Minister. But in the case of Mr. Gladstone they have been accomplished far more gradually and

laboriously than in the case of Sir Robert Peel. During the debates on the Irish Church Act, the severest reproach which Mr. Disraeli could bring against the author of the measure was that he had formerly been a champion of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and that he had spoken in its favour when an undergraduate at Oxford. 'Neither Mr. Disraeli nor any one else could taunt Mr. Gladstone with having, like Peel, been returned to power to give effect to one policy and then espousing and executing another. To say this is not to bring any charge against the memory of one of the greatest Ministers of the century, and, according to Lord George Bentinck's biographer, "the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived." Peel's hand was forced by famine. The arguments with which imminent pestilence, brood of starvation, and the murmurs of approaching revolution supplied him, were unanswerable. He would have been no true patriot or statesman if he had held out against them. But though the desertion of his principles was prescribed by a destiny whose decrees he could not withstand, the fact of their unexpectedly sudden desertion remains. If Mr. Gladstone's position has been established on the ruins of his old beliefs; if he destroyed that Irish Church of which he was once the enthusiastic advocate; if, in other fields of legislation, he has led his followers to the attack of strongholds which he once defended—it has been after due notice and upon clear and unambiguous pretences. In *A Chapter of Autobiography* he has demonstrated the processes by which he arrived at the conclusion that the Established Church in Ireland, which he had formerly held reconcilable with civil and national justice, could not be perpetuated without gross injustice. His original case, he says, was that "the Church of Ireland must be maintained for the benefit of the whole people of Ireland, and must be maintained as the truth, or it cannot be maintained at all." The latter condition was violated by the Maynooth grant; the former was disposed of by existing facts. "I never held," writes Mr. Gladstone in this chapter, "that a national Church should be permanently maintained except for the nation. I mean either for the whole of it, or at least for the greater part, with some kind of real concurrence or general acquiescence from the remainder."¹ This language explains how it was that in the spring of 1868, in the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion, Mr. Gladstone first declared that "for the settlement of the Irish Church, that Church as a State Church must cease to exist." Mr. Disraeli's comment was that "the right, honourable gentleman had come upon them all of a sudden like a thief in the night." But this suddenness—and it was naturally exaggerated by the Tory leader—was an entirely different thing from the adoption of a policy the exact opposite of which his party and the country had

(1) *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. vii, pp. 112, 113, and seq.

entrusted to a Minister; and when Mr. Gladstone came into office six months later, it was with a special commission to disestablish the Irish Church.

The contrast between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright is even more strongly marked than that between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Robert Peel. As he now draws towards the end of his career Mr. Bright cannot be charged with having abandoned, violated, or withdrawn a single principle that he ever proclaimed. Not a flaw of inconsistency or blemish of self-contradiction is to be seen in his whole career. Others have come round to him; he has lived to behold the convictions, which he firmly embraced and which were condemned as extravagant and absurd, incorporated into the accepted doctrines of the Liberal party and of all parties, and into the unquestioned traditions of English policy. But though Mr. Gladstone's record and retrospect are of the most opposite character, his mutations have never had anything in them of vacillation; they have partaken from the first of the nature of a slow growth, and have indicated the successive periods of an intellectual development. Slowly, but with the certainty of day-break, his horizon has expanded. He has himself told us that when he entered public life, he had but an imperfect sense of the ineffable blessings of liberty. This deficiency was not unnatural to one who had been brought up in the strictest school of authority and tradition, and who in early manhood was, in Macaulay's familiar words, "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories." As men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, so Mr. Gladstone has throughout his whole public life been engaged in bursting, and disentangling himself from, the corements of his dead faiths. Whether he would have been greater or less than he is but for this progressive movement of his mind may be questioned; it is certain that he is indebted to it for much of the power which he exercises over those who are associated with him, however remotely or indirectly, in public life. It is because Mr. Gladstone has been so consistently inconsistent, because the continuity of his views and beliefs has known such decisive, if slowly consummated, solutions, that he has carried with him so large a group of politicians, and so overwhelming a majority of the English people. The process of self-education has enabled him effectually to educate others. Those who have themselves learned slowly, at school or college, were declared by Dr. Arnold to make the best schoolmasters; because they could most easily place themselves in the position of unrecaptive school boys. The wealth of words which Mr. Gladstone expends upon any proposal he introduces to the House of Commons; the variety of the points of view from which he looks at it; his minute weighing of every sort of counter consideration; the nice and, as they may seem, the tedious and sophistical distinctions which he draws between

shades of thought and forms of words—each of these reflects or suggests some experience of his own mental discipline. There are few objections to any policy or scheme of legislation which he has not appreciated, and which consequently he does not set himself to remove. For this reason he is in his treatment of public topics the least dogmatic of statesmen. Mr. Bright, who has neither receded from nor advanced beyond the tenets with which he first entered public life, cannot avoid a certain autocracy and absolutism in a statement of opinion. He has been troubled with no doubts, and even his fertile imagination can make little allowance for doubters. But it is to the doubters, the most illustrious of whom he himself has been, that Mr. Gladstone chiefly addresses himself. Hence the extraordinary complexity and comprehensiveness of his argumentation; hence what may be called the metaphysical quality in his eloquence, the subtle series of appeals to the consciousness of his hearers which runs like an undertone through his most splendid orations, and which is perhaps the secret of their occasional verbosity and even obscurity.

Whatever history may say of Mr. Gladstone it will not say that he was a perfect leader of the House of Commons. He fails to be this for the very reasons which make him a great popular leader in the country. He understands more of man in the abstract than of man in the concrete; more of the passions which sway humanity in the bulk, than of the motives to which individuals are amenable, and the treatment to be applied to them. He is at his best when he is the exponent not so much of the policy of a party as of the ideas which animate that policy, and which touch the heart of nations. It was not till he had made his famous "flesh-and-blood" speech that Mr. Gladstone was really recognised as a great popular leader and struck a responsive chord that still vibrates in the breasts of the English people. He had hitherto been best known as a financier, as the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer England ever had, and as somewhat academic, narrow, and exclusive in his sympathies and tastes. But this phrase, to which additional effect was given by the glow of the language and the atmosphere of ideas associated with it, produced an instantaneous and almost electrical result. The place into which he may be then said to have leaped, he has continued to hold. Notwithstanding his temporary retirement and the eclipse which, with the metropolitan public, his popularity suffered in the melodramatic days of Jingoism, events have conclusively shown that Mr. Gladstone surpasses all his contemporaries in his power of interpreting, and placing himself at the head of, public feeling, when it is deeply moved. The Bulgarian atrocities supplied him with one of those opportunities exactly congenial to his character and gifts. His two Midlothian campaigns, whether in their oratorical labours or in the results that followed

them, form a monument which supplies a fair measure of the greatness of the man. He took his stand upon general principles, upon those elementary ideas of justice, of humanity, which all can understand, and which he had, in his reply to Lord Palmerston thirty years earlier during the Don Pacifico debate, clearly foreshadowed. This reply is so remarkable, so appositely prophetic of the attitude which in foreign policy Mr. Gladstone has since repeatedly assumed, and so comparatively little known, that no apology need be offered for quoting an extract from it here:—

"The noble Lord (Lord Palmerston) vaunted, amid the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be, throughout the world, what the citizen of Rome had been. But, I ask, what then was a Roman citizen? He was a member of a privileged caste; he belonged to a conquering race, to a nation that held all nations bound down by the hand of imperial power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted and rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world. Is such, then, the view of the noble lord as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries? Does he make the claim for us that we are to be uplifted on a platform high above the standing-ground of other nations? It is indeed too clear that too much of this notion is lurking in his mind; that he adopts, in part, that vain conception that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of abuses and imperfections among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal school-masters, and that all who hesitate to recognise our office should have the war of diplomacy, at least, forthwith declared against them. And certainly, if the business of a foreign secretary is merely to carry on a diplomatic war, all must admit the perfection of the noble lord in the discharge of his functions. But it is not the duty of a foreign minister to be like a knight-errant, ever pricking forth, armed at all points, to challenge all comers, and lay as many adversaries as possible sprawling, or the noble lord would be a master of his art; but to maintain that sound code of international principles which is a monument of human wisdom, and a precious inheritance bequeathed by our fathers for the preservation of the future brotherhood of nations."

This language explains why in foreign policy Mr. Gladstone has at times reached the heart of the multitude, precisely in proportion as he has dissatisfied the cooler critics of the House of Commons, and tried the patience of foreign statesmen and chancellors. It is literally true of Mr. Gladstone to say that, Trojan or Tyrian, Englishman, Egyptian, or Ethiopian, Bulgarian peasant or Lancashire artisan, he holds them in no difference. To him the inhabitant of any country, in whatsoever quarter of the globe, and whatsoever his complexion, is first of all a man; to him he appears denuded of all the accidents of his nationality, isolated from the influence exercised on him by custom and antecedents, merely a member of the great family of the human race. As Bacon assumed that the *ingenia* of all men were equal, so Mr. Gladstone seems to assume that all who are born into this world have, innate in them, the same capacity as Englishmen of the nineteenth century, to become the orderly and prosperous subjects of a constitutional and popular Government. There is steadily fixed

in his imagination the *idea* of a man to which all existing types of humanity under heaven are conformable—an idea gathered from his experience of his fellow-men within the four seas. This generous appreciation of the happy possibilities latent in a universal humanity, this tendency to reduce mankind to a common yet beatified denominator, commends itself to the fancy of the multitude just as it exasperates those statesmen and diplomatists to whom human beings are merely pawns on the chess-board—the creatures of circumstance, dependent for their capacities solely on geographical and physical conditions. Whatever misconception of Mr. Gladstone may exist in the mind of Prince Bismarck, or of any other Continental statesman, arises entirely from the circumstance that the point of view from which he regards human nature is diametrically opposite to that from which they regard it themselves. Hence, too, the difference which divided him from Mr. Disraeli, who, in the tactical skill with which he dealt with men as the members of a party, was as much superior to Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone is superior to Mr. Disraeli in his insight into the control of those perennial forces which dominate mankind in the aggregate.

It is an often cited instance of Lord Althorp's influence with the House of Commons that once, in answer to a speech of Croker, he rose and merely observed that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honourable gentleman's arguments. But, unfortunately, he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that, if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment; which they accordingly did. Nothing of exactly the same kind is recorded of Mr. Gladstone, but in many cases he has exercised, if not in the House of Commons, yet in the country, an analogous authority. This prerogative has been displayed not only among professed Liberals, but among those very Conservatives who are most of all impervious to new ideas—country gentlemen, merchants, and country clergymen. It may be doubted whether the Irish Church would have been abolished, or the Irish Land Act of 1881 passed so easily, except for the personal ascendancy of the Prime Minister. There is so large and active a Conservative element in his nature that, when he has advocated an organic change, some Conservatives, even though the leaders of the great mass of the party may have denounced him with all the bitterness and rancour which the English vocabulary can express, have secretly felt that Mr. Gladstone must be the victim of a great and overmastering necessity. He has carried the day rather by his moral influence than by his political cunning, and this influence has in its turn been based upon his conviction. And here it may be noticed that the doubts cast upon Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, the abuse with which, for qualities the exact opposite of sincerity, he

has been assailed, have only tended to confirm the impression that above all things he is in earnest. When not being denounced for hypocrisy, with the animus which characterized these denunciations in the case of the Prime Minister, one may be pretty sure that the real gravamen of the charge is an inconvenient devotion to an unwelcome faith.

Mr. Gladstone's sincerity reveals itself in various ways, some of them perhaps equivalent to congenital defects in his judgment and character. Among the many peculiarities of his mind few are more remarkable than his extraordinary casuistical learning, coupled as it is with intense interest in ecclesiastical questions. The two traits together find their expression in refinements of ratiocination which are often most puzzling to his warmest admirers, and in occasional displays of a want of anything like a due sense of proportion. Thus he is frequently as much agitated about and concerned in matters of the veriest detail as about affairs involving the highest principles. During last session, for instance, Mr. Gladstone showed an eagerness for the Bishopric of Bristol Bill not inferior to, and sometimes more aggressively visible than, his eagerness for the Franchise Bill. "Our miraculous Premier," the *Times* remarked last week in an article unusually discriminating and able, "has just given us another opportunity of admiring his many-sidedness and versatility. To-day begins an extraordinary and probably momentous session of Parliament, for which both sides have been preparing by two full months of the most strenuous agitation. . . . This is the occasion which he selects for issuing a letter, more than a column in length, to a Welsh Bishop on the subject of the Disestablishment of the Church. It would seem, indeed, that except for the little interlude of a run into Scotland, with the twenty or thirty speeches which that entailed, the Prime Minister's holiday has been given to topics much less mundane than the extension of the suffrage to county householders. There was a preface to write to the new edition of Hamilton's Catechism; there was the question of the Hittite Empire, and its possible alliance with Troy, to be taken in hand."

Closely allied with the quality just noticed is his persistent attention to debates which to others seem duller than Saturnian lead. He has been known, and doubtless will be known again, to sit for hours in the House of Commons with only a score of members present, listening, not merely with indefatigable patience, but with positive enthusiasm to a succession of bores holding forth on a subject of no general interest. Could there be a more touching testimony to the infinite toleration of the Prime Minister? The charges levelled at him during the past recess by Lord Salisbury and others are absolutely inconsistent with this attribute. It may be observed incidentally, too, that they are mutually destructive. If Mr. Gladstone is tossed

about by every sort of Radical passion, eager only to anticipate the will of his revolutionary party, how can he be described as a despot and dictator? Nor is there common impression that he is arrogant and imperious in his official capacity less at variance with the facts. In the Cabinet he is modest and conciliatory to a fault. Again and again, when a word from him would settle a question, he allows it to be discussed at length, and accepts without objection the decision of the majority. What is the explanation of a conventional accusation, absolutely unfounded upon any experience? The answer is not difficult. Power gravitates to the side of knowledge and ability. Water does not find its own level more sure than ascendancy comes on to the hands of the man who has the qualifications for it. Mr. Gladstone is the most commanding figure in the House of Commons. He is the best debater in it; he has had an unrivalled acquaintance with office and with affairs. He is, in a word, the first man in the popular Chamber of the Legislature, and his so-called dictatorial arrogance is merely a statement of the fact.

One of the reasons of Mr. Gladstone's influence with the English middle class may not yet have received the attention due to it. He is himself one of the most brilliant ornaments that the middle class, from which he himself is sprung, has ever possessed. He is the true representative of many of the most characteristic sentiments of this social order. Like Sir Robert Peel, he has a thorough sympathy with the aspirations of the commercial aristocracy, and in a far greater degree than Sir Robert Peel he has flung over the middle class a glamour higher than that derived from mere material prosperity. Mr. Gladstone is, in some respects, to look at him for a moment not as a statesman but as an English gentleman, the highest product of Eton and Oxford. As such he would have won social distinction if he had never plucked a single political laurel. The middle class, therefore, is proud of him on grounds independently of his achievements in statesmanship. At bottom it admires him even when it may not quite understand him. The very obscurity, which comes from subtlety, is accepted by the persons now spoken of as flattering to themselves since it is the attribute of one who is in a measure their progeny.

Mr. Gladstone's oratory is, as for that matter all oratory is, the reflection of the intellectual being of the orator. It is laboured and lengthy because the mind and brain, which furnish the tongue with language, are so keenly appreciative of the difficulties which may suggest themselves to hearers. If Mr. Gladstone seldom touches a theme without adorning it, he never touches a theme which he does not, for the immediate purpose in hand, exhaust. His oratory is dialectic, homiletic, beseeching, commentatorial, and microscopically

minute, because he does not forget how tardy the process of conviction is, and how many obstacles must be disposed of before the desired result is obtained. It is not long ago since one of his colleagues gave an account of the difference between his own oratorical method and that of the Prime Minister. "When," he said, "I speak, I strike across from headland to headland. But Mr. Gladstone coasts along, and whenever he comes to a navigable river he cannot resist the temptation to explore it to its source." All the dissertations on rhetoric since the world began from Aristotle to Cicero, Tacitus, and Quintilian, down to Whately, Alison, and Arnold, may be searched before so happy and terse an illustration is encountered. For the reason embodied in this figurative definition of two oratorical schools, some of Mr. Bright's single speeches are better than anything of Mr. Gladstone. Yet it may be doubted whether there is anything finer in nineteenth century oratory than Mr. Gladstone's impromptu speech on Mr. Disraeli's budget of 1868, or than his peroration before the division on the second reading of Lord Russell's Reform Bill was taken in 1866. In the same way his tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield in 1881 was not only a masterpiece of taste and judgment, but of that peculiar class of oratorical composition to which it belonged. It also furnished a remarkable illustration of Mr. Gladstone's felicity in quotations, an ornament of debate now practically obsolete. On the whole Mr. Hayward's estimate of Mr. Gladstone as a speaker leaves nothing unsaid: "It is Eclipse first, and all the rest nowhere. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction—impressive by its simplicity—or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm. But he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected and unforced. He is a great debater, a great Parliamentary speaker." He is also an eminently persuasive speaker, and that explains why he is less condensed than Mr. Bright. There is no writer the tones of whose voice it is easier to hear with the ear of imagination in the inflections and convolutions of his literary style than Mr. Gladstone. There are few speakers whose speeches it is less satisfactory to read. Yet nothing is more certain than that if Mr. Gladstone's oratory were better literature, it would have been less fruitful of results. The style is the man. The persistency and even the prolixity of the orator are the counterparts and supplements of those qualities—the earnestness, the zeal, the wide-stretching sympathies—which have made the statesman great. And if, as has been admitted, there are single speeches of Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's of a higher literary and intellectual merit than any single

speech of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone has still delivered a host of speeches, every sentence of which is stamped with intellectual power, that could have come from no other statesman of the day except himself. To this order the first of his last series of Midlothian addresses—that in which he explained the whole history of the Franchise Bill—belongs. Nor perhaps was he ever surpassed in the faculty of carrying the whole house with him in a dialectical whirlwind when last session he demolished Sir Stafford Northcote. Never, again, did he astonish and delight the House with a finer display of physical and intellectual vigour than when, after having been worried for a couple of hours in the Commons, he spoke for nearly three hours subsequently on the Eastern question. On the whole the very finest speech delivered by him during the lifetime of the present Parliament is that on the Bradlaugh case. One quality is unquestionably wanting in Mr. Gladstone as an orator. He has little or no sense of humour. He seldom makes a joke; he seldom tries to do so; and if he tries he very seldom succeeds.

If this were the place in which to say anything about Mr. Gladstone as a private member of society, it would, perhaps, be enough to remark that the fullest materials for information on this point may be found in the memoirs of distinguished men not long since departed and some of them still with us, which have recently been published. Lord Malmesbury has recorded his impression that when he first met the present Prime Minister, then a rising young man, in 1842, he found him exceedingly agreeable. Much more copious materials for his personal portraiture will be discovered in the life of the late Bishop Wilberforce, written by his son. On the whole, however, those who will probably be spoken of as Mr. Gladstone's equals know little or nothing more of him than they know from their habitual contact with him in public. Few statesmen of the first order possess many very intimate associates among their political peers or allies. Most of those who were once Mr. Gladstone's peculiar friends have been carried away by death. The few who still survive are either ranged in a hostile camp or belong to a sphere of action and thought so different, that personal communication with them has become impossible. The persons who are now in his private confidence appear to be chosen for reasons of the yulidity of which Mr. Gladstone can alone judge. Before the Prime Minister of England all doors fly open, and even beyond the social limits of Liberalism or Whiggism Mr. Gladstone is welcomed, and is agreeably, though, as should probably be said, superficially, known. The subjects in which he takes an interest are multifarious. He reads immensely, and within five years of four-score his intellectual activity and resourcefulness are such that time is never wanting to him when any subject he is deeply interested in

comes to the front. Has he not just written an introduction to a devotional volume? Just sixteen years ago, on December 11th and 12th, he was the guest of Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, Bishop Wilberforce being one of the company. The episcopal diary for the former of these days thus mentions Mr. Gladstone: "Gladstone as ever; great, earnest, and honest; as unlike the tricky Disraeli as possible." But next day the Bishop writes: "Morning walk with Gladstone, Cardwell, and Salisbury. Gladstone was struck with Salisbury; 'never saw more perfect host.' . . . When people talk of Gladstone going mad they do not take into account the wonderful elasticity of his mind and the variety of his interests. This morning he was just as much interested in the size of the oaks and their probable age as if no care of state ever pressed upon him." That is a pleasant picture, and one intelligibly full of charm to the good prelate who drew it, and who subsequently speaks of Mr. Gladstone's power of detachment from the controversial matters of passing moment as his "chief safeguard." It may not, however, be his chief attraction to some of the more prominent members of the party which he leads. These would willingly hear him talk more about the great political struggles in which he has been and is engaged, and may attribute what seems to them his lack of attractiveness in private life to his superficial desultoriness and to his preference to discuss topics that are not of deep or living moment to him.

Few persons will be disposed to deny that the exact position which Mr. Gladstone fills in English politics, and the precise influence he wields, belong to himself alone, and that when he disappears he will leave no successor in either of these capacities. Mr. Gladstone served his parliamentary apprenticeship under the old *régime*. Canning had not passed away five years when he entered the House of Commons, and many of the men with whom he first went into the lobby were the associates and contemporaries of Pitt and Fox. No man who has caught the dying rays of the grand manner at St. Stephen's, who is so deeply imbued with the already-half-forgotten traditions of the place, classical, literary, as well as political and official, has lived so long into and has played so prominent a part in the new order of things. Any man who had lacked Mr. Gladstone's force of character, who had not combined even his moral influence with his early associations, would have failed to learn the era of democracy based on household suffrage, with so many ideas of an essentially Tory kind. He was, as he himself has said, brought up at the feet of Canning; and his first chief in the active business of political life was Sir Robert Peel. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Gladstone's personal merits or demerits, it will at any rate be confessed that this particular combination is not likely to present itself again. The statesman who has inhaled the traditions of

Toryism with his earliest breath, who was saturated as a young man with academicism and classicism, who in religious matters was the friend of Newman and Keble, and who is indebted for much or most of the hold he has had upon the clergy—which is, after all, the most Conservative interest in the country—to his allegiance to those sentiments which found expression in his speeches on the Divorce Act, and again on the Public Worship Regulation Act, is a phenomenon on whose reappearance no one will count. Already there has sprung up a school of political thinkers who, while they follow Mr. Gladstone's politics, have not the slightest sympathy with the sources, or the quality, of the moderating control which he exercises upon the progress of affairs. There is an immense deal in common between Mr. Gladstone and not only the old Whigs but the old Tories, and if he ever seems to go to the verge of the new Radicalism, it is with something more than a last longing, lingering look behind—with an earnest desire to which, as far as may be, he gives effect, to guard against the possible errors of precipitancy and excess. Yet Mr. Gladstone is at the present moment, and so long as he lives, or until he abdicates, will continue to be, the leader of the Radical party. His authority and his experience have upon different occasions, and at no time more conspicuously than the present, induced his followers to limit and curtail their demands. He has stood at the parting of two ways, and by standing there has preserved a separation of the two forces of which Liberalism is composed. The history of the Liberal party has illustrated thus far, and will illustrate yet farther, the progressive movement of Mr. Gladstone's own mind. Those who affect to deplore the encouragement he has given to advanced ideas will when he has gone have abundant reason to regret the check he has imposed to their translation into fact. It may be that his departure will be followed by a schism in the Liberal ranks. In that case what has happened before will happen again, and the party of movement will carry after it the party of inaction and delay. Liberalism and Radicalism are only varying modes of the same political agency. The difference between them is one, not of principle, but of chronology. The part played by Lord Palmerston has in some sort been played by Mr. Gladstone, but, as far as it is possible to frame any estimate of the political forces now at work, Toryism will for the reasons already assigned discover that the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone will be the prelude to an era of organic political change far more stirring and drastic than that which commenced with Lord Palmerston's death.

ANCIENT ORGANS OF PUBLIC OPINION.¹

DURING several weeks in the early part of this year, the attention of the English public was fixed with intense anxiety on the fortunes of one man, who had undertaken a perilous mission in the service of his country. When the Egyptian difficulty was at its worst, General Gordon had started for Khartoum, to aid the Government, by his personal influence, in the policy of rescuing the garrisons and retiring from the Soudan. The journey, while it reflected fresh honour on him, necessarily imposed a grave responsibility on those who had sanctioned it. Any moment might bring the news of his death. If such news came, it was generally thought and said, the Ministry would fall. In a country with the temperament of England, the mere existence of such a belief set one thinking. A year ago, Gordon's name, though familiar to the well-informed classes, would not have acted as a spell on the nation. But a popular biography of him which⁹ appeared had given occasion for much writing in the newspapers. A short time had sufficed to make the broad facts of his career known throughout the length and breadth of the land. People knew that he had welded a loose Chinese rabble into an army which saved the reigning dynasty of China; that, alone of Christians, he is named in the prayers of Mecca; that he does not care for personal rewards; that he is fearless of death; and that he trusts in God. To impress these facts on the popular imagination had been the work of a few weeks; to concentrate the force of popular opinion, if he had been sacrificed, would have been the work of a few hours. Seldom, perhaps, has anything illustrated more vividly that great and distinctive condition of modern existence in free countries,—the double power wielded by the newspaper press, at once as the ubiquitous instructor and as the rapid interpreter of a national mind. It was natural at such a time, for one whose pursuits suggested the comparison, to look from the modern to the ancient world, and to attempt some estimate of the interval which separates them in this striking and important respect. In the ancient civilisations, were there any agencies which exercised a power analogous in kind, though not comparable in degree, to that of the modern press? To begin with, we feel at once that the despotic monarchies of the ancient East will not detain us long. For them, national opinion normally meant the opinion of the king. We know

(1) The writer of these pages had the honour of delivering the annual Oration in the Sanders Theatre of Harvard University, under the auspices of the F. H. K. Society, on June 26, 1884. The following paper is the substance of the address then spoken, with such modifications as appeared appropriate to the present form of publication.

the general manner of record which is found graven on stone in connection with the images or symbols of those monarchs. As doctors seem still to differ a good deal about the precise translation of so many of those texts, it might be rash to quote any, but this is the sort of style which seems to prevail among the royal authors: "He came up with chariots. He said that he was my-first cousin. He lied. I impaled him. I am Artakhshatrâ. I flayed his uncles, his brothers, and his cousins. I am the king, the son of Daryavush. I crucified two thousand of the principal inhabitants. I am the shining one, the great and the good." From the monarchical East, we turn with more curiosity to Græce and Rome. There, at least, there was a life of public opinion. Apart from institutions, which are crystallised opinion, were there any living, non-official voices in which this public opinion could be heard?

The Homeric poems are not only the oldest monuments of Greek literature, but also the earliest documents of the Greek race. Out of the twilight of the prehistoric past, a new people, a new type of mind, are suddenly disclosed in a medium of pellucid clearness. Like Athene springing adult and full-armed from the head of Zeus, this new race, when Homer reveals it, has already attained to a mature consciousness of itself, and is already equipped with the aptitudes which are to distinguish it throughout its later history. The genius of the Homeric Greek has essentially the same traits which recur in the ripest age of the Greek republics,—even as Achilles and Ulysses are personal ideals which never lost their hold on the nation. This very fact points the contrast between two aspects of Homeric life—the political and the social. In Homeric politics, public opinion has no proper place. The king, with his council of nobles and elders, can alone originate or discuss measures. The popular assembly has no active existence. But the framework of Homeric monarchy contains a social life in which public opinion is constantly alert. Its activity, indeed, could scarcely be greater under the freest form of government. And we see that this activity has its spring in distinctive and permanent attributes of the Hellenic race. It arises from quickness of perception and readiness of speech. The Homeric Greek feels keenly, observes shrewdly, and hastens to communicate his thoughts. An undertone of popular comment pervades the Homeric poems, and is rendered more impressive by the dramatic form in which it is usually couched. The average man who represents public feeling, is expressed by the Greek indefinite pronoun, *tis*. "Thus would a man speak, with a glance at his neighbour," is the regular Homeric formula. We hear opinion in the making. This spokesman of popular sentiment is constantly introduced at critical moments: for the sake of brevity we may call him by his Greek name *Tis*. * When the fight is raging over the cor-

of Patroclus, *Tis* remarks to his friends that they will be disgraced for ever if they allow the Trojans to carry off the body;—better die on the spot. Hector, in proposing a truce to Ajax, suggests that they should exchange gifts, and imagines what *Tis* will say: *Tis* will approve of it as a graceful courtesy between chivalrous opponents. Menelaus considers that another hero, Antilochus, has beaten him in a chariot race by unfair means; but thinks it necessary to take precautions against *Tis* imagining that he has brought this complaint in the hope of prevailing by the influence of his rank. This is perhaps one of the most remarkable Homeric compliments to the penetration and to the influence of *Tis*. When the sounds of music and dancing, as at a marriage feast, are heard in the house of Odysseus in Ithaca, *Tis* is listening outside; and he blamed Penelope for her fancied hardness of heart, "because she had not had the courage to keep the great house of her gentle lord steadfastly till he should come home." *Tis* is not always the mouthpiece of such elevated sentiments. With a frank truth to life and nature, Homer depicts *Tis* as indulging an ignoble joy by stabbing the corpse of his once-dreaded foe, Hector, and remarking that he is safer to handle now than when he was burning the ships. In the *Odyssey*, when the maiden Nausicaa is conducting Odysseus to the city of her father Alcinous, we catch glimpses of a *Tis* who nearly approaches the character of Mrs. Grundy, with an element of spiteful gossip added. The fidelity with which *Tis* reflects public opinion is further seen in the circumstance that his solicitude for the rights of man is no stronger to counteract his natural disposition to exult over the fall of a tyrant, than was a commoner who presumed to speak his mind among his betters,—when one of them, Odysseus, dealt him a smart blow on the back, and caused him to resume his seat in tears. *Tis* laughed for joy, saying in effect that it served Thersites right, and that he probably would not do it again. The Tory sentiment of this passage makes it appropriate to quote the version of it by the late Lord Derby:—

'The Greeks, despite their anger, laughed aloud,
And one to other said, 'Good faith, of all
The many works Ulysses well hath done,
Wise in the council, foremost in the fight,
He ne'er hath done a better, than when now
He makes this scurril babbler hold his peace.
Methinks his headstrong spirit will not open
Lead him again to vilify the kings."

Here it might be said that *Tis* figures as the earliest authentic example of a being whose existence has sometimes been doubted by British anthropologists, the Conservative working-man. But, if we could be just to *Tis* in his larger Homeric aspects, we must allow

